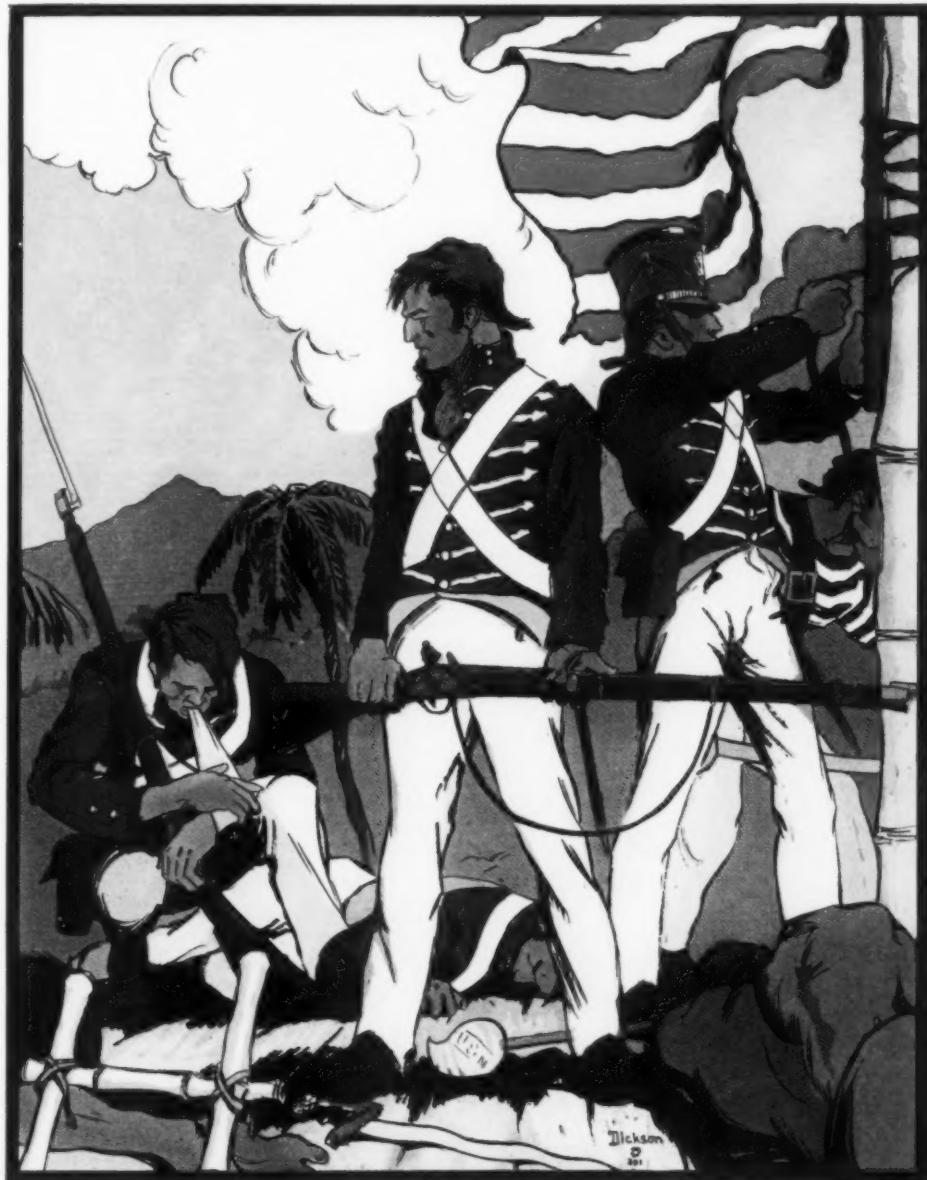


THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1930

Single copy, 25c



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Honorary Editor
The Major General
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief
The Director,
The Marine Corps
Institute

Editor and Publisher
Lt. Gordon Hall
U. S. M. C.

·EAFFELONE/1930·

THE LEATHERNECK

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the Business Manager.

VOLUME 13

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1930

NUMBER 10

THE RIGHT PEOPLE



OU know there are some dogs that never can be taught exclusiveness. They're just born loving everybody, and they've got a wag of the tail and a glad yelp and a lick on the hand for anyone who deigns to offer them any notice whatever.

You take a dog like that out for a walk and he'll always be jerking the leash out of your hand in his mad rush to get across the street and make the acquaintance of that fascinating garbage collector, or that deliciously ragged old bum on the bench, or the lady in the limousine, or the cop directing traffic or any other human or semi-human being, or dog, or cat, or sparrow that happens to be in sight.

This is not a dog story, it's a story about Charlie McDougall. But there really isn't any other way to describe Charlie's nature adequately than to compare him to one of those universally friendly puppies that waggle up to everybody and can't help it.

Don't get the idea, however, that there was anything of the fawning sycophant in Charlie. If he's actually been a dog, he would have licked hands because that's the dog manner of signifying a ready geniality, but Charlie—man and boy—never toadied to people. He simply was gregarious, and wanted to speak to everybody.

Charlie liked people—almost any kind of people; he was interested in everybody, liked to hear them talk, liked to talk to them. And people liked Charlie.

There was a kind of magic in it. He'd join a crowd that was watching some motorist put on a tire and by the time the tire was adjusted—usually with Charlie's help—he'd know the motorist's name, how far he'd gone with his car, how many children he had and where he lived. And he'd be talking politics or baseball or movies or business with the gang in general after the car drove away.

It never occurred to Charlie, any more than it would to a friendly puppy, that he might not be welcome anywhere. And he was welcome everywhere, and he could apparently breeze into every sort of bunch, highbrow or lowbrow, rich or poor, good or bad, and, without being the life of the party, be part of the life of the party.

He was a hosiery salesman. Not a topnotcher, by any means, but he knocked a fair living out of his business. With his capacity for mixing you'd expect him to be a wow—but he lacked that something or other that gets the name on the dotted line and clinches the sale. Still, while his percentage of failures was high, he was so doggone friendly and pleasant and likeable and he got to know so many people that he just naturally picked up enough trade to keep him and his wife in a nice little cottage in Yardmore, and pay for a cozy little touring car.

Charlie was quite content—but Mrs. McDougall wasn't. She wanted more money and a bigger car and a better house—and she wanted to belong to the exclusive set.

And she was going into that matter with Charlie at some

By Berton Braley

length on a particular morning in May just before he left for the city.

"I do wish," she said, "that you'd get some idea of class in your head. Can't you learn to discriminate a little?" "Waddayuh mean, discriminate?" asked Charlie.

"You know very well what I mean by discriminate," replied his wife. "I mean that you ought to begin to pick your friends more carefully. You ought to cultivate the better people and weed out some of the Toms and Dicks and Harrys. What do they get you?"

"Well," said Charlie, "I always figure you never can tell what they'll get you. And I like to know people—all kinds of people. Gosh, Helen, you'd be surprised how interesting some of these Toms, Dicks and Harrys are. And besides—I got to know folks. That's business."

"You're a dear, Charlie, and I love you, but sometimes you make me tired. If you'd just concentrate on getting in strong with the big buyers instead of spreading your friendships all over the pikers you'd make twice as much money and waste a lot less time. And even if you do have to be everybody's friend in business, it seems to me you might discriminate better socially and not spend most of your time with cheap little people in cheap poker games down at a cheap cigar store. Or sitting in the bleachers with a lot of rummies. And down town I think you ought to lunch where the big people lunch instead of ducking around the way you do from one dinky coffee shop to another."

"Well, maybe you're right," admitted Charlie. "Only it's funny, but I can't seem to deliberately cultivate people just for the sake of what I can get out of them. It cramps my style. Makes me feel they know what I'm after. I get acquainted with all kinds of people, I know, but ordinarily it's because I feel friendly toward 'em and want 'em to feel that way toward me. Still, I can see how I've been sorts handicapping you and I'll try to be more exclusive and see how it works. Only—as I say, you never can tell what knowing people will get you!"

"Knowing the right people will get you a lot," said Mrs. McDougall.

"If you know they're the right people," said Charlie. "If you are acquainted with ten persons in a city of five million and you find two of them sitting in the theater seats next to you—that is a coincidence. And a remarkable one."

But if you know about twenty thousand people in that same city and you meet five of them on the streets during the day, and find two in the same restaurant at dinner time, and two more at the show that night, the doctrine of probabilities will come pretty near to accounting for each meeting and it's hardly a coincidence at all. Which is pertinent to this story.

Charlie McDougall landed an exceptionally big order that afternoon and because of the argument of the morning he felt that he owed his wife a bit of a spree. So he called up and told her to bring his dress clothes to the office at five-fifteen.

"Put on your gladdest duds and we'll have a splurge, Helen,"

he promised. "I put over a juicy order and I want to celebrate. Dinner, theater—and we'll taxi all the way home."

"Spendthrift!" said his wife, with a happy laugh. "We can't afford it, but—I'll be there with bells on."

They dined without looking at the right-hand side of the menu and Helen bathed in the atmosphere of luxury about her. And when she finally rose and Charlie dropped her coat over her shoulders and they made their exit, plenty of masculine and feminine eyes followed Helen's slim and beautifully costumed form out to the door. Nor did Charlie's tux become him badly—a nice looking chap, Charlie.

Near the door a man who was the picture of quiet opulence and social well-being glanced up from his food, waved a well-manicured hand and said, "Hello, McDougall, how's everything?"

"Fine," said Charlie.

"Who was that distinguished looking man?" asked Helen, as they went on.

"That," said Charlie, "is the owner of four rum ships. One of the bootlegger kings. Great sport. I met him one day at the Polo grounds and he drove me down town."

"Oh," said Helen.

In the press of traffic on the way to the theater, the McDougall's taxi was held up alongside a long, lingering, luxurious Rolls with a chauffeur and a footman in the front seat. In the rear was a gray-haired man and a sweet-faced, marvelously gowned, gray-haired lady. The man caught a glimpse, under the brilliant lights, of Charlie's face.

He leaned forward.

"Hello, there," he called.

Charlie looked, smiled and waved.

"Hello yourself," he said. "How are you?"

"Great," responded the man in the Rolls.

"I say," he went on, "I've been telling my wife about you and those stories you told me up at the Stadium, and she's been wishing she could meet you. Only I lost your card and couldn't remember your name."

"My name's McDougall—and this is my wife," said Charlie proudly.

Both women and both men bowed and smiled. The gray-haired woman whispered something to her husband.

"Call me up tomorrow, will you?" the man shouted, as the traffic signal changed, "on my private wire—Pennsylvania 6124—we'll fix up a dinner at the house. Want you both to come. In case you've forgotten, my name is—"

"I remember yours," grinned Charlie. "I'll call you about 11."

The big car slipped ahead and the man waved a good-bye.

"And who are they?" asked Helen. "The chief of the dope peddlers and his wife?"

"Not exactly," said Charlie. "They're nice people. I met him in the bleachers at the Yank's park. He's a fan and he prefers the bleachers."

"But who—"

"That's a secret," said Charlie, "which will be revealed to you tomorrow when that dinner date comes through."

And Helen couldn't get anything else out of Charlie.

They had their after-theater supper at a little actors' rendezvous just outside the theater district—a place Charlie knew and which he thought Helen might enjoy. It was quiet at first, but as the vaudevillians and musical comedy people and others blew in the restaurant filled with chatter, and after a while—partially because of sundry cocktails—various patrons began doing stunts just for the fun of it, and gaiety rose toward its apogee.

And then, of a sudden, the place was full of police.

"It's a raid," said Charlie. "I thought this might happen

soon, they've been selling a lot of booze here lately. But I didn't look for it tonight."

"You seem to know the place pretty well," sniffed Helen, suspiciously. "A lot of these people spoke to you!"

"Why not?" said Charlie. "I like to take my lunch now and then here when the theater people are eating breakfast. That's how I knew that it was kinda gay at night—they told me. Never been here at night before."

"Well, are they going to arrest us all, I wonder?" said Helen. The police were lining the patrons up and taking names and addresses.

Charlie's eyes lighted on the sergeant in charge. The sergeant's eye met Charlie's. Charlie's left eyelid dropped.

The sergeant blustered over to them.

"Well," he bellowed, "youse Anti-Saloon leaguers is here spyan' on the police, hey? Nuttin' doin'. Beat it outa here, beat it, I say!" he took Charlie and his wife by the arms and rushed them toward the door. Just as he was about to thrust them out he whispered:

"Only stall I could think of, Charlie. There's a deputy commish here who's watchin' me and I couldn't slip youse out any other way. He's got a grinch on the league, so this alibi will go great with him. Sorry to embarrass the little lady."

Outside Helen said, a little breathlessly, "That cop knew you!"

"Why wouldn't he?" said Charlie. "I play checkers with him in the station house two or three times a week."

There were nothing but pirate taxis in sight, so Helen and Charlie started to walk toward Longacre Square where he could pick up a vehicle less expensive.

The street was not very well lighted, and a block away from the restaurant it was deserted, all the night loungers having rushed to the scene of the excitement.

From the shadow of an old doorway stepped a man, thrust a gun in Charlie's stomach and growled, "Stick 'em up, buddy. Immejut! The frail, too."

Charlie stuck 'em up. So did Helen. The thug went through Charlie's clothes swiftly and cleaned every pocket. He took Helen's solitaire and wedding ring,

and wrenches off her necklace. Then a taxi came careening down the street, the thief growled another threat, turned and ducked into the hall from which he had come.

Helen and Charlie walked on.

"I suppose," said Helen, "the trouble is you didn't know that one."

"No," said Charlie, "I don't think I do."

"Did he get everything you had?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "every red. I don't mind that, but it was a dirty trick to take your stuff. The big stiff."

"I noticed you didn't do anything," said Helen.

"I'm no coward," said Charlie, "but I'm no fool either. That lad's trigger finger had St. Vitus dance. I'd die for you, honey, but not for your jewelry. I can get you some more jewels, but I can't get myself another life."

"B-but how are we going to get home?"

"Well," said Charlie, his hand trembling as he lit a cigarette. "I don't know. But I guess I can fix it. There's a panhandler I know who hangs out at one of the subway entrances and I'll borrow fare from him."

"From a panhandler!" exclaimed Helen.



"Stick 'em up!" said the burglar, throwing a flash in Charlie's eyes.

"Why not?" said Charlie, "he makes forty dollars a day—he told me so."

"Taxi, mister," said a hard-faced driver as he slid his machine up to the curb.

"No!" answered Charlie, and then, "Say," he cried. "Hello there, Grogan."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Charlie?" the taxi man grinned.

"Say, Grogan, what'll you charge to take me and the missus home to Yardmore?"

"To you, four bucks. It's eighteen miles—and the meter of this old boat would read about eight dollars if I ran it. But I've had a good night—four bucks will be O. K. and no charge for me comin' back. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," said Charlie. "But listen, Grogan. A stick-up man just cleaned us both and besides I don't believe there's more than a dollar in the house at Yardmore. Will you—"

"Give it to me any time,

Charlie," said the taxi man.

"You'll be lunchin' at Joe's some time when I am. Get in."

"Do you know all the taxi drivers?" asked Helen, as the taxi lurched around a corner.

"No, only about a couple hundred, I guess," he said. "Just luck I happened to run into Buck Grogan. Nice fellow. Has two kids."

"How'd you find out all this?"

"Well, I don't know. Just talking to him at Joe's, I guess."

If this were fiction, instead of the story of Charles McDougall, you might well complain that the next incident was a vicious stretching of that aforesaid long arm of coincidence. But things happen as they happen, and that's how it happened that Charlie McDougall, after kissing his wife good-night went down stairs in the library to get his old pipe and have a last smoke—and on the way there, found a burglar in the dining room.

"Stick 'em up," said the burglar, throwing his flash in Charlie's eyes. "A yell outa you and you're cracked."

Again Charlie stuck 'em up. The flash dazzled his eyes and he could see nothing.

Then he heard an exclamation. And the burglar said, "You can drop 'em Charlie."

Charlie dropped 'em and faced a burglar with his mask off. "Well, say," remarked the burglar genially, "ain't this a coincidence."

"Why, hello, Tony," exclaimed Charlie.

"Say, honest, Charlie, I didn't know this was your dump."

"Well, it is. But it's kinda slim pickings for you, I should think."

"Not so bad," said Tony kindly. "You got nice silver."

Charlie looked at the burglar's bag.

"That's not all my stuff," he observed.

"Naw. Not any of it. I was just getting ready to clean out the buffet. But this was my last stop and I've had a pretty good haul, so—well, you're a nice little guy and tell good stories, so I guess I'll be going along and leave your junk here."

"Thanks, Tony, darn nice of you. I wouldn't want to lose it just now because I got stuck up in town and the bird cleaned me."

"Did he now? Hard luck. Didja know him?"

"I don't think so. Nobody that I ever saw around the Blue Goose where your gang holds out. Big tall guy with a scar under his chin."

"Hey?" said Tony. "Scar under his chin. And—say, did he say, 'Stick 'em up! Immejut'?"

"By gosh, that's what he said."

"Huh! I know him. Th' dirty crook! Double-crossed me on a job, he did. Say—how much did he nick you for?"

"Two hundred and my wife's necklace and rings."

"Yeh? He's the kind of guy that 'ud cut a frail's fingers off to get her rings. Listen—I didn't know he was out again. But I know where he hangs out, and I know the fence he works with, see. You just give me a description of them jools and I'll tell the fence he'd better turn 'em over to me or I'll have him pulled. I got something on that fence and he ain't got a thing on me."

"Mebbe I can get some of that jack for yuh, too. I got a good dip friend that might touch that black-jackin' skunk for a wad. If I get the whole two hundred I'll divvy fifty-fifty with yuh. Waddayuh say?"

"Fair enough," said Charlie.

"That's jake, then. See you at the Blue Goose Wednesday noon."

Tony gathered up his bag of swag, shook hands with Charlie, and quietly climbed out of the window.

Charlie closed the window and fastened it. Also he made a tour of the first floor and tested all the other windows. Then he got his pipe and went upstairs.

His wife called to him as he tip-toed past her room.

"Charlie—what took you so long?"

He opened her door and entered.

"What's that, dear?"

"I say, what made you so long downstairs?"

"I was talking to the burglar."

"Talking to a burglar! What burglar?"

"The burglar that was downstairs."

"Quit kidding, Charlie. It's too late to be funny."

"Well, all right. But there was a burglar."

"Honest?"

"Pretty honest—for a burglar."

Helen McDougall sat up in bed, bright-eyed.

"Do you mean to tell me there really was a burglar down there?"

"There certainly was."

"My goodness, weren't you scared to death?"

"I was at first, but not after I found I knew him."

"You know him? Knew a burglar!"

"Well, he just happened to be a burglar I knew."

Helen looked at her husband with quizzical eyes.

"I suppose you know hundreds of burglars, too," she said.

"No," replied Charlie, "probably not more than fifteen or twenty. There's quite a few of them hang out at one of the places I lunch. Interesting fellows, in a way."

"I suppose so," said Helen. "Well, did your knowing this second story man do you any good?"

"It saved the silver," Charlie answered. "He said he didn't know it was my house and anyhow the silver wasn't worth enough to bother with. So he went away."

"GOOD night," said Helen, sinking back into the pillows.

"Please, Charlie," Helen McDougall pleaded the next morning, "tell me who the man in the Rolls-Royce was."

"Not yet," purred Charlie. "I'm going to find out whether he meant that dinner invitation first. If he did, you'll know who he is, if he didn't—well, probably in time you'll worm it out of

(Continued on page 51)



"But I do wish," she sighed, "that I had my necklace and my ring."



THE MAN in the WHITE SLICKER

By Leonard Nason

SORDON rolled over on his back and looked up. The rocket glowed, a chain of red balls hanging one below the other, high in the air. The treacherous sun had happily gone in again, and the traces of mist and fog still in air reflected the red light and made the flare seem doubly large. It seemed that the red chain hung there only for a few seconds, a few heartbeats; then the sky was split by the whistle of oncoming shells.

The artillery are often slow in answering rockets, many times they do not answer at all, but on this occasion it is probable that the artillery had been waiting impatiently all morning, straining their eyes through the fog, and then, when visibility had become fairly good once more, their eagerness had increased, so that once the long-awaited signal was seen, the response was immediate.

There followed, however, one of those periods when a man's reason rocks and it is a marvel that everyone involved does not go insane. The infantry, fleeing from the smoke and flame behind, saw rise in front of them another wall of smoke, of mud, and of great junks of soaring iron. The American barrage had let down like a curtain along the road.

If that barrage was fired by three regiments of twenty-four guns each and each gun firing "slow rate," that is four shots to the minute, it arrives by mathematics that some three hundred shells a minute strike into a given area. This is a terrible thing to see. The fleeing infantry halted in indecision. It was then that the few remaining noncommissioned officers, the colonel, and the young lieutenant rushed about, regardless of how recklessly they exposed themselves, and tried to reorganize their men.

"That's our barrage, don't be afraid of it!" yelled the lieutenant. "Come on, we'll dig the Boche out of their holes and get in them ourselves! Turn around! Let's go the other way!"

The situation in front had meanwhile changed. The five tanks that had fled from the flame attack had not disappeared, but once out of reach of the jet, they had separated and, spreading out in a wide circle, had returned to the attack.

On the right flank the flame spouted again, but on the other

flank two tanks got through, ran down the valley a way, and then turned and came back, their one-pounders barking vigorously. Moreover, the barrage began to creep nearer, and the infantry, whether they would or no, had to move to keep away from the bursts, and hence moved toward the enemy.

None so astonished as they when Germans, their hands in air, began to rise out of the ground. They reached the shattered tank whose gasoline supply had blown up. The ground and the tank still smoked. The smoke was not so thick that the infantry could not see beyond the tank the remnants of the flame thrower and two or three of its crew that had been killed, as it were, by their own weapon, for the burning gasoline had descended upon them in a sheet of flame.

On the other flank, near the woods, one flammenwerfer still burned, but its jet lay along the ground instead of being high in air, and from the thick smoke emerged the tanks, proceeding calmly on their way as if without further interest in what lay there.

"Yea!" came faint yells. "Come on, fellers, we got 'em goin'! Come on, shove it to 'em!"

The infantry proceeded. They did not need to worry about mopping up. The field was open, and anyone they left behind the barrage taken care of. There must have been units on the flank, far up the hill that had been the objective of the first attack, that were advancing, too, for the enemy fire became less and less powerful. Men found they could walk upright. Yet something had to be done about the barrage, for their wounded had to be carried away from it, and this was becoming burdensome in the extreme.

Meanwhile, they reached the tiny stream and the row of bushes from the shelter of which the trench mortar had fired the day before.

Gordon and O'Nail, one eye on the barrage and another to the front, had stopped a second to examine this place. There was a hole where the base plate of the mortar had been, but that was all. They looked for signs of machine-gun fire but found none.

"I guess we didn't hit it," said Gordon.

The colonel burst upon them like an avenging angel.

"Are you the man that fired that rocket? Don't deny it, you had the pistol! Now look at what you've done?"

"It stopped them from breaking, sir!" protested Gordon.

"Well, suppose it did, who ever heard of making an attack with a barrage behind the advance? The Boche will claim we had to drive our men into battle with artillery! Suppose it gets into the papers at home? I had no dam' business to let



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that lieutenant bully me into taking command of this affair, anyway!"

The other two said nothing.

"Can't you stop the dam' thing?" cried the colonel. He looked apprehensively over his shoulder.

Because of the cessation of the German fire the Americans had gained on the barrage, but it was coming increasingly nearer now. From a hundred yards or so distant the lieutenant shouted to them:

"Shoot the other rocket! Shoot the smoke rocket!"

"What's he say?" asked the colonel.

"He says to shoot the smoke," answered O'Nail.

Gordon obligingly brought it out. The three of them walked on while he loaded the pistol.

"That's right," said the colonel, "it said—the major said—that the smoke meant we had reached our objective. That ought to stop it. Fire it! We can't go on this way! If we run into strong resistance we'll be caught between two millstones. Fire it, now! Quickly!"

Gordon thereupon fired the yellow rocket. It was what is known as a smoke—that is, it burst in either a ball of intensely black smoke, like a dot, or it made a long streamer, like a dash.

Possibly the smoke could not be seen against the low-lying clouds, but more probably the artillery officers, consulting their maps, decided that the infantry, even at a dead run, could not have crossed that valley in that short length of time and that the rocket had been fired by the Germans as a blind. The barrage, therefore, continued.

"I don't know," moaned the colonel, "what I'm going to do now! We can't leave our wounded to be socked by their own guns, and we can't carry them forever. You dam' fool, why didn't you let them run if they wanted to? That would have ended the attack for good and all, and I wouldn't have been caught in the devilish mess!"

This problem, however, was solved by somebody. The prisoners that they took in constantly increasing numbers must perfuse accompany them, too, but somebody had the bright thought to make these prisoners carry the wounded.

The advance had crossed the stream and was proceeding down the valley, straddling the narrow-gauge track, when a party of a hundred or more Germans suddenly hurried out of the woods, directly into the advancing infantry. Rifles popped like corn before a fire.

Gordon and O'Nail were following the embankment together, but before they could draw their pistols that long line of gray figures had all surrendered. Some of them threw down their rifles within a few yards of the machine gunners and were still unhooking grenades from their belts and dropping them at their feet when the two came up.

"Keep your eye on 'em!" muttered Gordon, "they look mad!"

"What do you suppose got into 'em to surrender like that?" gasped O'Nail.

"I know. I'll bet they thought it was their own troops falling back. Look at that advance!"

The suggestion was very plausible. With the prisoners they had taken the advancing Americans, especially as they moved before the barrage, could easily be taken for a German force falling back with prisoners.

It must have suddenly occurred to the Germans, too, that they outnumbered the Americans, for they called angrily to each

other, and one or two began slyly to pick up their rifles again.

"Put down that gun!" cried Gordon, levelling his pistol at a man near him who still held his rifle.

"Don't shoot," whispered O'Nail hurriedly, "it'll set 'em all going!"

There was a wild howl from some distance in front, then a faint "bop" and the words, "Enough out of you, young felly. The judge'll hear ye the morn's morning!"

"There's Droghan, by God!" exclaimed O'Nail. "He crowned one of 'em with his shovel."

Several more Germans picked up their rifles again, but two tanks, tearing across the field, surged into sight, and one fired its machine gun over the prisoners' heads. The rifles went down again, and the hands went up.

"That ends that," remarked O'Nail, "but if anything had started they'd have made cold meat out of you and me in about two seconds!"

"That's just what I was thinking of all the time," replied Gordon. "Let's go somewhere else; there's too many Jerries here to suit me."

He started to go across the narrow-gauge embankment, but at the top he turned suddenly and ducked back again.

"Hey, Colonel," he called, "hold 'em up! There's a flock of pill boxes around the bend. You can see them from the railroad! That's what they're waiting for, to sock us when we get in!"

The colonel blew upon his whistle, and everyone that heard it repeated it. He then signalled "Halt!" and the advancing lines lay down.

"Where are they?" he demanded, climbing cautiously up the bank.

"There!"

The colonel looked, then, lying on his stomach, he took out his field glasses and looked again. He could see the roofs of many wooden huts among which the narrow-gauge railway disappeared, but among the huts he could distinguish the gray cement sides of concrete shelters, and here and there, at just the most dangerous point, a bump in the field that denoted a pill box.

He lowered his glasses and looked about haggardly. Beyond him lay his men, out of hand, mixed squad with squad, burdened with wounded, surrounded by Germans—unarmed Germans, it is true, but hostile and seemingly waiting

their opportunity to regain their freedom. One of the surviving tanks had developed engine trouble and had had to be abandoned, and the other four were far on the other side of the valley, pursuing some objective of their own.

The barrage crept inevitably nearer. Disaster was imminent. He had led these men into a trap. Some of the rearmost units, regardless of enemy to the front, had risen and were running forward, for the barrage was dangerously near. At that instant the crash and blam of it suddenly softened, like a motor whose ignition has been cut, then stopped dead.

Two men, an American and a German, who had been creeping on their stomachs across the field, got to their feet and, bending over, ran to the embankment.

"Colonel!" called one. "Colonel! Colonel!"

"Here! What do you want now?"

The man who had called came nearer, and Gordon, lying below, could see that it was the lieutenant that had induced the colonel to take command.

"Colonel," panted the lieutenant, "I've got a prisoner here.

(Continued on page 53)



The Captain, the Colonel, and the man in the white slicker had turned the corner and were looking at them.

"Our Flag's Unfurled to Every Breeze"



N THE afternoon of February 7, 1831, off the west coast of Sumatra, the "Friendship of Salem,"

a trading vessel in quest of a cargo of pepper, rolled lazily in the roadstead. The sun blistered down, for the equator runs almost through the center of the island, and most of the crew on board lay panting beneath the forward awnings. Mr. Charles Knight, the chief officer, leaned his massive frame against the rail and gazed shoreward toward Quallah Battoo, where Captain Endicott, Mr. John Barry, the second officer, and four of the crew had gone early in the morning. This was rather unusual, the mate reflected, for it was too soon in the season to anticipate a mature crop of pepper, but the natives assured the "Friendship's" master that they had some of exceptional quality and he had gone ashore to inspect a few bags lying in the scale-house.

The mate brought his glasses to bear on Quallah Battoo, and he could discern a series of stockades snuggling almost out of sight in the dense jungle. The nipa-thatched huts, like gigantic beehives on stilts, were nearly invisible in the deep grasses. Through the town palpitated a river, sluggish and narrow. Behind it all towered the Bukit Barisan range of mountains.

For a long time Mr. Knight studied the shore where the surf pounded itself to a creamy foam above the coral reefs. At last he sighted a native proa moving away from the scale-house. He watched it poke its black snout along the river and stop at a small quay. The crew clambered out and presently returned, considerably reinforced.

The tiny craft battered its way through the thundering surf toward the "Friendship," tossing in the waves like a bit of cork. No one but Malaya could have guided that boat through the troubled sea. Even the mate, contemptuous as he was toward the natives, could not but admire their dexterity.

The proa reached the ship and the Malays began passing bags of pepper up the side. Others scrambled over the "Friendship's" bulwarks and examined the ship with open-eyed amazement.

"You fellows get back to your boat," ordered the mate, recalling the captain's instructions against permitting too many natives on board at one time.

Obviously they failed to comprehend his words for they stared blankly at him. He shrugged his shoulders. The captain had been too suspicious anyway, he felt; far too fearful of treachery. He had scoffed at Mr. Endicott's precautions and boasted that with a handspike he could drive a hundred such fellows over the side. Dismissing them from his mind he leaned over the rail to check the cargo of pepper. As if this were the waited signal the Malays leaped forward. A kris swept through the air and buried its crooked blade between the mate's broad shoulders. Screaming an oath he staggered to the starboard side of the quarter deck. Another native slashed him with a knife. The dying officer seized a boarding-pike, but before he could level the point he was crushed to the deck.

The five seamen forward leaped to their feet in alarm. They hurried aft to aid the mate. Snatching capstan bars and

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow



The gate disappeared in a thundering explosion.

belaying pins they laid about them in desperation. But the odds were too great. In a moment it was all over. Two Americans

lay dead and the others, severely wounded, were prisoners. The four remaining sailors, who had been below, were attracted by the confusion. They came bounding up the ladders, but their passage to the cutlass rack was barred by ferocious Malays. Realizing that resistance was but a means of suicide, the seamen plunged into the water and began swimming toward Quallah Battoo. The shore was lined with natives who brandished their scimitars. The swimmers struck out for a promontory a few miles distant.

In the meantime the captain had grown suspicious. He had observed the uncustomary landing of the proa for reinforcements but he attributed this to the high sea that was running

and the possible necessity for an increased complement. Still, something seemed wrong, and Po Adam, a friendly native from a neighboring tribe had said: "Mr. Knight no look sharp, no understand Malay-man."

With an undefinable feeling of trepidation the captain dispatched two of his men to observe the actions of the natives. At last one of them called to him.

"There's trouble aboard, sir."

"What do you see?"

"Men jumping overboard."

"We must show no alarm," he said turning to his first officer, "but muster the men and order them to the boat."

Simulating a careless attitude the Americans entered their boat and shoved off down the river. Po Adam, fearful of being killed most uncomfortably for his known friendship, leaped into the boat, crying: "You got

trouble, Captain. If they kill you they must kill Po Adam first."

As the boat darted down the river the natives suddenly realized their quarry was escaping. A volley of spears showered down upon the fugitives. Fortunately none was injured. Po Adam stood brandishing his jewel-studded scimitar and warning the Battoos of the terrible vengeance his tribesmen would wreak if the boat were molested. Then admonishing the sailors to row for their lives, he cried: "Di-yoong di young hi! pull, pull strong."

By some miracle they gained the sea and battered their way along the coast. Long after midnight, utterly exhausted, they arrived at Muckie. Here they found three American ships.

After a short conference the sailing masters decided to return to Quallah Battoo and demand restoration of the "Friendship." They set sail and upon arriving off the coast they sent a message to the rajah demanding the return of the vessel. The answer was concise and to the point: "Why don't you come and take her—if you can?"

"Aye, that we'll do," said Captain Powers of the brig "Palmer."

Their guns were soon thundering against the fortifications of Quallah Battoo. The natives replied with their own cannon, but no serious damage was inflicted by either force. Seeing the futility of further cannonading the Americans put out in three boats, loaded to the gunwales with armed seamen.

The Malays lined the rail of the "Friendship" and discharged

a volley of musketry against the approaching boats. But the Americans could not be stopped. They swarmed up the sides and drove the natives into the sea.

The ship had been damaged almost beyond repair. Everything of value that could be carried away was gone. The stores had been rifled and the Malays had wantonly destroyed all furnishings.

The four Americans who had escaped the massacre were brought on board by friendly natives. They were in terrible condition due to exposure and starvation. Captain Endicott shook his fist at Quallah Battoo and as the "Friendship" limped away he swore a mighty oath that the Malays would be punished for their treachery.

A year later, on February 6, 1832, another ship dropped anchor about five miles out from Quallah Battoo. She was a strange looking frigate, flying the Danish colors. Her topmasts were housed and her ports closed. She looked cleaner than most merchantmen who tramped up and down the Indian Ocean, and the natives crowded the shore, glowering darkly and menacingly toward the intruding craft.

A boat put out from her, but as it neared the estuary the Malays demonstrated such hostility that it returned.

The ship was neither Danish nor a merchantman. It was the "Potomac," a frigate of war of the American Navy. Captain Downes, the commander, was under instructions to inflict severe punishment upon the Battooans for their piratical attack on the "Friendship," and to teach them that such attacks would not be suffered without reprisals.

About midnight the landing party was loaded in boats and rowed ashore. Quickly they formed into divisions. The first was the Marine Detachment, followed by divisions of seamen, musketeers and pikemen. The rear was brought up by a gun crew dragging a 6-pounder they had named "Betsy Baker."

With Mr. Barry of the "Friendship" acting as guide, the column stealthily approached the town, where five independent forts lay in the jungle. The commander of each division was instructed as to his mission and Lieutenant Hoff led the musketeers and pikemen toward the fort at the northern end of town. It was defended by a strong force of Malays under Rajah Maley Mohammed, a chief whose power was as great as any on the coast of Sumatra.

The surprise was frustrated when a native sentry discovered the approaching seamen. He fired a warning shot. The Yankees replied with a single volley, then leaped forward in a gallant charge. Like a battering ram the column crashed against the gate of the stockade. It withstood the impact and a Marine crawled forward with a powder bag. The gate disappeared in a thundering explosion and the Yankees poured through the breach.

The Malays retreated to a high platform in the center of the stockade. From here they fired volley after volley at the Americans beneath them. The sailors improvised ladders from bamboo and scaled the sides while the musketeers covered their assault. Hand to hand they clashed in the dawn.

The natives made a determined defense, but nothing could withstand the fury of the Americans. The rajah fell desperately wounded, but he slashed his scimitar at everyone who

came near. A Marine bayoneted him. The rajah's wife, herself wounded by a chance shot, snatched the scimitar and wounded two men before she fell fainting from the loss of blood. Thus was the first fort carried.

In the meantime Lieutenant Edson, commanding the Marines, and Lieutenant Terrett, proceeded with the detachment to the fort of Tuko de Lama, about five hundred yards in rear of the fort captured by Lieutenant Hoff. The alarm had been sounded and the Malays were prepared to meet the Leathernecks. A swivel gun mounted on the platform raked them as they approached. Unfalteringly the Americans stormed through the stockade and followed the Malays as they retreated to the platform. Bayonets flashed in the morning light and struck sparks from the sweeping scimitars. The encounter was too furious to long endure. The natives fled. Lieutenant Terrett remained with a guard in the fort and Lieutenant Edson proceeded with the remainder of the detachment to aid Lieutenant Shubrick, the commander of the expedition, who was besieging a fort on the river at the other end of town.

Lieutenant Pinkham and his command had been unsuccessful in their efforts to discover their objective, for the fort was well concealed in the jungle. Accordingly the lieutenant swung his division about and joined Lieutenant Shubrick.

The fort on the river was the strongest in Quallah Battoo and the garrison had sworn to die before surrendering. They opened a brisk fire on the approaching Americans who replied with muskets. The teakwood stockade turned the bullets. Seeing a frontal attack impracticable, Mr. Shubrick detached a small detail to harass the front while he moved his force down river to attack the rear.

A few rods off shore they discovered three large and heavily armed proas filled with warriors. Betsy Baker was quickly trained on the boats and in another moment she was sweeping the decks with grape and cannister. One boat managed to get up sail and escape, while the crews of the others took to the water. Suddenly the bushes parted and out leaped Po Adam and his warriors. The wiley native had correctly suspected what the presence of the strange ship meant and brought his followers to aid his white friends. They made short work of the Malays in the river.

Lieutenant Shubrick ordered the trumpeter to sound the charge, a pre-arranged signal for a simultaneous attack.

Betsy Baker opened with solid shot against the gate and at the same instant the entire assailing force rushed the stockade. The gates splintered under the blows of axes.

The storming party charged through the stockade into a deadly blast of fire that seared their ranks. Once again the Malays retreated before the wall of cutlasses and bayonets and scurried up the ladders to the platform. Here they taunted: "Come and take us," so up went the Americans in pursuit.

The column in the rear was suddenly menaced by fire from the hidden fort. It revealed its position and a detachment assailed it and carried the heights with small loss.

Flames spread through the town, and the struggling men on the platform coughed in the thick smoke. Quarter was neither given nor asked, and the wounded fought until they were killed.

The rajah fell with a bullet through his head. His warriors broke suddenly and ran, some leaping from the platform, others attempting to escape by sliding down ropes. The fort was won, and in a moment more the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the morning sun over the pirate stronghold, signaling the world that "Our flag's unfurled to every breeze."



Quarter was neither given nor asked, and the wounded fought until they were killed.

Great Lakes Reserve Training Camp



HE mission of the Marine Corps Reserve is to provide a trained force of officers and men available to serve as reinforcements to the regular Marine Corps in time of war or national emergency." As a step in the accomplishment of this mission, a provisional training battalion was formed from the Reserve personnel of the Central Reserve Area and was ordered to the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, where the Battalion trained from 12 July to 27 July, 1930.

Major Chester L. Fordney, F. M. C. R., was designated as Camp and Battalion Commander; First Lieutenant Alexander M. Arnold, F. M. C. R., Battalion Quartermaster; Second Lieutenant Oscar H. Wisthuff, V. M. C. R., Battalion Adjutant; Sergeant Major James Koberna, F. M. C. R., and Quartermaster Sergeant John Oertle, F. M. C. R., completed the staff.

The 315th Company, from Chicago, and the 313th from Milwaukee were ordered to report on Saturday, July 12th. These companies arrived about 6:00 P. M.; the 313th Company having arrived by a sub-chaser thanks to the good will and courtesy of Lieutenant Kieffer of the Naval Reserve. They found a bare camp site but nearby was a supply "dump" presided over by Quartermaster Alexander M. Arnold and his man "Friday," Quartermaster Sergeant John Oertle. Supper was had at the station mess hall and after mess the work of establishing camp was begun. The camp site had been surveyed and the company commanders had been furnished blueprints of their respective areas. Notwithstanding the fact that this was the first time that the companies had been required to pitch pyramidal tents, the work was carried on in an orderly manner and by 9:30 the tents in the company areas had been pitched, battalion headquarters had been established and cots, blankets, lanterns and other supplies had been issued. The 311th Company from Toledo arrived late Sunday afternoon and "followed suit." The 306th from Detroit arrived in time to hear taps. They slept in tents belonging to other companies Sunday night and put up their own tents Monday morning. The family was all present except the battalion adjutant, First Lieutenant Clarence L. Jordan, F. M. C. R., who was taken ill Saturday afternoon. It was hoped that he would recover enough to report for duty Monday but he was operated on for appendicitis instead, which put an end to his aspirations. Oscar H. Wisthuff, Second Lieutenant, V. M. C. R., was drafted as Battalion Adjutant and his troubles began. Monday morning found the camp far from completed but the schedule called for instruction and instruction was given as per schedule. A formal guard mount was held at 5:00 in the afternoon.

The training called for by the schedule was of a nature that could not be given in the armories. The companies were already very proficient in close order drill and were well grounded in

the theoretical work of combat problems, therefore the time was utilized in battalion combat problems. The terrain on the station was not suitable for such problems but west of the station the Veterans Bureau Hospital was located on a large reservation that provided level ground, rolling ground, open fields and all variations of wooded areas. These grounds were made available for the use of the battalion through the courtesy of Doctor Saint Antoine, the officer in charge. The battalion usually marched in a column of squads in regular battalion formation with advance guards and rear guards to an assembly area in the vicinity of the "battle." The first problem was one in taking formation and arriving on line of departure. The battalion in defense was another problem while the battalion in assault, with the 313th

Company representing the enemy, was still another. These problems involved training in the service of security, scouting and patrolling, musketry, communication, map sketching, tactics and technique of the infantry battalion and instruction in the use of infantry weapons. Instruction in the Manual of the Sword was not neglected. The problems were perhaps the most interesting feature of the training.

The ceremonies were not neglected. Guard mounts, battalion parades, reviews and inspections were the events conducted on the parade ground. The music was furnished by the very fine Great Lakes Training Station Band under the direction of Band Master Nelson, U. S. N.

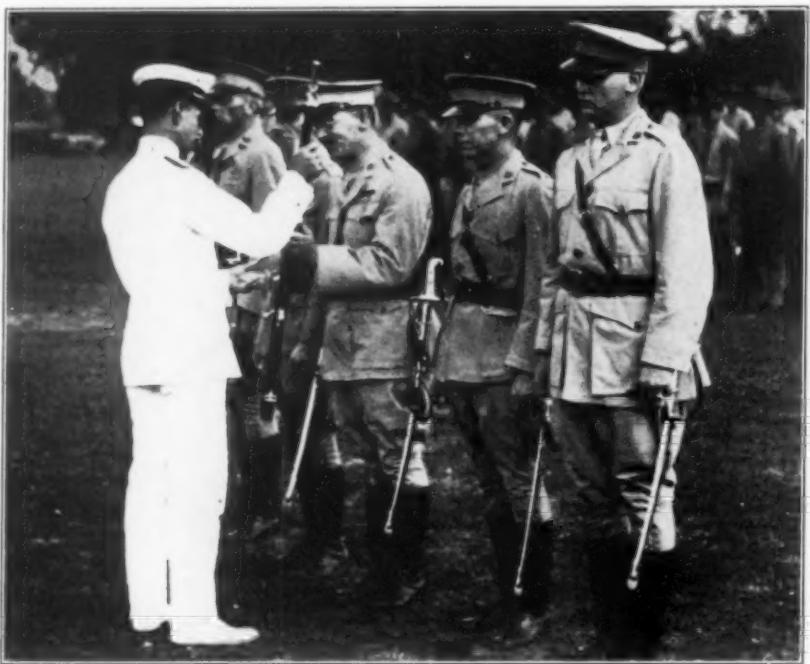
The ceremonies were put on with snap and precision. The smart soldierly appearance of the battalion won many compliments. The Marines did not have a "walk away" with

honors for the reason that there are at present about 400 naval recruits on the station who drill every day and who put on a dress parade every Wednesday that is worth seeing. The bluejackets drill very well, present a smart appearance and perform their drills with a precision which put the members of the Reserve Battalion on their toes.

Colonel J. S. Turrill, U. S. M. C., was a camp guest on Thursday. The battalion was presented to Colonel Turrill on his arrival at camp. He inspected the camp and reviewed the battalion at review and inspection. In the afternoon, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Crosley received Colonel Turrill, Major Morse and the officers of the battalion at the quarters of the Commandant. Meeting the Commandant and Mrs. Crosley proved to be a very delightful experience.

Friday morning found the battalion engaged in a combat problem. The 313th Company represented the enemy making an enveloping attack on the right flank. The problem was observed by Colonel Turrill and Major Morse. Colonel Turrill complimented the battalion for their appearance and earnestness and the spirit with which training was being carried out.

Captain and Mrs. Chester J. Peters were hosts at dinner to the battalion commander and the company commanders at the



Rear Admiral Crosley, Commandant of Great Lakes, awards chromium plated "Krag" rifle to Captain Iven C. Stickney, F. M. C. R., whose company, the 311th from Toledo, Ohio, attained the highest percentage of qualifications on the range during camp. The rifle was presented by the Reserve Officers of the Central Reserve Area and is to be competed for annually. The joy of the other company commanders at the award going to the 311th is evidenced by their facial expressions.

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quarters of the hosts in Lake Forest. Captain Peters is the officer in charge of reserve aviation at Great Lakes. He took a number of the battalion officers for a "hop" in the seaplanes and made a number of photographs of the camp from the air.

Official calls were made by Lieutenant F. H. Gilmer, U. S. N., aide to the commandant; Captain D. W. Bagley, U. S. N., assistant to the commandant, 9th Naval District; Commander Micajah Boland (M. C.), U. S. N., senior medical officer, 9th Naval District; Commander W. F. Lafrenz, U. S. N., executive officer, Naval Training Station; Commander E. J. Blakeship, U. S. N., executive officer, 9th Naval District.

Major Edmond H. Morse, U. S. M. C., commanding Central Reserve Area, was originally ordered to camp as chief observer. His orders were rescinded but Major Morse remained at the camp and his presence and pleasant company added much to the success of the camp. He assisted in the instruction and his suggestions were very much appreciated by all.

Saturday morning

Rear Admiral Walter S. Crosley, commanding officer of the station, officially inspected the camp and battalion. Marines and expeditions are not strangers to Admiral Crosley; he was in command of the U.S.S. "Prairie" in 1914 and he personally captured Santo Domingo City on one occasion. He did not make a detailed inspection of the battalion, however, so when the Admiral and his party had disappeared over the horizon the battalion was inspected "in detail" by the battalion commander. Notwithstanding the fact that it was Saturday, a number of the junior officers of the battalion did not anticipate a "detailed" inspection and consequently were not "prepared for inspection." The acrimonious remarks of the battalion commander were responsible for a heavy demand for "Blitz" cloths and none was available in the area. The commander had, however, acquired a new sobriquet. Liberty was sounded at 12 noon on Saturday and lasted until Reveille Monday morning.

The second week was devoted to work on the range, but ceremonies were held every day at 5:00 nevertheless. Captain Fortune was in charge of the firing line and of the rifle training in general. Captain Ryland was in charge of the butts. Gunnery Sergeant Ward O. Bard, from the 313th Company, was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the firing line and his work was performed in a manner which reflected great credit on the Reserves as well as on his company. Record firing was conducted on Thursday and the number of men qualified showed an increase of about 8% over last year. A chromium plated "Krag" rifle was put up as a trophy to be competed for annually by the companies of the area and awarded for company excellence in marksmanship. The rifle was the gift of the citizens of the area. It was won by the 311th Co., with a score of 180%.

Friday was a big day. The officers of the area had planned a very handsome cup to be awarded to the company having the highest efficiency during the camp. A board consisting of Major Chester L. Fordney, Captain Harry G. Fortune and Captain Robert K. Ryland was appointed by Major Morse, the commander, to make the award. The award was a silver cup

to make and the board worked until the "wee small hours" of Thursday evening and Friday morning and finally awarded the cup to the 311th Company. A guidon having a red field with gold lettering, provided by popular subscription from the five companies, was awarded with the cup.

Lieutenant Colonel David M. Randall, U. S. M. C., representing the Adjutant and Inspector's Department, arrived Friday and made his inspection of the camp and personnel. For the same afternoon, Admiral Crosley had graciously agreed to "take" review and inspection and to award the trophies and "Efficiency" guidon. Lieutenant Colonel Randall and Major Morse were invited by the admiral to review the battalion with the admiral, and at eight bells in the afternoon watch review and inspection began. The line was trooped by the admiral, the battalion commander, the admiral's aide, Lieutenant C. R. Gilmer, U. S. N., Colonel Randall, and Major Morse. The band played, cameras snapped and commands were shouted as the

battalion passed in review; swords flashed, eyes "clicked" and the lines "held" perfectly as the respective companies passed the reviewing stand. That review and inspection will long be remembered by those who participated and by those who witnessed it.

After "Inspection" the trophies were awarded. Admiral Crosley complimented the officers and men of the battalion for their efficiency and conduct during the camp and then after presenting the trophies to Captain Iven C. Stickney, commanding the 311th Company, congratulated him on his success. Captain Stickney modestly attributed his success to good luck; Admiral Crosley replied, "Good Luck! Hell!" The 311th Company then put on an exhibition drill for ten minutes. They performed evolutions that provoked many "Ohs and Ahs" from the gallery and the company was warmly

applauded at the close of the exhibition. Private Walter A. Churchill, F. M. C. R., who served considerable time in the regular Marine Corps and was discharged as a sergeant, was "in command" during the exhibition drill.

The battalion had been visited from time to time by members of the staff at 1405 Howard Street. Word had been passed that Friday was THE day to see the "doins." The staff has dignity, however, that must be preserved particularly on occasions of ceremony. It was necessary to have transportation so negotiations were conducted with Mr. Lever, who operates a garage on the west floor of the building, Central Reserve Area. Nothing was said as to what would be suitable and what would be appropriate. Type 57, "The War Cadillac?" There was no need to point chevrons, service and wound stripes, but there were sufficient evidences of service to convince any "boot" that the Cadillac had long and honorable service. The speedometer had ceased functioning several years ago when it had a reading of 127,000 miles. The castings for the eight cylinders were intact, however, and after several false starts the staff car was "under way." The run to Great Lakes was eventful with First Sergeant Thomas G. Fields, as "the Lord



Senior Non-commissioned officers of the 1st Provisional Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve Training Camp, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Reading left to right, standing: 1st Sgt. Homer L. Stephens, F. M. C. R.; Quartermaster Sergeant John Oertle, F. M. C. R.; Sgt. Maj. James Koberna, F. M. C. R.; 1st Sgt. Harry P. Hutton, F. M. C. R.; Gy.-Sgt. John W. Wills, F. M. C. R. Kneeling: 1st Sgt. James S. Cant, F. M. C. R.; Gy.-Sgt. Carlos F. Loehrke, F. M. C. R.; 1st Sgt. Wm. J. Foster, F. M. C. R.; Gy.-Sgt. Ward O. Bard, F. M. C. R. Sitting: Gy.-Sgt. Peter P. Rogalski, F. M. C. R.; 1st Sgt. Kieffer Vaux, F. M. C. R.; Gy.-Sgt. Weino Frantsi, F. M. C. R.

"High Gear Shifter and Pilot," the passenger list showed the names of Quartermaster Sergeant Richard J. Stone, First Sergeant Baxter E. Vann, Sergeant Gerald A. Newhouse, Sergeant Alfred White Chenoweth and Corporal Carl Cooper Martin. There are a number of villages and towns on the way to Great Lakes and all the police reports are not yet in but enough have been received to indicate that the car was driven in true war-time staff manner. The official elapsed time from Howard Street to the Administration Building at Great Lakes was forty-five minutes. No admiral ever made a landing with more "eclat." Flourishes and ruffles were sounded, not by the band but by the Cadillac itself. There were variations from "honors and salutes" as prescribed by naval regulations but there was no doubt that the staff had arrived. It was found later that the gallant effort on the part of the Cadillac was at the cost of the last drop of gasoline. A frantic rush to the commissary was too late by ten minutes. Tableau. The report on the return trip is described as "secret" and may not be given here.

Saturday was devoted to firing the Browning automatic rifles and to record firing with the pistol and to the preliminary work of breaking camp. The 314th Company left Saturday evening for home. The 306th, 311th and the 315th Companies left Sunday morning. The 313th Company left Sunday afternoon. The 1930 Marine Reserve Training Camp at Great Lakes was over.

The results lead one to believe that the policy of letting the Reserves conduct their own training is a correct one. There is no thought that the regular establishment cannot handle the training but the Reserve can furnish enough officers with the experience, training and leadership to conduct the training and thus the regular establishment is relieved of the necessity of furnishing per-

sonnel to carry on the work. The experience gained by conducting the training is very valuable to reserve officers. Development of reservists to the point where they can act as competent instructors is an important activity. The unqualified success of the 1930 camp at Great Lakes demonstrates the worth of training which has been given reservists and no doubt will serve to crystallize thought regarding the type of training and manner in which training will be given in the future to reservists.

Side-Line Observations

When Second Lieutenant Oscar H. Wisthuff was drafted for duty as battalion adjutant, he very happily confided to a friend that, at last, he had managed to land one of those "soft jobs." After about three days of service in his official capacity the lieutenant was quite ready and anxious to revise his original opinion of what constitutes a "soft job."

A real "Old Timer," Sergeant Major James Koberna, who has over twenty years of active service and several years in the reserve, was quite disappointed in this "new" Marine Corps. Upon the sergeant major's reporting for duty he was immediately swamped with orders, reports and what not. Numerous scouting expeditions failed of their mission. There was no typewriter available. At the conclusion of the camp the senior non-com was heard to sadly remark, "Helluva camp, no typewriter!"

Another old timer was there showing the younger generation of Marines how they issued quartermaster supplies in the "Old Marine Corps." This very efficient and hard-working Marine was none other than Quartermaster Sergeant John Oertle, F. M. C. R., who was called back for active duty on this occasion.

Since our regular sergeant major was forced to spend most of his time looking for typewriters or adjutants, it became necessary to draft someone for this im-

portant duty during the formal guard mounts. The detail fell to First Sergeant Harry Hutton of the 315th Company and the manner in which he performed leads us to believe that he, to say the least, knows his stuff.

One of the really serious problems that confronted the "master minds" of the battalion was the important question of latrines. Conference followed conference—the questions, where—how—and what type, were fired back and forth. The sanitary officer helped to the extent of indicating where. The battalion C. O. made progress by calling for a detail to do the actual work of construction. Now, however, there was great need for a "specialist." In such important matters only a man who is universally acknowledged to be an expert can be trusted with the exquisitely fine details of drafting the plans for what might very well be called a community building and therefore a thing that must be worthy of and cause a feeling of civic pride. After a series of debates it was decided to canvass the camp in an effort to locate someone with experience in this type of work. Orderlies were dispatched. A triumphant return—a man who claimed to be a true "Chick Sales" specialist had been found. The working party departs. Some hours later, a perspiring Marine stands before the battalion commander's tent asking permission to report, and being granted permission, says, "Sir, Gunnery Sergeant Ward O. Bard reports the successful accomplishment of his mission; the latrines are now ready for occupancy." A "specialist" had again saved the day.

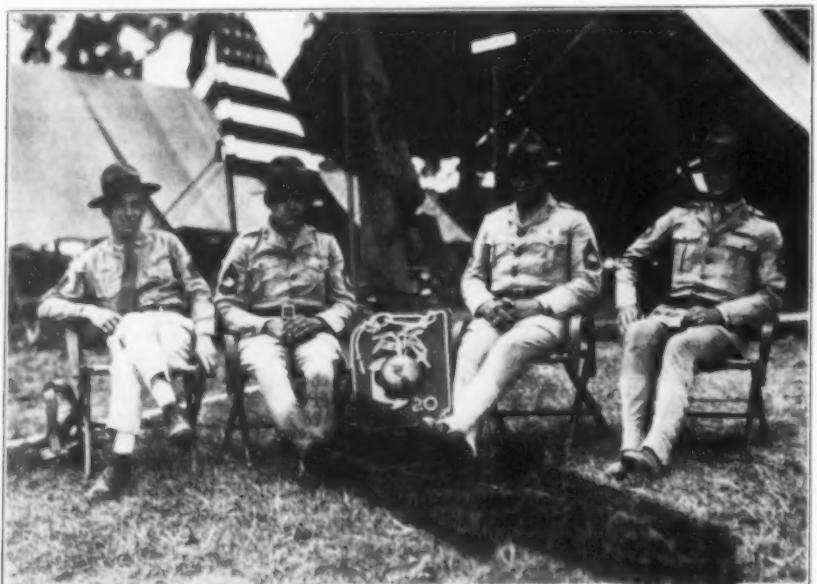
NEWS AND NOTES, 301ST COMPANY, M. C. R.

By Pfc. Lawton G. Meredith

Boston, Mass. (Special to The Leatherneck).—Among the recent visitors to the quarters of this company were Major Murray, U. S. M. C., our inspector-instructor, and Captain Arthur E. Lyng, U. S. M. C. R., one of our former company commanders, who accompanied the Major on his visit. The men of the company who served with the Major and the Captain when the 301st Company was just beginning to take its rightful place in the Reserve Marine Corps, made them welcome in no uncertain manner.

Captain Lyng was more than pleased to see the numerous trophies that crowd the company office and also noted with pleasure that his photograph, along with those of other former company commanders, occupies a prominent place on the office wall, placed there that the recruits may see those who have helped make the company what it is and to inspire them to do likewise in becoming an asset to the organization. The present company commander, Captain Harry C. Grafton, was giving the company a lecture on gunnery in the class room, but decided that a few words from Captain Lyng would be as valuable to the new men as the instruction. The new men feel that they know our "old timers" just as well as the men of the company who served under them. And well they might feel that way when they hear the older men swap yarns about the events that took place when Captain "Johnny" Flynn, or Lieutenant "Sam" Irwin, or Captain Lyng was the C. O.

Another old friend of the outfit, Lieutenant Donald K. Mackay, U. S. M. C. R.,



Staff N. C. O.'s of the Twentieth Marines who just completed their tour of duty at Quantico. Left to right: P. M. Sgt. Foley, Regimental Sergeant Major Hubert, 2nd Bn. Sergeant Major J. C. Fondahl, 1st Bn. Sgt. Major ...

also a former company commander, made a visit recently and was pleased to find that he still ranks ace high with this outfit and his chief regret seems to be that the same pressure of business that made it necessary to give up the company, prevents him from "joining up" again. When these former members think enough of the outfit to drop in and see us when they get a chance, it shows that they're still "301st Men."

Boston, Mass. (Special to The Leatherneck).—On Sunday, July 13, about half the men in the company reported in the company quarters at the Boston Navy Yard, in preparation for a "work-out" at the Wakefield Rifle Range. Promptly at ten a. m. a caravan of about fifteen private cars (yes, the personal property of the various members of the company), left the yard with Gunner Andrews, our second in command, as "Captain of the Train." As he gave the signal to shove off, each driver took his pet route to the range and since they all got there about the same time and without mishap, all were ready to do business immediately. A little difficulty arose in getting sufficient targets, there being quite a few rifle teams already in action, but needless to say, the "Instruction Staff," consisting of Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, First Sergeant Louis Hoepner, Gunnery Sergeant Robert Robinson, Sergeants Charlie Most and Waymon Keenum, all members of the 301st Company, saw to it that every man present had an opportunity to fire in any position he felt he ought to brush up on and all got the benefit of the Instructor's range experience. One of the men, Private Walter Costello, who has been sporting a medal for shooting, earned at Quantico, didn't do so good when he went on the line. Naturally he took quite a "ride" from those watching the results. His only remark was, "It's no use, I gotta have some Quantico atmosphere when I shoot the range!" And if that doesn't rate a chance at an "Alibi run," then the Sergeant doesn't recognize a good alibi when it steps on his toes.

SYNOPSIS OF THE 304TH COMPANY'S SUMMER ENCAMPMENT AT QUANTICO, VA.

By Pvt. Wm. McK. Fleming

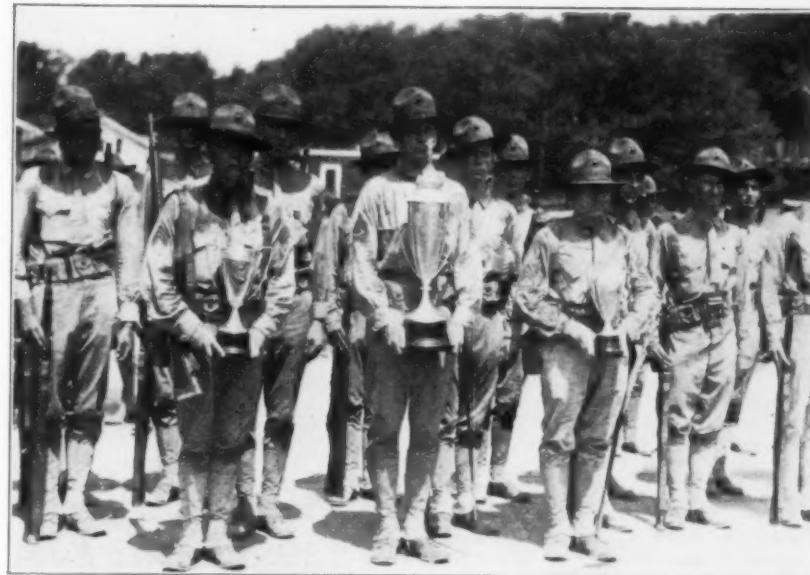
For there'll come a time when you'll chat 'n' smoke

With a crowd of older men,
And here 'n' there between a joke
You'll refer to Now as Then.

The 304th Company of Fleet Reserves assembled at the armory for inspection by its commanding officer, Second Lieutenant Mark F. Kessenich, prior to shoving off for camp, and as if to acquaint us with what was to come, ol' Sol came out extraordinary hot on that ne'er to be forgotten Sunday morn' of July 20, 1930.

Boarding the subway train at the 53rd Street Station was the first step of a long journey south and at Borough Hall we joined the 19th Regiment, Lieut. Col. James F. Rorke, commanding. From there we bussed to Jersey City for the final lap of the trip—with the Regimental Band and all. At precisely 11:51 a. m., we took our last look at New York's skyline and headed for Quantico, Va.

The train ride was practically unevent-



"G" Co. of the 20th Marines present trophies won at their summer encampment: Colonel's cup for close order drill, General Edmonds' cup for general efficiency, and Colonel's cup for high rifle score.

ful with the exception of "Salty" Dean's almost burning his regulation lips smoking a Corona Corona given to him by a girl. The conductor bore some blue bars on his sleeve indicating service, so he, too, came in for a laugh when "Salty" inquired as to whether he would "ship over."

At exactly ten minutes before six o'clock, we landed at Quantico and marched to the Reserve Camp for quarters. The 304th Company was given the frame building that served last year as a mess hall, and it is here that we must pause to commend Sergeant Wood for the quick and efficient manner in which he made the allotted location comfortably clean and cool.

After a few fire calls and what not, we hit the dream bags wondering just what kind of a camp was in store for us.

Monday, July 21st.—Most of the day was spent in moving gear and pitching tents for permanent quarters, which took up the rear of the second company street. Details, details and more details, certainly made the ol' dream bag a "dream" bag.

First Tuesday.—Close (very close 120° F., 49° C., 39° R.) order drill on parade grounds, sans that beautiful Southern grass. The afternoon was occupied by talks on military ethics, etc., by the company commanders. Corporal Lynch was "detailed" as camp letterman and presented with an exquisite "iron puppy" to help him better perform his strenuous task. Poor Joe! How he abhorred that detail! Sergeant Stenhouse and Private Anderson were detailed to the commissary—Company 304 thereby resting assured of sufficient chow! Corporal Caferty was formally presented by his tent-mates with the title of "Sea-farin' John," because no matter how tough things would get, you'd never hear him kick. Private Manno was assigned to the Medical Department—and did he like it!

First Wednesday.—Inspection and examination. To the parade grounds for drill again—everyone grumbling—all good Marines. Police work on streets and on all bunks was conducted most thoroughly. A very bad ball game in the afternoon, but that evening parade by the Regulars sure made up for it, Major General Smedley D. Butler and Mayor Wm. F. Broening, of Baltimore, being in the reviewing stand. From this pleasant scene we adjourned to the gymnasium, where we saw some real lively bouts, and Johnny Ahern gave his familiar "Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous," which is always a winner. Inasmuch as the guests of the evening were the Mayor and Baltimore's firemen, General Butler gave a short eulogy on the fire-eaters which was a treat to some of us who had only read about him. All in all, it was a big night and it was very fortunate that the fire siren was silent, for it is doubtful whether it would have been heard above the whistling, "cut-out" and snort-styled snoring that rent the air over those seven hundred men.

First Thursday.—Corporals Hassett and Malloy answered roll call from their bunks, but being only amateur ventriloquists, were soon "heaved out." Battalion drill was executed despite intense heat and it was a merry bunch that marched back to chow singing the old songs with as much pep as ever. Shortage of water proclaimed acute and rumors from "head" (quarters) that we might shove off ahead of the prescribed time. . . . Private O'Geary doing justice to his esteemed title by praying for rain, which did come for a while. . . . Private Underhill imploring men going to town to "Bring back ten cents worth of sweet pickles and a sack of potato chips." Now men, you have an explanation for that crunching sound heard in tent two.

First Friday.—Formal guard mount with our skipper, Lieutenant Kessenich,

officer of the day, and First Lieutenant Richard Ahern, inspecting adjutant. Entire 304th on guard over Reserve Camp and what a time! The Brooklyn Reservists were reputed to have put on the toughest, strictest and most painful-feeling-in-the-neck guard ever witnessed. And how well we clung to our reputation—tsk, tsk. One fellow sneezed after taps and was threatened with the brig. Private J. LaMacchia wouldn't let anyone come within six paces of the hydrants with a blotter. The last relief, however, suffered a four-hour stretch of duty (you can probably pick them all out on the company picture). The only place Pfc. ReGan would commit himself was in his own tent. Private Lorenzen hid himself away every time he received a letter—"even as you and I."

First Saturday.—Colors, policing of camp and then the reason for the Revolution, prison outbreaks and sending home cards saying "Swell!" In other words, Liberty! Some went to Richmond, some to Alexandria, but the majority to the Capital. "Wholesale" Maserwitch was seen rubbernecking in pawn shops and exclaiming, "I could get that for half the price." Sergeant Heiser was still thinking about chambray ties and other supplies.

Sunday, July 26th.—Much pounding of ears and general bunk fatigue. Fellows looked pretty tired on that train back to camp. Hard to stay awake four shows a day, no doubt.

Second Monday.—'N so to the butts, rout stepping to our own "From the Shores of Fifty-second Street . . ." Our ever pensive top-kick and Sergeant Wood met an old campaign crony, Mickey Finn, who had charge of the range. ("So I took m' . . ."). The boys fired partly for record, with chow in the field. Back to quarters at six bells with many suffering from dropsy of the butt; plenty caressing of "beam" bags. Corporal Malloy marched down the company street keeping time with the music

sounding taps and simultaneously singing the praises of the exuberant ingredients of Coco Cola. Boy, those Terry brothers sure made a neat set on the color guard, eh?

Second Tuesday.—Reveille not being sufficient to awaken us, they had to break out the band, which kept incessantly "Filling the steins to dear old Brooklyn—or Maine," or whatever the hell it was. Ideal morning for the range. Mickey Finn still in his sweet mood. Oh, yes! Pfc. Blinn hit a sea-goin' 228 out of a possible 250, thereby cinching the cup. "Panama" Levy almost got shot by a boot checking up on everyone's score. Talk on first aid and means employed to prevent the necessity therefor by Major Kirby, surgeon. Besides being intensely interesting, the Major injected plenty of wit and humor. Private Shaw was found moaning about his score of 176, but it being the first time he ever fired a Springfield, he was soon consoled. Private Walsh gave his usual talk, which is inevitably preceded by "And another thing, maybe you don't know . . ."

Second Wednesday.—Up at 0500, with the aid of that which "soothes the savage breast." This not being bad enough, Sergeant Wood was on hand to again overwork us on "Phisss-i-kill" drill. Practiced for regimental parade—yes, many times over. Afternoon review of the entire battalion by Secretary of the Navy Adams and General Butler. Everything went over like clock-work (Swiss movement) and the men seemed to get quite a kick out of that. Pershing Square formation. Later on the Reservists witnessed a very impressive evening parade by the Regulars, which was followed by a spicy smoker with addresses by Secretary Adams and General Butler. Of course, there was a spirited rendition of "Sweet Adeline" by the whole gathering. Pie à la mode at the Hostess House. Privates V. La Macchia, Loeber, "Silent" Shaughnessy and "Palm Beach" McDonough certainly took pic-

tures galore. Pfc. Schweldson caught Weinburg telling the mess sergeant how to cook pork chops! Anything goes in camp.

Second Thursday.—Private Lopez tried for thirds but failed. Private Kahn stuck his head in the ground, suffering from "detailitis." Battalion drill (Private Harrison carried on with one legging at half mast), and then bayonet practice (wonder how Mr. McKinliss is?). Instructions on the proper way to strike tents were given and some fellows managed to squeeze in a little bunk fatigue. Privates De Costa and Chalif were observed lifting up litter bags to keep their biceps as closely resembling sea bags as when they left Brooklyn.

Second Friday.—Physical examination and breaking of camp. Bunks all laid out under a heavenly blanket but later (grr) moved to Signal Battalion building. Private Jesinsky expressed the hope that his shop is still struggling along. PAID OFF. Evening dance at the gym, where we met several acquaintances made last year in the 10th Regiment. (Member the chow?) The Reservists had more competition getting dances than General Butler has campaign bars, but all managed to dance and have a great time. No one who saw it will ever forget that Grand March. It was, in the vernacular of the cinema profession, stupendous!

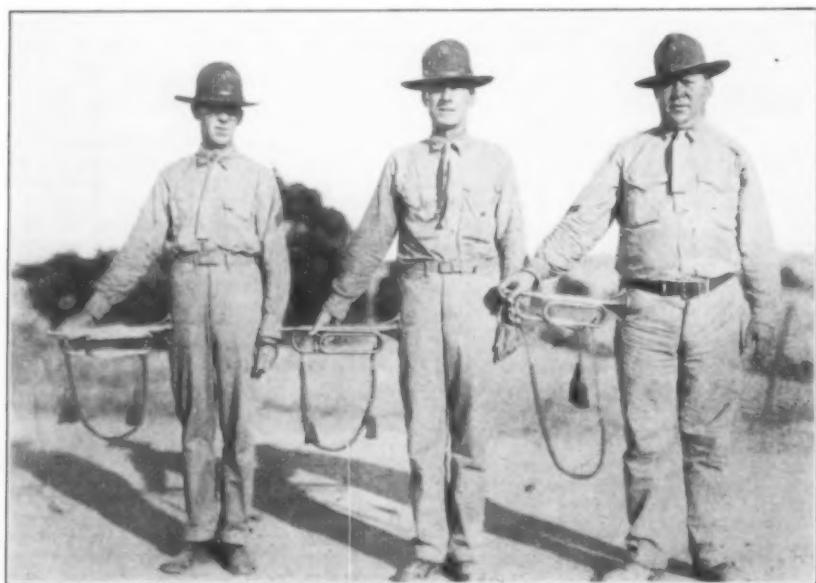
Second Saturday.—Uh, oh—hit the deck at 0430 and lots of work, too. Certainly was remarkable how quickly the old camp site was cleared—almost looked like a parade ground. Lieutenant Kessenich distributed shooting medals and many recipients were happy. We were all set when Lieutenant Colonel Rorke came over and made a concise speech on the success of the camp and the probable destination of next year's.

The post band saw us off for home with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," which was returned with a cheer. We then proceeded to settle back into our seats and await the call to chow. A high spirit was prevalent throughout the homeward trip.

At Jersey City, Lieutenant Kessenich turned over the shooting trophy to Lieutenant Colonel Rorke, who formally presented it to Pfc. Frank Blinn for his high score on the range. Even the civilians at the station got into the spirit of the thing and gave Frank well-deserved applause. We then proceeded by bus to Borough Hall, from which point we paraded to Atlantic and Fourth Avenues. Here we disbanded under our respective commanders.

Never before did the old armory look so good as on Saturday night, August 2nd, 1930. With a sincere and lusty cheer for Lieutenant Kessenich, we shoved off for home, a bit harder and a lot more Marine.

Once home we realized that there were many things we had to do at camp which we'd never do at home. Among these things we list the following: Arise at five-thirty; hit the dream bag at ten o'clock; look for so many letters; incessantly kick; swear—that is, so much; double time at six in the a. m., and chew tobacco!



Three old-time trumpeters of the 20th Marines. Left to right: B. S. Bladen, William Joyce, and Wallace H. Smith.

October, 1930

THE LEATHERNECK

Thirteen

301ST COMPANY PLATOON MAKE A HIT AT MILITARY BALL

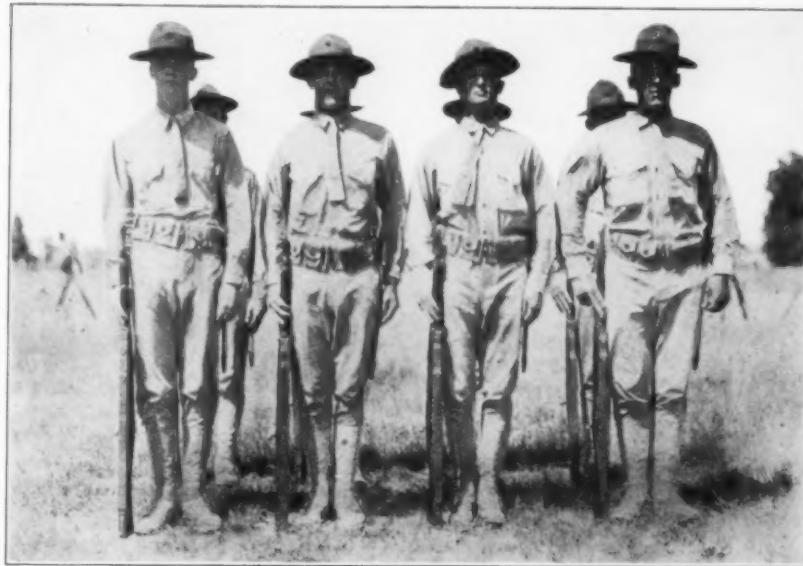
By Pfc. Lawton G. Meredith

Boston, Mass. (Special to The Leatherneck).—The drill platoon of the 301st Company, Marine Corps Reserve, has once more proven that its reputation for excellence is not of the flash in the pan type but is based on thorough knowledge of the various drills and manuals. This time it displayed its ability before an audience that was more than an audience. They were judges, too. I refer to the Grand Military Ball of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, of the Marine Corps League, which took place on the evening of July sixteen, at Paul Revere Hall, Boston, to which the company was invited as the guests of the League. This explains why I say the audience played the part of judges. The majority were Marines—"Ex-Regulars" maybe, but still Marines, and you know how jealous the "Old Marine Corps" is of its ability at drill and other duties of Marines. There was no question of how good the Old Marine Corps was when the platoon, under the command of Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, marched onto the ball room floor and went through a snappy exhibition drill with movements so precise and regular that one could hardly believe that it was human and not some intricate machine, adjusted to routine. As the drill ended, and the platoon marched off the floor, the audience burst into such lengthy applause that the next dance was delayed for about twenty minutes because of the inability of the orchestra to make itself heard over the tumult. I might add that the Army and Navy were represented, unofficially, of course, but on deck, and with generous applause for a splendid drill. The sailor had a young lady in tow but stopped long enough to remark to a cluster of Marines from the drill platoon that they were "all right" and "as good as a ship's guard any day." The Army representative was none other than Sergeant Harry Most, of the Recruiting Service in Boston, and who has to put up with being the father of one of the most popular sergeants in the 301st Company, "Charlie" F. Most. Sergeant Harry Most, in spite of his association with the Army, is a prime favorite with the older men of the company who have enjoyed his acquaintance. Needless to say, he had more than a good word for the platoon, for he has seen them before and knows that they measure up to ANY Marine outfit, afloat or ashore.

The old timers got a kick out of explaining what the different medals they wore meant and the reserves enjoyed meeting some of the men who had done their bit towards making the Marine Corps the organization it is today, and there is little doubt that both the old Marine Corps, the new Marine Corps and the Reserve Marine Corps have an increased respect for each other through these little gatherings that show how each unit has inculcated the Marine spirit—"SEMPER FIDELIS."

PARTICIPATE IN CHANEY FUNERAL

Lon Chaney, most celebrated of character actors, loved by the entire screen industry, and portrayer of the "old Marine Corps" in his splendid picture, TELL IT TO THE MARINES, passed away suddenly at his home in Hollywood re-



Awarded cup for being best squad in the 20th Marines. They are from Co. "I" of the Second Battalion.

cently. At the request of his friends and of the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios, the Marine Corps had an active part in his last rites. On August 28th, the day of the sad ceremony, four regular Marine sergeants with bayoneted rifles, stood guard over the casket wherein the "man of a thousand faces" lay in his last mask, of death, while the funeral service was read by Lieutenant Commander Dyer, Chaplain Corps, U. S. Navy, chaplain at the Marine Base, San Diego, before a very small assembly of close friends and the family. At the M. G. M. Studio, at the moment of the actual burial, a platoon of Marines from the 307th Reserve Company, under command of Lieut. H. W. Card, U. S. M. C. R., supervised by Major A. B. Miller, Marine recruiting officer in Los Angeles, concluded a brief ceremony in his memory while the half-masted flag was returned to full mast. At the Forest Lawn Mausoleum the last rites of interment were conducted, among masses of flowers, the casket, after a brief prayer from Chaplain Dyer, was finally placed at rest, while the escort, commanded by Captain F. W. Hopkins, U. S. M. C. R., stood at present arms. Chaplain Dyer spoke of the kindness of Chaney, and emphasized the fact that he was "true" in all sense of the word, and that the grief of his passing entered multitudes of homes over the world. Although the funeral was simple and quiet, just as of any private citizen, hundreds of reverent people crowded the lawns of Forest Lawn Park, with bared heads during the last half hour. Chaney was officially an "honorary member" of the Marine Corps, a distinction that the great actor really held with sincere pride and seriousness. At the bier, Sergeant McClosky, U. S. Army, many times wounded, and bearing on his chest most all of the highest decorations for bravery possible, was a sincere mourner. Chaney had befriended him highly, as he had all unfortunates who came to his attention. His really large salary had been devoted to charity.

POT LUCK FROM THE 307TH CO.

By 2nd Lt. Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R.

Los Angeles, Calif., August 28, 1930 (Special Dispatch).—With the commanding officer of the 307th Company, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., convalescing in Provo, Utah, from a severe attack of peritonitis which set in after an operation for appendicitis, the company is in command of Second Lieutenant Horace W. Card, U. S. M. C. R. Marine Gunner James F. Whitney, U. S. M. C. R., is company officer.

The entire company show their deep regard for Lieutenant Burns by making the first question asked each Monday evening (drill night) of each other, "How's the skipper?" Lieutenant Card brought the latest word to the effect that recovery seems slow although fairly certain. A telegram was unanimously voted dispatched to Lieutenant Burns, wishing him a speedy recovery. Everyone hopes he will be back on the job as criminal investigator in the sheriff's office of Los Angeles County and as skipper of the 307th Company on Monday evenings very soon.

First Sergeant Wm. F. Whittaker is training as understudy to the job of company brains, now vacant, one debonair young man whose monicker aptly describes him—Private Franklin Adreon. All Marines, sea-going, horse, or reserve, contemplating a transfer to the good ship "Bark" on the Sea of Matrimony are advised to get the low-down from "Top Kick" Whittaker who is Chef de Gare of the Goodan Jenkins Furniture Co. of this city.

The first duty of Company Brains Adreon was to learn how to make entries in service record books with Recruits Thomas G. Anderson, who joined 25 August, Ralph E. Freeman, 31 July, and Clarence E. McCune, 15 August, as subjects.

The promising lads are now receiving instruction in the gentle art of squads east and squads west from the Recruit



Upper left: Private Eccleston, U. S. M. C. R., of the 307th Company about to make a possible at 300 yards on the San Diego rifle range at La Jolla, California. Upper right: The 307th Company on the firing line. Lower left: Lieutenant Horace W. Card, U. S. M. C. R.; First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., commanding officer of the 307th Co., and Marine Gunner Whitmer, U. S. M. C. R. Center photo: Lieutenant Peter Altpeier, U. S. M. C. R., and Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R., casual officers, who attended camp in San Diego. Right: Brigadier-General Robert A. Dunlap (second from left), who inspected the rifle range while the 307th Company was firing. Left to right: Major Rockey, U. S. M. C.; General Dunlap, Lieutenant Deese, U. S. M. C. range officer, and Lieutenant Burns, U. S. M. C. R. Photos courtesy Pasadena (Calif.) Post.

Instructor, Private First Class J. A. Holmen.

Lieutenant Card returned from the State convention of the American Legion at Sacramento, California, last week where he went as a delegate from Marine Corps Post No. 321, American Legion, of which he is post adjutant.

Major A. B. Miller, who recently relieved Major Norman Bates as recruiting officer of the Los Angeles District, has taken over the important assignment of inspector-instructor of the 307th Company. Major Miller is on the job every Monday evening and is displaying an active and friendly interest in the progress of the company. The major is devoting considerable time and thought to the problem of increasing membership in the company and has plans under way that bid fair to make him an outstanding inspector-instructor.

That some regular Marines may not know just what the Marine Corps Reserve is, except in a most superficial way, let it be explained that the 307th Com-

pany is a Fleet Marine Reserve unit consisting largely of officers and men with previous military experience. It has been established about four years and operates under authority of the National Defense Act of 1920 and the generosity of the Appropriations Committee of the honorable Congress of the United States from year to year. It is the only company of its kind in California and one of two on the Pacific coast. The members devote one evening each week to drill, and instruction in military duties under their own reserve officers with the inspector-instructor responsible to the regular Marine Corps for the development of the company. Members receive a day's pay for each evening's attendance in uniform and base pay for attendance at summer camp, receiving full pay, grade for grade, as the regular Marine Corps.

The company functions more like a club and staunch friends are formed through association with it. Oftentimes social affairs are held at which wives

and sweethearts of officers and men are present and after these affairs it has always been said that "a good time was had by all."

Marines of the regular establishment who are discharged in San Diego or elsewhere and who intend making California their home, as so many do, are invited to become members of the company and maintain their connection with the Marine Corps while in civil life.

Gy.-Sgt. Daly, soldier deluxe, calls the roll on drill nights. His ever watchful eye discerns most errors on the parade ground while Sergeants Stein and Sherman hold down the portfolios of right and left guides, respectively.

As dessert for this month's pot luck from the 307th Company, we present Sergeant Sherman, movie actor, who officiates at Hollywood movie openings.

Captain Baldwin W. Foote, U. S. M. C. R., is campaigning for election as township constable in Vista, California, some fifty miles from San Diego.



PREPING FOR THE COCK-EYED WORLD

By Harry Graichen

DAY by day we Marines carry on our duties wherever we may be, in a seemingly little world all our own, and come what may to the outside cock-eyed world, it seems to matter little in our general course of life. We read of great successes and great catastrophes, but usually our comment is passed onto the next sporting event. However, at the present time, our country is undergoing a great industrial and commercial transition that has caused everybody to wake up and take notice.

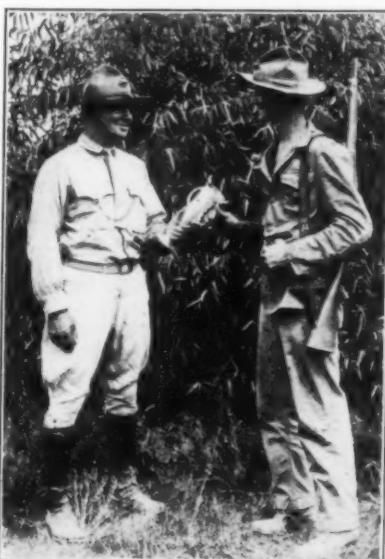
Although we as Marines are not directly affected in any way by these present-day industrial, commercial and financial reverses of transitions, it is of vital importance to those who are nearing the completion of their enlistment with intentions to enter civilian life, and these facts should be given due thought and consideration.

There are some very fortunate ones among us, who perhaps will enter civilian life in a golden cage, who, literally speaking will be fed with a silver, golden lined spoon, and need not give immediate thought to an occupation; some other fortunate ones will perhaps be financed to re-enter school for some professional career; next we come to another fortunate class, who, by virtue of having parental, or relative industrial and commercial connections, are usually given an excellent opportunity in some branch regardless of immediate business conditions; then we come to that greater class of young men who start out alone, backed only by their ambitions, and strengthened by the confidence in their abilities and perseverance, with the goal of success spurring them on.

Perhaps the latter class applies to our greater numbers. We believe that most of us who are looking forward to the day of discharge from this good old corps, do not think seriously enough in our preparation, nor consider what it is going to mean, and the vital change thereby effected in our lives. Business men of merit will point out to you many major transitions of the present day that are detrimentally effecting, by degrees, the average industrial and commercial wage earner, which in time will bring about discouragement and failure to many. But all these things, we as service men do not usually see. It is

very natural that the eye looks only upon the more pleasant things in life; success in fame, power and wealth. However, we do read daily, of business and bank failures, financial reverses of all descriptions, and yet, little thought is directed to them or their causes, we only quickly turn the page to something lighter and more agreeable to the eye and mind. To meet with success we must first study, know, and understand the causes of defeat and failure. This is one of the first steps in preping for the cock-eyed world.

When we bid farewell to our buddies here, and render our last salute to the Corps, we soon discover that there is no



Pfc. Frank Blinn receives trophy for highest score among 304th Co. riflemen during their summer encampment at Quantico, Va.

mess call sounded on the outside, and no bunk to return to at night. The story has greatly changed. It begins by paying as you enter, and continuing to pay, in and out, and unless your socks are well lined with green and yellow certificates, or you have immediate business connections of some kind, you'll be sitting on a park bench singing to yourself and wondering how to see straight in this cock-eyed world.

Preparedness is one of the greatest safeguards against such discouragement. To prepare ourselves both financially and intellectually for the day when we must be dependent upon ourselves, and steer our own course through life's seas of destiny and fate, will lighten our immediate burden. Discouragement can be sheered off, and defeat can be given a good race. The Marine Corps offers one of the greatest opportunities of any military organization for such preparation through the medium of the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE. Here we find a wide selection of the finest correspondence courses that can be found anywhere, all merely for the asking. Of course, there are some who have better conveniences than others in taking these courses, but the chance is equal to all.

Manual labor today is the cheapest thing there is. If you have a special service to offer, you may be wanted and even called for, otherwise an ordinary jack-of-all-trades files in with the waiting mobs, and continues to wait.

Throughout this country, as has already been noted, there is at the present time a tremendous depression in business, one class affecting another. Thousands of men are out of employment, and have been for some length of time. A job today is like a jewel to be guarded. Yet there are in those same cities hundreds of good positions waiting to be filled, but they require just what the average thousands have failed to acquire; preparation, special training, and perseverance. An incident is hereby recalled that happened but a short time ago, where on the same day when a hundred or more men filed in an office of a large concern in Portland, Oregon, with their applications, all of which were rejected, a letter went out from that office offering a certain young man \$7,500 for his present position, and a base salary of \$400 per month if he would accept a position with their concern. This may sound fabulous, and fictitious to some, but it is true. Such incidents are perhaps daily happening the nation over, but you won't find them in the "Help Wanted" column. The difference is merely this, that where a thousand men have kicked about at odds and ends, one man had stuck to one thing, had made preparations, and worked himself up to recognition. Such is this cock-eyed world, buddies. Let preparation and training be your guide lines in preping for the future outside cock-eyed world, and remember the M.C.I.—it offers both.

U. S. S. "HOUSTON" MARINE DETACHMENT

By Thomas D. Heath

As the U. S. S. "Houston" is the fourth of the ten thousand ton light cruisers of the 1924 program to be completed, we feel that all of you, especially the sea-going and ex-sea-going Marines, will be glad to know something about this ship.

The U. S. S. "Houston," which was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Corp., was commissioned at the Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., Tuesday, June 17, 1930. The ship's complement of naval officers and men reported aboard about 11:00 A. M. the morning of June 17th and at 4:00 P. M. the Marine guard, in command of 1st Lieutenant Harold C. Roberts, reported aboard in time for the commissioning ceremony. For the ceremony, the entire ship's company was assembled on the quarterdeck with the Marine guard athwartship facing aft. The executive officer, Comdr. W. C. I. Stiles, commanded attention and right hand salute when the Marine guard was brought to present. The flag was hoisted while the band played the National Anthem. Capt. Jesse B. Gay, U. S. N., read his orders to command the ship and then commanded "pipe down and set the watch." The bos'n's mate piped all hands, called away the st'bd watch and the ceremony was over.

The dimensions of the U. S. S. "Houston" are: Length over-all, 600 ft.; beam, 65 ft.; mean draft, 17 ft.; displacement, 10,000 tons; engines, Parson turbine reduction gear; boilers, eight White-Foster oil burning. Armament: Nine 8-inch 55 caliber in triple mounts, four 5-inch 25 caliber anti-aircraft, two 3 pounders saluting, two 21-inch triple torpedo tubes above water, four 50-caliber anti-aircraft machine guns in the fore-top. The Marines man the two 5-inch anti-aircraft guns composing the starboard group and the fore-top machine guns.

Oh! We almost forgot the crew's large recreation room, soda fountain, library, laundry and showers that are at the crew's disposal. It is a treat to see

some of the boys, at the bar, drinking their fill—of soda water.

The "shake down" cruise of the U. S. S. "Houston" consists of a short Atlantic coast and a European cruise. The itinerary is: 21 July to 1 Sept., at Gardiners Bay, L. I., Newport, R. I., New York, N. Y.; 9 Sept. to 18 Sept., at Southampton, Eng.; 19 Sept. to 28 Sept., at Rotterdam, Holland; 29 Sept. to 7 Oct., at Le Havre, France; 19 Oct. to 22 Oct., at Key West, Florida; 25 Oct. to 1 Nov., at Houston, Texas; 8 Nov., at Hampton Roads, Va.

As a final station, the U. S. S. "Houston" will relieve the U.S.S. "Pittsburgh," about February, 1931, as flag ship of the Asiatic fleet with her home port at Shanghai, China.

First Lieutenant Harold C. Roberts is in command of the Marine detachment of forty men. Lieutenant Roberts is a veteran of the 8th Machine Gun Co., 5th Regiment. He wears a Navy Cross and Croix de Guerre won in Belleau Woods. He was junior Marine officer aboard the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" during that never-to-be-forgotten Australian cruise and had the Battle Fleet champion whale boat crew while serving in that ship. (We hope to at least equal that.) At San Diego he commanded the Sea School and from there he was ordered to Nicaragua with the 2nd Bn., 11th Regt. While in the "hills" of Nicaragua our C. O. was twice again cited for the Navy Cross. The first time for gallantry in an engagement with General "Ferrera's" column, one of Sandino's unorganized groups of "banditos." And the second for Captain Geyer's Coco River Expedition. After leaving the "hills" he was appointed aide de camp to Maj. Gen. Feland and later aide to Brig. Gen. Williams. From Nicaragua he was ordered to Parris Island and thence to command this detachment.

The 1st sergeant is Charles W. Case. Before the Top became a Gyrene he was in the Tank Corps of the U. S. Army. In '24 and '25 he had charge of the athletics in the Field Music School at Parris Island and did some excellent coaching of the baseball, basketball, and track

teams there. At the Virgin Islands in '26 and '27 he was coach and manager of baseball. From there he went to Porto Rico and then to the receiving ship at New York. Many will remember him as "Top-of-the-Brig" at the receiving ship.

The gunnery sergeant with the detachment is Joseph E. Buckley. "Buck" came to us from the 4th Bn., 10th Regt., at Quantico, Va. But before that he was around in the Asiatics. Olongapo, P. I., Tientsin, Ta-Ku-Bar and Shanghai, China, are a few of the places that saw him.

Sergeant F. V. Osborn arrived from two years in the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua. Many Marines will remember him as C. O. of the presidential guard in Managua. Osborn was also a drill instructor at Parris Island for quite a while and many recruits have good reasons for not forgetting him.

Sergeant W. G. Higginson is police sergeant and we wonder if he learned the emery paper and polish drill in Pekin, China, while serving with the Legation Guards there. The rest of his time he was a platoon sergeant at Parris Island drill field. A rather good one, so we hear!

Corporals T. D. Heath and F. P. Whitaker have put in most of their time as drill instructors at Parris Island.

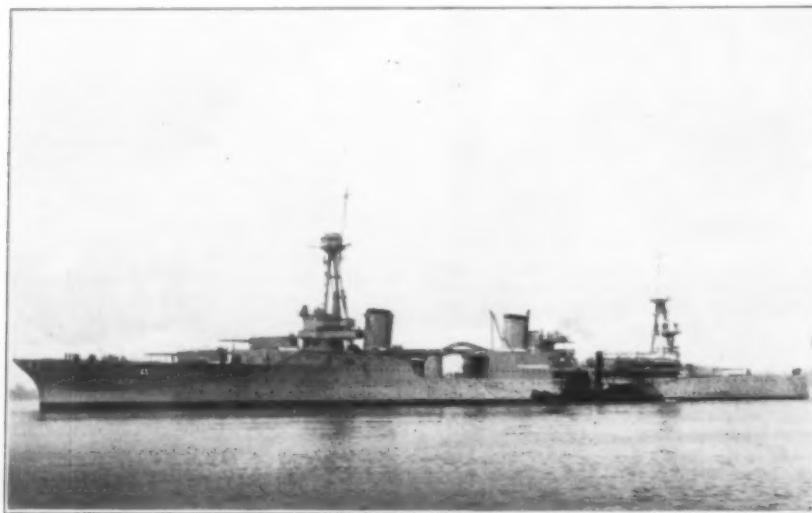
Corporal J. Savoie is the company clerk and between the Lieutenant and Top, he gets plenty of finger exercise on the typewriter. He also came from Parris Island.

Privates First Class Jenzen and Bozeman, Privates Colin and Matthews hail from the U. S. S. "Galveston" of the special service squadron. Privates First Class Ritter and Thornburg are from the U. S. S. "Procyon." Privates Peace, Kleon and Vaughan, Nicaraguan "Hill Billies," are with us. Oh! we almost forgot the company presser, ex-Quantico detective "Scorchie" Woodward. He certainly burns them up. The rest of the detachment is fresh from the sea school at Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

The Marine compartment, and this should make the rest of you sea-goers envious, is on the second deck port side, quite large and directly off the crew's recreation room. Each man has a spring bunk and mattress, individual rifle rack, and a locker that is 3 ft. high, 2 ft. wide, and 1½ ft. deep, which is more than enough room. We also have large lockers for our blues and overcoats. The ventilating system keeps the compartment cool and airy. It is an excellent place to live, high above the water line, and makes duty in this ship enjoyable.

In the ship's athletics the Marines have been showing the Gobs how it is done. First Sergeant Case, Sergeant Higginson and Private Dowden are on the ship's baseball team. In the inter-division baseball series the Marines remain unbeaten; which is rather remarkable, for the team was picked from just thirty-five men and they had never played together before.

On the 16th of July there was an inter-division track meet to establish ship champions. The meet consisted of the 50-yd. dash, 100-yd. dash, 220-yd. dash, 440-yd. dash, 880-yd. four-man relay, 12-lb. shot-put and the standing broad jump. The Marines won the meet by a score almost double that of their nearest



U. S. S. "Houston," fourth of the light cruisers to be completed. The Marine Detachment of 40 men are commanded by 1st Lieut. Harold C. Roberts.

competitor and in the individual events took five first places out of a possible seven.

Private Dowden did the lion's share of the work, winning the 50 and 100-yd. dash and as anchor man of the 880-yd. relay team. Private Sharpe won the 440-yd. dash with Private Withey second. Private "Monk" Simmons tossed the 12-lb. shot 39 ft, 11½ in. for a win. Corporal Whittaker took third in this event with a 35 ft. heave. Private Withey took a deep breath and a jump to second place in the broad jump, while "Monk" Simmons put his No. fourteens down for a fourth place. Pfc. Ritter, Privates Woodard, F. T., Withey and Dowden ran a beautiful race to win the 880-yd. relay.

The detachment is well balanced and can be depended upon to give an excellent account of itself in any undertaking. Their esprit de corps is high and in a large measure is responsible for the excellent showing they have made.

When the detachment reported on board the U. S. S. "Houston," the only one who had been to sea before was our C. O. (The other men who had been to sea before were transferred to us later.) A new ship and a new crew is expected to cause a lot of confusion. But the minute the detachment came on board it buckled down to work and with a minimum of confusion. It was no time at all until things were running as smoothly as if "sea-going" was the most usual thing in our lives. As we marched aboard, we were met on the quarterdeck by the captain, executive officer and the officer of the deck. As our C. O. completed his formal report for duty to the captain, he turned and ordered the corporal of the guard to post the captain's orderly and the time orderly. That got us off to a good start and we have been holding our lead ever since.

The writer had always heard that the Gobs were no friends of the Marines and all that sort of rot. But he wishes to say right here that it would be very hard to find a better group of men than the commissioned and enlisted naval personnel of the U. S. S. "Houston." And that he personally, and the detachment as a whole, is indebted to our captain, officers and sailors for their cooperation, assistance and consideration which enabled them to quickly become acquainted with the duties aboard ship and the customs of the sea of which they had no prior knowledge. Just ask former shipmates of Captain Gay and Commander Stiles if you want to know their reputations. They couldn't be beaten.

We are getting ready for the "shake down" cruise and later we will have a great many interesting things to tell you.

Until then, Adios.

GENERAL MYERS TO ASSIST THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT

Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, today detailed Brigadier General John T. Myers to act as his assistant. Before his promotion to his present post, General Fuller was for several years assistant to the Major General Commandant. For the past two years General Myers has been on duty at Headquarters, Marine Corps, as President of the Marine Corps Examining and Retiring Boards.



MARINES VISITING CHINA'S POINTS OF INTEREST

General Myers was born in Germany of American parentage, January 29, 1871. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Georgia, September 27, 1887, and after graduation spent several years as naval cadet. He was appointed assistant engineer in the Navy, 1894, and transferred to the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant, February 25, 1895. He was promoted first lieutenant August 11, 1898; captain March 3, 1899; major April 1, 1905; lieutenant colonel October 15, 1915, and colonel August 29, 1916. He was temporarily promoted brigadier general July 1, 1918, and held that rank until August 5, 1919, when he reverted to his permanent rank of colonel, due to demobilization after the war.

From May 25 to September 11, 1900, Captain Myers served with great distinction in the defense of the foreign legation at Peking, China, being advanced four numbers for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle when leading a charge on the Chinese barricade, and appointed a major, by brevet, for distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy in the defense of the legations at Peking. In this fighting, Captain Myers was wounded.

Following his service in China, he served on board a number of vessels of the Navy, and at various posts and stations in the United States. He commanded the First Regiment of Marines in the Philippine Islands from September 6, 1906, to January 8, 1907; then served as commanding officer of the Marine detachment, U. S. S. "West Virginia," and as fleet marine officer of the Asiatic and Pacific fleets in the order named until July 1, 1909. In 1911, Major Myers completed a special course of instruction at the Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and also completed the course at the Army War College, Washington, D. C., for the school year 1911 and 1912. In the latter part of 1912 and the early part of 1913 he was absent for short periods on temporary expeditionary duty in Santo Domingo waters and in Cuba. From May 6, 1913, to April 3, 1914, Major Myers commanded the Marine Barracks, Honolulu, T. H.

From June 18, 1916, to August 23, 1918, Colonel Myers served as fleet Ma-

rine officer of the Atlantic Fleet and from November 15, 1918, to November 30, 1919, he commanded the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va. From January 14, 1920, to August 4, 1921, Colonel Myers commanded the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Pearl Harbor, T. H., and upon his return to the United States was assigned to duty on the staff of the Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, Calif.

On June 1, 1924, he was assigned to command the Marine Corps Base at San Diego, Calif., in which capacity he served until November 1, 1925, when he was detached and ordered to command the First Brigade of Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti. He commanded that brigade until January 24, 1928, when he returned to the United States and was assigned to duty at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. He was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, July 5, 1929.

MARINE OFFICERS DECORATED

The Acting Secretary of the Navy, Ernest Lee Jahncke, decorated four officers of the Marine Corps, Friday, August 8, with the Navy Cross for distinguished service in Nicaragua. The ceremony took place in the office of the Secretary of the Navy at 11:00 o'clock in the morning.

The officers who were decorated are: Col. James T. Buttrick of Newport, R. I.; Major Miles R. Thacher of Fort Niobrara, Nebr.; Captain William K. McNulty of Antrim, Pa., and First Lieutenant Edwin U. Hakala of Detroit, Mich.

Lieut. Col. Elias R. Beadle, U. S. M. C., retired, who was to have received his decoration at the same time, was ill at home near Alexandria, Va., and was unable to attend.

Colonel Buttrick, who is now in command of the Marine Barracks, Hampton Roads, Va., was in command of the Fifth Marine Regiment in Nicaragua from September, 1929, to April, 1930, when that regiment was stationed in the bandit infested northern area of the country. His citation praises the manner in which he disposed of his troops so as to establish the reign of law and order in his territory. In the words of the



Ration train loaded with Marine supplies arrives at a hillside village enroute from Ocotal, Nicaragua. Photo by Proctor.

citation, "by his understanding of their nature and his fair dealing he instilled in the native Nicaraguans a feeling of confidence, also by his bold initiative in pursuing vigorously the marauding insurrecto groups, he afforded protection to the law-abiding citizens."

Colonel Buttrick was born in Newport, R. I., September 8, 1875, and was appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps from Rhode Island in 1897. Colonel Buttrick has served at most of the shore stations in the United States and aboard many ships of the Navy. He has seen foreign expeditionary service in Panama, Cuba, Vera Cruz, Mexico, and in Nicaragua.

Major Thacher, who is now on duty at Headquarters, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., was awarded the Navy Cross for his service while operations officer of the 2nd Brigade of Marines in Nicaragua. "By his careful study of methods employed by the insurrectos, and by his sound planning of offensive operations against them, Major Thacher rendered assistance to the Brigade Commander which was of great value."

Major Thacher was born February 27, 1886, at Fort Niobrara, Nebr., and was appointed a second lieutenant from Pennsylvania in 1909. During the World War, Major Thacher was in France from November 3, 1918, to December 26, 1918. He has also seen foreign expeditionary duty in the Philippines, Haiti, China and Nicaragua. He was awarded the Haitian Military Medal by the President of Haiti for his services while in command of the Department of the North of the native Garde d'Haiti.

Captain MacNulty, who is now on duty at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., was awarded the Navy Cross for the manner in which he went to the aid of a small patrol of Marines who were ambushed by a numerically superior band of insurrectos in the mountains of northern Nicaragua. Captain MacNulty "immediately upon his own initiative proceeded to the scene, made a night march over unknown and difficult terrain in the bandit-infested area and upon arrival disposed of his patrol with such military ability and strategy as to defeat and put to rout the bandit force, thereby

saving the lives of the remaining members of the beleaguered patrol which was at that time greatly out-numbered."

Captain MacNulty was born in Antrim, Pa., May 22, 1892, and enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1915. He went to France with the first contingent of Marines in 1917 and was at the front almost continuously from August 7, 1918, until the Armistice. He was cited in Army Orders for heroism in action. Appointed a second lieutenant, November 29, 1918. Following the war, Captain MacNulty served for three years in Haiti as an officer of the native Garde d'Haiti. He went to Nicaragua in 1928 and spent most of his time while there in the Northern Area on active duty with the Fifth Regiment campaigning against insurrecto forces. In 1920 and for two years thereafter, Captain MacNulty was a member of the party of Marine officers who made elaborate maps of those portions of the battle front in France where the Marine Brigade had served.

Lieutenant Hakala, who is now stationed at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, was cited for his gallantry while in command of patrols of Marines and native volunteers in Nicaragua. "His courage and ability were exceptional and his operations against bandits were of great value in the suppression of banditry in this area."

Lieutenant Hakala was born in Calumet, Mich., March 18, 1895, but his home is now in Detroit. He enlisted when the United States entered the World War and was appointed a second lieutenant July 15, 1918. He served in France on the lines of communication with the 11th Marines, and after the war went to Haiti. After his return from Haiti he served at a number of home stations and went to Nicaragua March 31, 1928. After serving with the Marine Brigade there as a company officer and an intelligence officer, he entered the native National Guard of Nicaragua. He saw much active duty in the disturbed area around Ocotal.

Lieut. Col. Beadle, retired, was cited for his services in organizing and commanding the native National Guard of Nicaragua from July, 1927, to March, 1929. In the words of citation, "The

newly organized force took part in the engagements at Ocotal, Telpaneca, Zapotillal and by their efficiency in action demonstrate that Lieut. Col. Beadle has accomplished his mission. He distinguished himself by his wise guidance and coordination of the activities of the Guardia during the presidential election in November, 1928."

Lt. Col. Beadle was born near Alexandria, Va., November 1, 1878, and was appointed a second lieutenant in 1903. He has seen much service in the Adjutant and Inspector's Department and also at the Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C., where he built up a reputation for the training methods which he put in force. During the World War, Lieut. Colonel Beadle was directly responsible for the training of thousands of Marines who went overseas. While on duty in Haiti after the war he was commended for the impartiality and thoroughness with which he investigated several cases of murder and banditry alleged to have been committed during the "Caco" uprising there. Lieut. Col. Beadle was on duty in the Adjutant and Inspector's Department at Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., when he was retired at his own request after more than 30 years of active service.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY CITES MARINE OFFICERS

Special letters of commendation signed by the Secretary of the Navy have been forwarded to seven officers of the Marine Corps who recently held staff or administrative positions with the American forces in Nicaragua.

The officers are Major Henry L. Larsen of Chicago, Ill.; Major Raymond R. Wright, of Fairbury, Nebr.; Captain Charles M. Lott, of Vallejo, Calif.; Captain Charles D. Sniffin, of Washington, D. C.; First Lieutenant Richard H. Schubert of South Minneapolis, Minn.; First Lieutenant George R. Rowan, of Artesia, Miss., and First Lieutenant Arnold C. Larsen, of Chicago, Ill.

Major Larsen's letter asserts that while brigade inspector, Second Brigade "by his clear vision and understanding of the situation confronting the U. S. forces, he rendered valuable assistance to outpost commanders" in their active campaign against insurrectos. Major Larsen is now on duty at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

While brigade paymaster of the Second Brigade, Major Wright by ingenuity and careful planning promptly paid all of the many scattered commands of Marines. One of Major Wright's methods of paying men on duty in the remote mountain regions was to drop packages of money from aeroplanes. Major Wright is now on duty at Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain Lott, while supply officer of the Northern Area, where insurrectos were most active, maintained an efficient service of supply to outlying posts and moving patrols under difficult conditions. Captain Lott is now on duty at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

While quartermaster and disbursing officer of the Second Brigade, Captain Sniffin handled more than a million dollars through widely scattered depots

in the field without loss to the government. Captain Sniffin is still on duty in Nicaragua. His mother, Mrs. Elsie V. Sniffin, lives at 114 11th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Schubert had charge of communications in the Northern Area during active operations against insurrectos and enabled the many scattered detachments of Marines to maintain contact under difficult conditions. He is now at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

Lieutenant Rowan was commended for his exceptional performance of duty while adjutant of the Second Brigade and later while aide-de-camp to the commanding general. He is now on recruiting duty in Portland, Oregon.

Lieutenant Larsen is praised for his tact and diplomacy while civil relations officer of the Fifth Marines. He is credited with bringing about better relations between Nicaraguan officials and the American forces. Lieutenant Larsen is still on duty in Nicaragua. He is a brother of Major Larsen.

OBSERVATION SQUADRON NINE WINS GUNNERY TROPHY

U. S. Naval Observation Plane Squadron Nine of the Marine Corps has been awarded the gunnery trophy for attaining the highest merit in aircraft gunnery in the observation and scouting class. No other squadron in this class attained a merit within 95 per cent of VO-9M.

The name VO-9M indicates the function and duty of this squadron. "V" designates "Aircraft," "O" designates "Observation," "9" designates the number of the Squadron and "M" designates the Marine Corps.

At the present time Observation Squadron Nine is operating 8 standard naval observation planes, O2U-1s, constructed for the Bureau of Aeronautics by the Chance Vought Corporation, East Hartford, Conn.

This squadron was placed in commission in January, 1919, and arrived in Haiti on March 31st of that year. During the early part of the Haitian occupation, this squadron materially assisted in the suppression of hostile bandits, and is now engaged in maintaining a mail and passenger carrying schedule to outlying stations.

Major James E. Davis, U. S. M. C., is the present commanding officer of Observation Squadron Nine-M, having relieved Major Francis T. Evans in July of this year. Major Davis is well acquainted with flying conditions in West Indian waters as he was one of the pilots who helped to make an aerial survey of the north and south coasts of Cuba. Another outstanding pilot attached to this unit is Captain Ford O. (Tex) Rogers, the famous stunt flyer of Marine Corps Aviation.

THE "TEXAS" STAMPEDE By K. R. Way

Well, the old Steer has been kicking up the water for the past few months and all the cow hands have been so busy handling the critter, taking in the sights and scenery that lie in its wake, that as a result we've been neglecting "The Leatherneck." So all you ex-rangers who have been wondering what the old Wa-Hoo has been doing—bum a snipe, adjust your specks and flop on

your lil' ol' bunk with its nice clean sheets and springs, and remember that hammocks still swing out our way. Then chuckle a little at our tough luck but see if you don't get a yearning for the old crate when you get a load of this.

We left Annapolis on the 9th of June in spite of all the pleading the Balto girls did with the admiral, Congress and all concerned. Pretty tough on Morgan and K. L. Thomson—Yeah! Old Asiatic K. L. fell in love way up to his neck—"believe it or not," and my name's not Ripley, but I can furnish proof if necessity demands.

We spent three days in Balboa and the old beer still flows and the band plays at Kelly's—and Red Raider gets in arguments with taxi drivers. There's always men squirmed enough to sing "Sweet Adeline" and those old barroom favorites of a decade ago. Three days of heat, wine, women and song proved enough, especially with the populace of San Pedro and neighboring hamlets pleading for our presence. Always thinking of our public first, we were quite glad to leave Panama. We arrived in San Pedro the 25th of June and were greeted with a volley of salutes and curses from the "California," "West Virginia" and "Oklahoma" as we gently oozed past them into number one berth leaving them outside the breakwater at the mercy of old Rex.

While we were there the chaplain arranged a sightseeing party to Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Universal City, where all Universal pictures are made. Out of the 100 to make the trip 32 were Marines. I can't remember the day it happened but it must have been pay day or the day after because the cost was dos pesos. It was all very interesting and entertaining—that old souvenir hunter—Corporal Wheeler—chopped down half of Noah's Arc, the Show Boat and what was left of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, used in the Hunch Back of the same Dame for souvenirs. He also tried to tear up the circus tent that was being used to film a picture—but was fooled in that attempt. We saw an imitation snow scene and C. L. Smith tried to build a snow man for K. W. Smith's amusement. No could do. Then after gazing in wonderment at the homes of many film stars

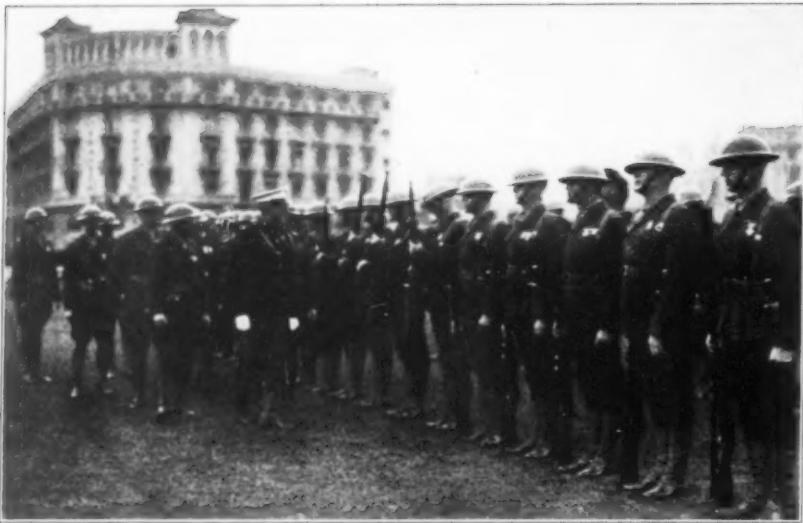
the boys returned to the old ship for chow, and then proceeded to snow under the little girls back home.

Paddy O'Connell kinda got oozy over a blonde in L. A., so when we arrived in Honolulu and he didn't get any letters of endearment from her, he got his Irish up and stayed there—missing the ship by a scant 15 minutes. What was tough on the girl friend was also our hard luck—as he was about the neatest middle weight boxer on the ship. So the guy that writes this column will lay down his pen for a while and try to take his place in the tournament. While we're speaking of boxing "Gentleman" Joe Born is going great guns in the light heavy ranks. He won his first two starts by technical K. O.'s and we can't see a thing to stop him on this ship. "The Gentleman" was just 18 and we predict him a classy lad in the gentle art after a bit of seasoning. Rodney Oakes, after winning his first two wrestling bouts at 175 pounds, met his master in his third contest. He did remarkably well considering his experience and when he gets a little able coaching will be a hard man to beat. Fenimore Aloysius Ferocious Babb is leading the 128-pound grapplers now, and Pritchard is on top in the welter class. While sports is the topic I might tell a little about the "TEXAS OLYMPIC GAMES" being held each Saturday at sea. The Marines are tied with a division of sailors for first place with 130 points each. Those who have been victorious in the preliminary contests and have weathered the semi-finals are: Judkins, hand standing; Way, high jump; More, T. G., rope climbing; MacGregor, standing broad jump, and the tug-o'-war team will pull with the "H" division for championship. If we can get these events over, we are practically sure of the ship's championship. The Marine detachment is already the champions in every other competitive sport, which includes whaleboat racing, football and swimming.

Sergeant Hearn has been training and coaching men for the 1931 whaleboat crew in hopes of retaining the all-Navy cup for the third year. The task is a hard one, but the new men have a lot of the necessary spirit and are coming around fine. He has members of last



Marines parade on American Glacis, Peiping, China.



Fleet Marine Officer inspects the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai, China.

year's crew for a nucleus; they are Sergeant McKinstry, Corporal Hillary, Pfc. Oakes and Way and Private Hyatt.

There is more to be told about Honolulu so it may as well be let out of the bag now that Hymie Hearn slew all the girls on Waikiki Beach with his manly form garbed in a scarlet bathing suit—Oh, yeah! Joe Hoskins, Oakes and a half dozen other woman hating Gyrenes with hearts of stone were turned to clay under the magic touch of the woman known as Lou from Honolulu. If we hadn't sailed when we did I'm sure that old friendship would have ended because she had them fighting like lions among themselves to gain her favor.

Privates Bauer and Thoemmes are studiously inclined these past few weeks as they are both aspirants for appointment to the Naval Academy this fall. Lots of luck, fellows.

The Gyrenes made a creditable showing in a rifle and pistol match against the crack police team of Honolulu and the sailors from our ship. We finished second in each event, with the cops winning and the sailors running a bad third. Considering that the upholders of law and order practice two and three times a week to our once a year, we feel that the fellows did justice to themselves and the Corps. The teams consisted of six men each—several of the men fired on both teams composed of Sergeants Jensen, Hearn, Raider and Gardner, Corporals Wheeler, Sheffer, Olsen and Pfc. Caston. Gunnery Sgt. Cook was coach and team captain. Sergeant Jensen has taken charge of enlisting men for a new rifle team that will practice at every available chance. With such capable men as Cook and Jenson as mentors, we expect to put out crack teams in that as in every other sport.

Seattle was the next city we gave a break. What a town! And nice people! Oi! It's second only to New Orleans. Every one treated us like returning heroes. There were two English ships in the harbor with us. Two Leathernecks were snowed under so badly that they paid out good money to go back there from San Diego to woo and win

their light and love—they also paid out more good money to keep their names from being published in this column. As soon as they fall down on a payment I'll let the cat out of the bag.

After that we came to San Francisco, and they tried to out-do Seattle in hospitality—such luck couldn't last so now we find ourselves in San Diego. I've been taught since boyhood that if no good can be said of anyone or anyplace, to say nothing at all—so in applying that rule I find I can make no mention of San Diego.

So those of you who read this can be expecting to see us around New York about the time this is published—so we'll say so long! And hope we can say hello! in a very few days.

THE KANSAS CITY RECRUITERS

Now that all vacations, furloughs, leaves and what not are over and the captain has quit cussing because the fan blows the papers from his desk, and July with its sixty-two days of intense heat (you know Kansas City has only two seasons, winter and July) are a thing of the past, we are all glad to settle down to a little real work.

This office has recently received many complimentary remarks and many fine letters as a result of the broadcasting done by Sergeant Dean C. Barnum, U. S. M. C., over WHB, Kansas City, Mo., each Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On August 15, 1930, the entire enlisted personnel of the Kansas City office sang the Marines' Hymn just prior to Sergeant Barnum's broadcast for that day. The officer in charge, Captain Walter S. Gaspar, U. S. M. C., was surprised to find that he had so many good singers on his force. Our broadcasting has made such a big hit that Barnum has been asked to add a little comedy with each performance and as a result we are developing some excellent actor material. Look out, Amos & Andy—competition is brewing. Sergeants Squirt and Stagg of the Kansas City Recruiting Office are framing up on you.

We have received complimentary let-

ters on our broadcasting from the following ex-Marines:

Sergeant Frank C. Vail (retired), Rochester, N. Y.; C. E. Boring, Neodesha, Kans.; J. Russell Scott, Weston, Mo.; V. T. Finley, New Orleans, La.; Ralph N. Hockensmith, Gallatin, Mo.; Charles Pike, Richmond, Mo.; Melvin Bryant, Grandview, Mo.; W. E. Almond, Kingsville, Mo.; J. W. Dunham, Webb City, Mo.; L. M. Idle, Yago, Nayout, Mexico, and many others from Kansas City proper.

In addition to our broadcasting over radio station we are sending to many newspapers in this district the history of the U. S. Marine Corps in serial form and it is a pleasure to note the response and cooperation received from the staffs of the various newspapers.

We have recently lost two of our best recruiters, Sergeants William H. Beatty and Charles S. (Tiny) Cummings, who have joined the Marine Corps football squad. We wish both of them good luck and we hope to see both back at the end of the season. Corporal Guilford B. Higgins, former member of the Marine Corps baseball team, joined this district on September 4, 1930. Higgins is not new on recruiting duty, having performed such duty in the Eastern Recruiting Division prior to his joining the Marine baseball club.

OCTOTAL, NICARAGUA By Pvt. Joe E. Morris

This is Octotal, Nicaragua, sounding off, and if I do say so myself, we have been holding out on a little news. Major Metcalf is our new C. O. He sure is a good sport and to the eyes of all of us up here, a darn nice guy. Lieutenant Gulick is our new athletic officer and he is trying to interest us in the sport line by holding baseball games between the Fifty-first and Forty-third companies, the prize for the winners being a chicken dinner. Of course the Fifty-first Company will win. Also he wants men to turn out for doubles and singles in a tennis tournament. We have football and basketball, too, and have been making good use of them in the past.

On Wednesdays and Sundays we have a little entertainment by the "Guaro Hounds," with Gunnery Sergeant Stratton as the announcer, and, say, boy, he shoo kin shake dose bones. He wants a fat men's race to be held before long, but anyone can see that he has already won.

By the way, the talk goes around here that we are going to have an ice cream parlor next to the recreation room. The canteen is now selling milk and ginger ale, we have a few good records and a portable that we put into good use, besides a nice selection of books, so you see we spend our time the best way possible.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION, GREAT LAKES, ILL.

By Cpl. Albert Meyer

It has doubtless been quite some time since any news or word of any nature along the literary line has been received from "the most popular post in the middle west," Marine Barracks, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, so here we are, gang. Howdy all!

Our commanding officer is First Lieutenant Charles F. Cresswell, U. S. Marine Corps, who took the post under his

wing on 15 August, 1930, relieving First Lieutenant Ralph W. Luce, who has been detached to the Marine Corps Base at San Diego. Lieutenant Cresswell was for a time performing duty with the Second Brigade in Nicaragua, serving as brigade communications officer, and but recently having returned to the States for a tour of "home" duty, arriving from Mare Island. We now have one commissioned officer at this post. Due to the disbandment of the Marine Aviation Detachment at Great Lakes, which was effected on 8 August this year, that unit's immediate superior in command, Chief Marine Gunner Harold Ogden, was detached to Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Virginia.

Our first sergeant is Elmer G. Glaser, formerly of Guam, Tsin-Ho, and Mare Island fame. The "Top" arrived on the scene in May of this year for duty at Great Lakes.

The post complement has been authorized as 74 enlisted but the total at present somewhat surpasses this mark due to the amazing frequency of furloughs, transfer arrivals from both coasts.

The barracks furnishes personnel for numerous station activities, supplying vigilants for the main gate, main brig, U. S. Naval Hospital, north gate, and admiral's orderlies, in addition to messmen, post office assistant and even supplying a Marine stable groom! So it would appear that the famous varied career of the "gyrene" is certainly no exception in the existence of the local Leathernecks.

On 1 June, 1930, the personnel of the Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Hospital, at Great Lakes, was transferred to the jurisdiction of the Marine Barracks in an effort to consolidate all Marines at this station in one unit and under a single command.

The majority of our personnel are residents of the middle west, a number of whom recently returned from foreign tours of duty and many have been transferred here from ships' detachments.

The post has delegated Corporal Gomer T. Snively and Pfc. Charles E. Paulsboe to "Philly" as candidates for the big Marine team this year; and Corporal Donald P. Dever and Private Michael Chuey to Quantico to try out for the post football team this fall.

Some of our pugilistic aspirants who have turned in some noteworthy ring exploits in these parts since their arrival are:

Corporal James F. Boscarino, Pfc. Don "E" Beattie, Pfc. William H. Bigger, Private Michael Chuey (prior to his departure for Quantico), Private John H. Peckovitch (all you ex-second brigadiers remember "Peck"), and last but not least, Private Robert C. MacLaughlin.

We always enjoy reading of the various activities of other posts and detachments and are ever alert for the latest "dope" from all of them appearing in "The Leatherneck."

Good cheer to all our "buddies" wherever they may be!

N. A. S., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

By Brown

For the second time in our varied career we are going to give you a resume of our doings in the Marine Corps world. They are not so many but they are important, at least to us.

This being excellent swimming weather the men have been out on the lake every day—and some nights. I will admit that the nights get rather COOL, but that doesn't seem to daunt big HE MEN like Buchanan and Godfrey. They can stand anything. The boating is very nice, too. Especially with the means we have at hand to indulge in the art, if it can be called such. The boat consists of one common skiff with a set of oars that were originally on a Navy whaleboat. The oars are about half a length longer than the skiff, so you can imagine a person trying to move around over the lake in that. But, strange to say, they do use it. The Marines will always find a way even at the expense of quite a few blisters and sore backs.

This month the Navy has been living up to old traditions. They have had several working parties from our men for everything except actual flying. Private Harrell, when the C. O. asked if there were any requests they wished to make, was heard to remark, "Can we have flight pay?" It seems that the Navy is short of men as usual. But think nothing of it men. That happens in the best of services.

Another class of student aviators is going through elimination training. There have been quite a few of the new solo men thrown into the lake. That is a regulation here. When a man makes his first solo flight he rates a ducking and they give them all they rate.

We have four new men since the last writing: Privates Spence, Livingston, Dickson and Corporal Rink. We have been in need of replacements for some time and they make the duty lighter. Corporal George Haworth was transferred to recruiting duty here at the Seattle station. Some people get all the breaks, don't they?

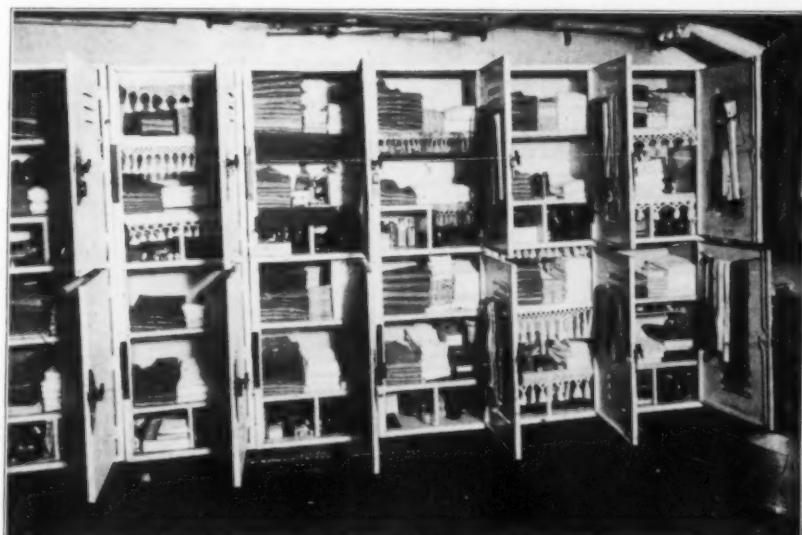
We lose one of our cooks soon to the great outside—Private Jurmu. His relief has already reported and is showing so much promise that we are all praising the chow instead of growling about it. And when a Marine doesn't growl about the chow you can bet he is satisfied. At least he is contented. Ro-

zell is one good cook even if I do say it myself.

This article is written to the tune of motors warming up and the drone of planes flying around overhead. The sun is doing its best to pierce the smoke from the forest fires, but, at that, the smoke cannot keep out the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Lake Washington is a pretty blue and the timber across the lake is a pretty green. The boats are skittering around the lake as usual, getting in the way of the planes landing or taking off. This calls for the speed boat to be sent out to warn them away. The Marines have been put to some trouble of late to keep the boating parties from landing on our shores, as the C. O. wants to keep all possibility of our timber burning out of the question. We have quite a tract of timber on the eastern border. It would be too smoky for flying if that went up.

The station is taking on a semblance of the way it will be when it is completed. The public works people are demolishing the old hangars and old buildings that were here when the station was just somebody's fine estate on the shore of Lake Washington. It will soon be a fine air station. At present the Reserves are the only ones doing any actual flying, but this winter the regular Navy starts.

Why is it that men who growl so much generally ship over for another cruise in the Corps? Those who growl don't take into consideration the fact that they enlisted of their own free will and were not drafted in. They growl regardless and then when they are on the glorious (?) outside and facing a hard winter (such as I will be facing when I get out), they begin to remember the good hot chow, the bunk they used to roll into every night, the warm quarters and last but far the greatest, I think, the companionship of their buddies. When one is on the outside looking in he remembers the "Joe" parties, the discussions of evenings when they are lying around the barracks and the liberties with buddies in foreign ports. Then will be the time when the recruit-



Lockers of the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh."

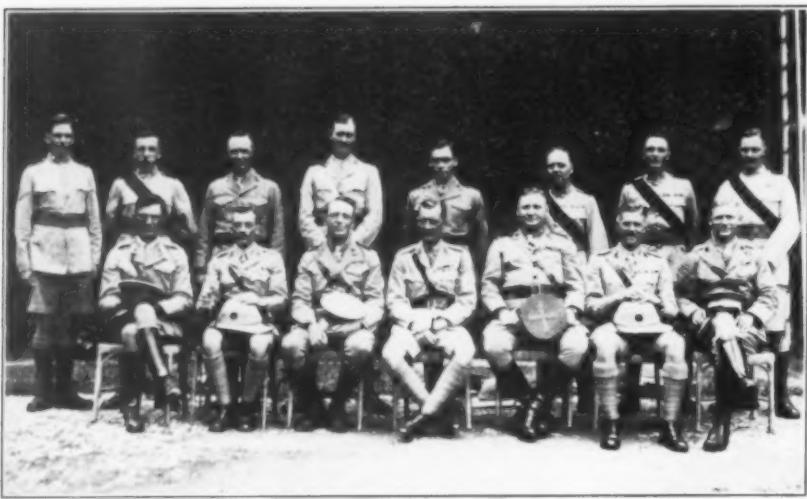


Photo taken on the occasion of a rifle match between the Wiltshire (British) Regiment and the Fourth Marines at Shanghai.

ing officer will have a good candidate for the Marine Corps.

We are going to lose several of our self-styled "short timers" in a few months, but even if they do get paid off they will be back in the service before we can forget them. George Friske, Bill Schrade, "Pop" Carroll, Archie Krogh, and Big Shot Ellsworth Hale are the ones most likely to ship over. Hale is the only one that admits it but where there is life there is hope. This winter is going to be a hard one, men, so lay out the old red flannels and pray that the outside will treat you with the respect you deserve. She can be werry hard when she wants.

The writer notes that all other posts talk of their sheiks. They haven't any compared to some of our dashing Lotharios, namely, Donald Ross, Pop Carroll, "Setscrew" Eckert, and Corporal Hale. They are the guardians of the telephone booth. If a call comes in it is always for one of them. Tell us the secret of your success, boys, so that we can be popular too. Every time "Pop" Carroll runs that Ford of his to town he has to stop every two or three blocks and drive the women away. Terrible, isn't it, how some people get all the breaks?

Captain L. B. Stedman, the C. O. of the Marine Reserve flyers, says they missed a fine company clerk when they didn't enlist him. He does all the work of his branch and sure makes the typewriter hum. There are several lieutenants flying here under his charge. They are Lieutenants Mooney, Redfield, Ashwell, and Bonamy. Lieutenant Ashwell has been transferred to the San Diego air base and Lieutenant Mooney is leaving for Alaska to fly for Pioneer Airways soon.

Wanted: One tree climber, first class. The halyard on the flag pole ceased to function this morning when ye olde author was raising Old Glory to the highest. So now we are in need of someone who can shinny up the pole and reeve a new halyard through the pulley. All applications will be turned in to the first sergeant for consideration.

Does anyone want a dog? We have a surplus of about five. Of course, this surplus fluctuates as they come and go. The company dog, Brownie, has been having lots of challenges as to his rights but so far he has survived the contests. If a dog ever puts his nose over a bone from a Marine mess, you will find that you have a dog on your hands and from then on you will always find him there at chow call. Am I right, Leathernecks?

Speaking of dogs, friends and all things pertaining thereto, there is a good Samaritan around here who certainly lives up to the old record. For instance, Private Binford purchased a Ford. Someone made the remark the other day that Binford was a stranger and they took him in. He has been working on that hack ever since. Personally we can't see why he didn't get a good car while he was buying one. Of course, we don't say there is anything wrong with the Ford—it's the person who tries to run it.

A good fifty per cent of the personnel here have cars (not new) and they certainly believe in using them. There is only one of them that is any good and that is mine. It at least doesn't have to be worked on all the time like some cars I could think of.

Well, gang, the other posts are clamoring for a little space, so I expect this will be all for this broadcast. We will try to be on the air again next month.

SAN DIEGO NOTES

By Sgt. W. L. Dubois

Admiral J. M. Reeves, U. S. Navy (retired), as the guest of Brigadier General Robert H. Dunlap, U. S. Marine Corps, commanding general of the base, reviewed the regular afternoon parade on Friday, 29 August.

Lieutenant Colonel Chandler Campbell, First Lieutenants Thomas J. Kilcourse and Robert S. Pendleton have recently returned to the base from leave spent in the East. Lieutenant Colonel Campbell will resume command of Base Headquarters Troops and First Lieutenant Kilcourse will again take up his duties as adjutant of the base. During the absence of Lieutenant Kilcourse

Chief Quartermaster Clerk Burns D. Goodwin was adjutant with Chief Marine Gunner Silas M. Bankert as assistant. Information has been received that Chief Quartermaster Clerk Goodwin will leave for Washington on or about October 18th for duty at Headquarters, Marine Corps. Mr. Goodwin carries with him the best wishes of the entire base for a pleasant tour in Washington.

Those officers of the base who have been bitten by the golf bug have been invited to participate in a tournament to be held at the La Jolla Country Club on 5 September. These officers will be guests of the club and no entry or green fee will be required of them. It is expected that several officers attached to the base will avail themselves of the opportunity to play on the excellent course maintained by the La Jolla club.

Information has reached the base that First Lieutenants Miller, Odgers, Bourne and Luce and Second Lieutenant Brauer are to be ordered to Nicaragua on the "Nitro" during the latter part of September.

Captain Edward Bennett Moore, U. S. Marine Corps, was presented with the Navy Cross and Citation for his services in Nicaragua at parade on Friday, 22 August. Brigadier General Dunlap presented the Cross to Captain Moore and read the citation. The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering of civilians and Army, Navy and Marine Corps personnel. Captain Moore was on duty in Nicaragua from January 16, 1928, to March 21, 1930, during which time he filled several important offices in the Second Brigade and in the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua. The entire personnel of the base, both commissioned and enlisted, congratulates the captain on this well-merited recognition of his excellent services.

The Sunday, August 31, issue of the San Diego Union carries three excellent write-ups of swimming, tennis and football activities at the San Diego Marine Corps Base. These stories will be found elsewhere in this issue. The newspapers and civilian population of San Diego continue to be sold on Marines and look with gratifying interest on anything that the Leathernecks undertake.

Gunnery Sergeant Harry Gayer was promoted to that rank on 25 August, 1930. Gayer is one of the best known and most popular non-commissioned officers in the post. For two years (1927-28) he held the Eleventh Naval District Handball Championship and he has been an outstanding member of all the bowling teams organized in the base. In December, 1928, while commanding a small patrol in the vicinity of the Santa Rita Mountains in the Northern Area of Nicaragua, Sergeant Gayer learned that a numerically superior bandit force had laid an ambush for the Marines. On gaining this information Sergeant Gayer and his patrol immediately proceeded to engage the bandits, killing two and wounding eight of them and capturing most of their stores, ammunition and horses. For his conduct on this occasion Sergeant Gayer was awarded the Navy Cross with appropriate citation. His promotion to the rank of gunnery sergeant has been well merited and deserved and he has the best wishes of his host of friends in the Corps for his continued success in his profession. Gunnery Sergeant Gayer is at present per-

forming duty as instructor in the Infantry Weapons School.

The detail for the new Naval Ammunition Depot at Hawthorne, Nevada, is being organized at the base and will consist of one first sergeant, three sergeants, six corporals, thirty-nine privates first class and privates and one trumpeter. This detachment will be commanded by Captain Ramond J. Bartholomew, formerly on recruiting duty at Dallas, Texas, and will take over the duty at Hawthorne about 15 September. First Sergeant Jeremiah Twohig has been selected as top soldier of the detachment and the remainder of the detail is being made up of men who volunteer for the transfer. The following is taken from the San Diego Marine Corps Base Bulletin concerning the Hawthorne detachment and the propensities of being a Marine in the wild and wooly West:

"Monday proved a great day for Marine gossip and speculation over who was and who wasn't going to the newly constructed Naval Ammunition Depot at Hawthorne, Nevada, which is said to be the safest plant of its kind in existence and one of the major attributes to national defense of the Pacific coast. There was an epidemic of questionnaires streaming into every office except the right one, all asking the same question, 'How can I get on the Hawthorne list?' However, the powers that be will determine the destiny of those to go." * * Hawthorne is situated on the western plains of Nevada, near the barren site of a deserted gold mining town. There is no telling what the adventure seeking soul of a Marine will lead him to discover. We shall not be surprised to learn of the Marines finding remnants of the 'Fortyniners,' even a gold nugget stowed away in an earthen pot. The reservation consists of approximately one hundred and eighty square miles, and lies between Reno and Goldfield.

"A giant reservoir with a capacity of ten million gallons supplies the town with water. There also exists a lake nearby, which is a remnant of a prehistoric inland sea. What adventurous possibilities this gives us; imagine the Marines digging around this lake for traces of mammaliferous and discovering to the surprise of the world the remains of a new prehistoric mammal.

"It seems apparent that those fortunate Marines who will go there have many things of great interest to look forward to. It will be place where men are men and women are unheard of. However, the gallant "Marino caballero" may take his lightning steed and cowboy into Reno. There he will find romance and undoubtedly it will not be long before Marines will be playing prominent roles opposite notable divorcees on the great matrimonial stage at Reno, Nevada.

"Surmising the whole play, it certainly has evidence of becoming the season's greatest for the Leathernecks. He will go about one thousand miles inland from the Pacific coast, to a new world of adventure, romance and beauty; he can look upon the original stage settings where the daring actors of '49 played stirring roles in their frenzied madness for gold. With his imagination he can further vision the ancient and prehistoric times, and then by the magic touch of his will, he can live over in fancy's

delight the rip snorting wild west days on a twentieth century Army mule."

To the editors of the Base Bulletin we may say that we hope sincerely that duty and surroundings for those Marines who make up the Hawthorne detail will be as it is here pictured.

The Infantry Weapon School is going strong and the second class is now under instruction. This school has proved a popular and valuable addition to the activities of the post. The value of training in infantry weapons, especially machine guns and Stokes mortars, cannot be overestimated in expeditionary and tropical duty which the Marine Corps is called upon to perform. Under the able leadership of Major Keller E. Rockey, who commanded the famous "Rockey's Mounted" in the northern area of Nicaragua, the school is producing most satisfactory and gratifying results. The San Diego Marine Corps Base Bulletin in the August 29th issue remarks that, "Believe it or not, but fifty years from now in reviewing the tombstones of Chicago's most eminent multi-millionaires, politicians, bankers and professors, such inscriptions as this will be noted, 'Sergeant Milwaukee Kid Lewis graduated with high honors from the Marine Corps Infantry Weapon School, San Diego, California, class of '30.'"

A thorough canvass of the base failed to reveal any men suitable for duty as instructors in French and Spanish at the Marine Corps Institute. A recent letter from the Major General Commandant stated that such instructors were needed and requested that search be made for them but to date none have been forthcoming.

News of the death of Lon Chaney, screen star, and probably the world's greatest make-up artist and character actor, came as a shock to the many Marines who knew the great actor while he was at the base in 1926 making the picture "Tell It To The Marines." Mr. Chaney had many friends in the Marine Corps. A detachment of Marines, consisting of the recruiting party in Los

Angeles and members of the 307th Reserve Company, also of Los Angeles, were present at the funeral. Second Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, Marine Corps Reserve, one of the editors of the Pasadena Post of Pasadena, California, also attended the funeral. The Marines were under the command of Major Adolph B. Miller, officer in charge of recruiting at Los Angeles.

On Wednesday, 28 August, the Honorable Phil D. Swing, representative of this district in Congress and famous for his work in connection with Boulder Dam legislation, paid a visit to the base. Mr. Swing and his party were escorted over the base by Brigadier General Dunlap and were very favorably impressed by the neatness of the grounds and the excellent condition of the buildings.

TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By Sgt. W. R. Tyler

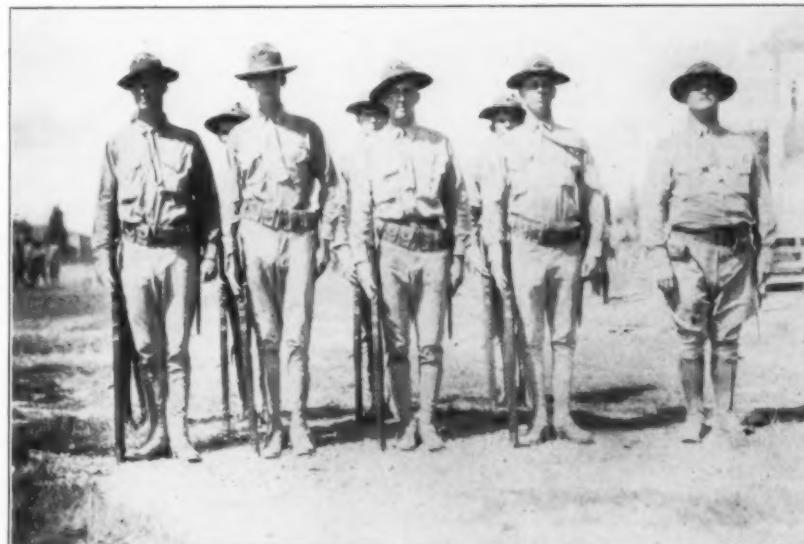
Hot weather? And nary a breeze to cool us. That is a perfect description of Shanghai in the summer time. Heat waves and hot sun all the day through—whew! And then there are those who state that expeditionary duty is roses all the year round.

Adams, our assistant police sergeant, finds China a more and more desirable place. Everything is close here—just around the corner, y' know, or right straight across from the mess hall.

Corporal Schmidt has finally been convinced that gold fish are hard to keep, especially when Pfc. Rigdon wants to give them a coat of metal polish every morning. Keep up the gold fish and long may the beetles wave (?).

Corporal Saxon, one of our newest non-coms, finds a great relief in doing guard duty. The lad is efficient, hard-working and precise. We are of the opinion that any man whose motto is "If you can't help a man, don't harm him" is a good man and just.

Sergeant Other O'Connor likes to drill —holes. We watched him over at the



Awarded Harris cup for being the best squad of the 1st Battalion, 20th Marines. Co. "A," Capt. Frank L. Ach commanding.

Jean d'Arc Compound the other day and were genuinely impressed over his new style of doing column right.

Which is right and which is wrong? A certain person said that nothing would be right if you don't start off on the left foot, and that prompted the wise guy to say, "If you start off with the right foot is that right?"

Weathers: What's the difference between a cam and a pawl?

Mathis: You know what a cam shaft is on a car?

Weathers: Yeah—drove a flivver once back in '13.

Mathis: Well, you big galoot, didn't you ever hear of a ball-bearing party?

Acey ducey players were astounded the other day when the mule took on the battalion champ—and defeated him. This is only one of the many accomplishments of that long-legged hair raiser.

Olson met a street car the other night and the street car met him—door or no door. That stuff can't be pulled twice. Beefsteak and your bonny eyes of blue.

Private Beckett was awarded a 29-day leave, with rations. He decided that he would spend the 29 days at the Hotel Pension Wallace on Sinza Road. He hasn't changed his mind about coming back ahead of time, or at least he has made no such indications.

It has been the custom of the commanding officer of the Fourth Marines to award the company having no men up for office hours during the month, a turkey dinner with all the fixings. So far this month this company has had no wrong-doers, so we are anticipating that drum stick. This gives the men something to look forward to and the wrong-doer quickly loses his favor in the eyes of his comrades. *Absit invidia.*

Sergeant Johnson has been confined to the Regimental Hospital this past month. Incidentally, he is one of our own characters and all hands wish him a speedy recuperation. His diagnosis is on bum support.

The first platoon of the 24th won the inter-battalion drill competition on the 10th inst. However, in a close—very close—competition, they had to bow to the second platoon, 28th Company, for the regimental honors on 19 June. Better luck next time, boys. Our spirit is such that we will not admit that they will win next time. We are following the plow in the furrow.

The rifle range will command our attention for the next month. Already we have started on sighting and aiming drill. That will help us out greatly. It seems strange to state that machine gunners have to fire the rifle, pistol, machine gun and sub-Thompson. Anyway, we should have good eyesight.

In closing, we wish to announce that this company is considered one of the finest in the Corps, and that all hands consider themselves lucky to be serving in it. If some of the real old timers could see it, their way to Heaven would be paved with golden rays.

More next time.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. PAGE DIES IN CRASH AT NATIONAL RACES

Captain Arthur H. Page, Jr., famous ace of the Marine Corps, died at 9:50 p. m., September 1st, at the Evanston, Illinois, hospital, from injuries resulting from his crash a few hours previous at

the national air races held at Chicago, Illinois.

The accident occurred during the seventh lap of the Thompson trophy race, the feature event of the meet. The captain's engine failed, and while endeavoring to land, the plane stalled and crashed from an altitude of about fifty feet. The flyer was rushed to the hospital where he was treated for concussion of the brain, a twice fractured leg, a broken jaw, several fractured ribs and severe lacerations.

The doctors were first of the opinion that the injuries were not necessarily fatal, but later, however, hemorrhages of the brain developed, and the flyer died before an operation could be attempted.

Captain Page was leading the field for the Thompson trophy, the 100-mile classic, and had attained a speed of more than 207 miles an hour when the accident

tain H. R. Anderson, with Second Lieutenant W. S. Brown second in command. Our top soldier is none other than First Sergeant J. R. Lane. We are fortunate in having that well-known and popular Gunnery Sergeant, T. H. Dexter, late of China, Guam, and other places too numerous to mention, also listed on the roster.

Our sergeants are R. L. McSweeney, G. L. Toohey, J. W. Laney, and R. L. Coleman, with Jimmy Peel, "Don" Levesque, Jess Colwell, Gilbert Pitzel, Jack Dumphy, "Bill" Weaver and "Pete" Dukes among the corporals.

The "Ship of Happy Landings" is now signing off, hoping that we won't have to ship over to derive the benefit of the new pay bill.

NOTES FROM SAN DIEGO

By Sgt. Bill Dubois

On Friday, 1 August, in furtherance of the "Know San Diego" campaign of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, the Marine Corps Base held open house to the public, staging a regimental parade at four o'clock in the afternoon at which Captain Charles McL. Lott was presented with a special letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy for his services as quartermaster in Nicaragua. The letter was read and presented by Brigadier General Dunlap and the ceremony was witnessed by the Mayor of San Diego, the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, high ranking Army and Navy officials and a gathering of approximately two thousand five hundred civilians. This was the largest crowd ever to witness an event of any nature at the base. The following letter was received by General Dunlap from Mr. D. W. Campbell, secretary-manager of the San Diegans of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, in appreciation of the cooperation of the Marines:

The Sandiegans

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce
San Diego, California

August 4, 1930.

Brigadier General R. H. Dunlap,
U. S. Marine Corps Base,
San Diego, California.

Dear General Dunlap:

At the completion of the "Know San Diego Campaign," I wish to thank you for the splendid manner in which you cooperated with us in impressing upon the minds of the people of this city the many attractions that are here.

The hundreds of people who visited the Marine Base during the day and witnessed the regimental parade and review carried away with them a great deal of information about your command and your activities which we hope will be used to distinct advantage in guiding visitors around the city.

D. W. CAMPBELL,
Secretary-Manager.

The above letter was published to the command.

On the morning of Friday, August 1st, Brigadier General Robert McCleave, U. S. Army, commanding the local Army units, paid an official visit to the commanding general of the base. General McCleave was received by a battalion of Marines which rendered the customary honors under the supervision of Captain Edward B. Moore. The Sixth Battery 75's fired the brigadier general's salute of eleven guns.

Captain Ray A. Robinson has joined



The late Capt. Arthur H. Page, USMC.

occurred. In all probability he would have won the event had not his engine failed him.

Captain Page's many friends and brother officers mourn his passing, and pay honest tribute to the manifold achievements of a gallant flyer.

"SARATOGA" MARINES SCORE "E'S"

By Sgt. R. L. Coleman

When the smoke of short range battle practice had cleared away and the results published, the Saratoga Marines had hung up a record for the rest of the sea-going Leathernecks to shoot at. Out of four guns manned by the Marine Detachment, two received "E" prize money—gun five, captained by Sergeant R. L. McSweeney, and gun twelve, by Sergeant Gordon L. Toohey. The two remaining guns manned by Marines scored seven hits each, missing the prize money by a scant margin.

Though the ship has been in commission but three years, the entire Marine battery have painted the coveted "E" on their guns at one time or another. Guns six and eleven earned that distinction the first season, the former having broken the then existing record for this type of gun.

This detachment is commanded by Cap-

October, 1930

THE LEATHERNECK

Twenty-five

the base from Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. Captain Robinson will go aboard the U. S. S. "Colorado" for duty with the Marine Detachment upon the return of that vessel to San Diego.

The parades which were formerly held twice weekly will hereafter be presented on Friday afternoons only. A large number of civilians are usually present to witness these events.

Last Saturday, August 2nd, saw the graduation of the first class of the Infantry Weapons School, recently established at the base. A total of thirty men qualified, including fifteen expert automatic riflemen, ten automatic rifle sharpshooters and one marksman, one machine gunner first class and six machine gunners second class, several of the men qualifying with both the machine gun and the automatic rifle. The course consists of instruction in machine guns, automatic rifles and grenades and is under the supervision of Major Keller E. Rockey.

The Marine Base Band has returned from the rifle range where the musicians abandoned their instruments for Spring fields for the usual two weeks.

The base tennis team won the Eleventh Naval District tennis tournament by defeating teams entered from the Naval Air Station, Training Station, Destroyer Base, and Hospital.

The water supply at the rifle range near La Jolla will be made the subject of a survey in the near future with the idea of determining whether or not the present system should be changed to insure an adequate supply of water. The range has been faced with a shortage of water for some time apparently due to increased use of water in the city of La Jolla, and the public works department of the Eleventh Naval District will endeavor to effect a solution of the problem.

Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, has requested the base to supply a painter for Marine Barracks, Puget Sound, Washington. It is believed that Private John R. Hickey possesses the necessary qualifications and he will shortly be transferred to that post for the job.

Officers and non-commissioned officers and their families were the guests of the management of the R. K. O. Theater of San Diego recently at an exhibition of "The Dawn Patrol," featuring Richard Barthelmess.

NEWS FROM AN OLD TIMER

By J. W. Rikeman, 1st Sgt., U. S. M. C., Retired.

I attended the annual encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans at Philadelphia, Pa., August 16-20, and while there I visited the League Island Navy Yard and the Marine Barracks and was surprised at the many changes. When last serving there and helping put what was then called the "new" Marine Barracks in commission in 1901, there was but little else on the island. But so many buildings have gone up since that it has become a city in itself.

I met several Leathernecks and in them, too, I noticed a vast change in the years that I have been out of touch with the Corps except as Will Rogers would say, "What I read in the newspapers, especially 'The Leatherneck'."

Perhaps a little description of what the Corps was like forty-nine years ago

would be of interest to the present generation.

The Corps consisted of less than a hundred commissioned officers then, a Colonel Commandant, C. G. McCawley; one Adjutant Inspector, one Paymaster, one Quartermaster, and about 2,100 enlisted men.

Duty was hard. Day on and day off was the rule. The first duty I did in Brooklyn, where I enlisted, was a guard that lasted from 11:00 p. m. one night until almost that time the next. It was the day after pay day and I guess they must have forgotten me. However, I was not detailed for guard for three or four days after this, but the police sergeant kept me busy.

The uniform at that time consisted of



1st Sgt. J. W. Rikeman, U. S. M. C., Rtd.

a full dress coat, a double-breasted affair with brass scales and yellow bollion, and a stiff hat with a straight visor. I remember about the last time the caps were worn. It was at the inauguration of President Harrison. It rained all day and all the water that struck the cap went down the back of our necks, a pleasant sensation.

There was also an undress coat cut to the same pattern as the full dress except that it was single breasted; a flannel blouse, unlined, that fitted tight. The trousers were about the same as now. We were also furnished with a blue flannel shirt without collar and bound with white tape around the neck and down the front; cotton flannel drawers, woolen socks and shoes known as "Guffs." A little later we were issued white collars, suspenders, black and white helmets, and cotton socks. There were but five sizes made and some of the fits were misfits.

The changes in the uniform are all for the better. I remember when the battalion under the command of Colonel G. F. Elliott landed in Cuba during the Spanish-American War how they all suffered with the heat until the khaki was issued.

When I visited the barracks in Washington while I was there two weeks ago I saw a detachment leaving to attend a funeral and remarked on the well-fitting uniforms and the clean set-up bunch of men, and how great the difference from

the first years I spent in the Corps, and there was a feeling of regret that I was only a "has been," but proud that "I had been," nevertheless.

I enjoyed the short stay in Washington, visited "The Leatherneck" office and renewed my subscription to the magazine, met Mr. A. E. Beeg, the National Paymaster of the League, and spent a very pleasant half hour talking over the "Good of the Order."

I also called on Major General B. H. Fuller, whose first sergeant I was on the U. S. S. "Atlanta" in 1893. I served with him again for a short time on recruiting duty in New York. We talked over the days of long ago and it was a most pleasant call.

Returning home, I passed Quantico and would have liked to have stopped but my time was limited.

On my arrival home at Daytona Beach, Florida, I had the pleasure of meeting "Doc" Clifford. He is a neighbor, living in Deland, Florida, twenty-three miles west of here and we will meet again, and often.

My whole trip was one that I will remember with pleasure. The U. S. W. V. convention was pleasant and I met several old timers—Sergeant Major Tom Malloy of Medford, Mass., etc. We had not met for thirty years so we had much to talk over. We drilled recruits in Boston Barracks in 1900 for the Philippines, but they landed in China to take part in the Boxer Rebellion instead.

I longed for a few more days to spend looking up old timers in Philadelphia and Washington, but I was due home and had to forego the pleasure.

Some time ago I had several ex-Leathernecks all lined up for the Marine Corps League, but hard times hit Florida and they got away from me, but I still keep in mind the League and in time will have a detachment here.

307TH RESERVE COMPANY EN- TRAIN UNDER LAST MINUTE ORDERS FOR ANNUAL SUMMER TRAINING CAMP AT SAN DIEGO

By Owen E. Jensen, 2nd Lieut.,
U. S. M. C. R.

To go or not to go to camp this year was uppermost in the minds of members of the 307th Company, U. S. M. C. R., as each Monday evening they gathered in their armory in Los Angeles. Principal reason for the uncertainty was the edict of Headquarters that the company could not go unless a guarantee of forty attendants at camp was forthcoming. Frantically Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., commanding officer, racked his brain for ideas that would enable him to wire Washington that the guarantee was reached. All to no avail.

Along came a saving angel in the person of Major General Logan Feland, U. S. M. C., who, discerning the predicament of the company, which to a man was working hard to go to camp, made a special hurried trip to Los Angeles from Department of the Pacific Headquarters in San Francisco and on a Saturday evening met officers and men of the company in a special skull practice to determine the status of the company as far as the annual encampment was concerned. Result: Two days before the company was scheduled to leave Los

Angeles (if they had had orders to go) came a wire from General Feland to the effect that if 25 men would guarantee to go, orders would be sent. Answer was "yes" and on Sunday Lieutenant Burns, Second Lieutenant Card, and Marine Gunner Whitney, company officers, went scurrying hither and yon to round up the members of the company. Next day, on Monday afternoon, the company left Los Angeles jubilant that the hopes of an entire year were about to be fulfilled.

Thirty officers and men reported to General Robert A. Dunlap, commanding general of the Marine Corps Base at San Diego that the 307th Company had landed and had the usual annual situation well in hand. Along with the 307th Company as unofficial supernumerary file closer came Second Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R., who has served as a semi-aide-de-camp and what have you during the past year to the entire company. Lieutenant Jensen also received orders for camp the day prior to shoving off. Although not scheduled to go originally, by a strategic move in getting placed on an alternate list, Lieutenant Jensen took the place of Captain Guy A. Lewis, U. S. M. C. R., who could not go at the last minute.

A heavy schedule of activity, which no doubt General Dunlap and Colonel Harry Lay had lain awake nights to think out, was in store for the 307th Co. and it was only after Lieutenant Burns had given a lecture to the men about the marvelous benefits to accrue from a real "boot" schedule that the men, some of whom were old timers with several hitches in the regulars, consented to kick the stuffings out of the acting jacks who were sent over to assume charge of the squad rooms. One night was sufficient for the jacks and they beat it for safer cover the following day and were not seen in the vicinity of the 307th Company during the entire stay of the outfit.

One week was spent at the base and what with participation in the weekly evening parade and in guard mount, the company was well satisfied with their week's sojourn, so on Saturday morning they entrained (or, rather, entrucked) for La Jolla, fourteen miles away, where the rifle range detachment ran, with open arms, to receive their charges. Lieutenant Deese, U. S. M. C., officer in charge, had everything prepared to the ultimate satisfaction of every man and a delightful week's shooting was indulged in by the company. Only four men were lost for qualification on record day and Lieutenant H. W. Card, U. S. M. C. R., earned the right to publication of his score in the Marine Corps Bulletin by shooting 331. Lieutenant Burns and Marine Gunner Whitney came through in the usual style well above expert.

Some amusing incidents occurred to the everlasting grief and glory of the company during their stay, all too sad to repeat here as healed wounds might be opened. Suffice it to say that two members of the company snubbed a Navy two-striper on the streets of San Diego and were promptly and justly reprimanded. As to the glory part of it, modesty and a belief that no one would believe it anyway prevents us from elucidating anent this phase of the history of the 307th Company.

Credit is due officers and non-commis-

sioned officers of the regular service who did so much to make the stay of the company pleasant and worthwhile.

Reams of pages could be added to this but a fellow-feeling for the Editor of "The Leatherneck" makes the writer stop. The blue pencil is relished not too highly by a contemporary member of the profession.

THIS SMALL WORLD

Fifteen years ago Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, of the Seventh Reserve Regiment, New York, then a sergeant, was on duty with the Marine Guard at the American Legation, Managua, Nicaragua. Serving there at the same time was a music by the name of Albert Lemke. They were pals, fre-



Two Marines meet after fifteen years separation.

quented the cantinas together, and otherwise disported themselves as Marines on foreign shore service are wont to do. But came a parting of the ways. For fifteen years neither heard of the other.

Lieutenant Houck was playing golf at the country club in Snyder, New York, about the middle of last month when he noticed the mail carrier coming across the green. The lieutenant was on the point of leaving the course but decided to wait and see if there was any mail for him. Imagine his surprise and joy when he discovered that the mailman was none other than his long lost friend of Managua, Ex-Trumpeter Albert Lemke!

Which all goes to show that it is a small world after all.

BROWN FIELD PLANE TALK FROM QUANTICO, VIRGINIA By A Plane Observer

Special liberty from Friday, the first of August, until Tuesday, the fifth of August, was granted to all hands of the

command that could be spared, by order of General Butler, in order that the water supply of the camp could be replenished during the absence of the liberty parties. There was possibly a two-fold idea in the General's mind on granting the liberty. There was a Sunday in the days of the liberty and also the General knew that a Marine will have his ablutions, 'tho it be in a bucket, and there are many other reasons. One was that the General was well pleased with the entire command at the parade for the Secretary of the Navy on his visit here on the sixth. The readers of this yarn who are stationed in Nicaragua, in the midst of the rainy season, will get a big laugh out of this report. But it is said hereabouts that all the crops are suffering worse than at any time in the history of Virginia, especially the corn crops.

Major Louis M. Bourne, who has been executive officer of the field, has gone to the Staff Officers' School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and has been succeeded by Captain James T. Moore.

Second Lieutenants Alexander W. Kreiser, Frank G. Dailey, Perry O. Parmelee, Thomas G. Ennis and William D. Saunders, all regulars, joined our flight from Pensacola, Florida.

Major Melvin J. Maas, the Representative from Minnesota, paid us a visit from the Marine Reserve Camp. Major Maas is a reserve pilot of no mean ability and showed us his skill during his short stay at Quantico.

The month of July witnessed the arrival of eleven reserve officers, who are to undergo advanced and intensive training for a year in flying. They are: 2nd Lieuts. Theodore O. Brewster, Robert H. Kerr, John G. Adams, Joseph Lyman, Daniel W. Torrey, Roswell B. Burchard, Warren E. Sweetser, Jr., Harry J. Beyer, Jr., Willard Reed, Jr., Thomas J. Noon, and Thomas C. Colt, Jr.

Lieutenant T. G. Ennis will share the duties of adjutant with Lieutenant C. J. Chappell in order to give Lieutenant Chappell a bit more time in the air. Lieutenant Saunders has been assigned to the Service Company as assistant engineering officer.

The last month's dope from Brown Field carried a serious error in reporting that the arrival at Sergeant Major Rothstein's home was a destined Sergeant Major. The arrival was a little girl. The Sergeant Major and his wife and "family" are spending the hot month of August at Coney Island.

"Tho in the past there have been many examples set, here is another. A letter charging house-top skimming, from the town manager of Manassas, Virginia, was traced to the end and as a result First Sergeant Bowen had a company clerk in the person of Gunnery Sergeant Harold R. Jordan from the seventh of August to the twenty-first of August, inclusive. Jordan's flying during the period was limited to a fast Underwood No. 5 and the VO-6 bicycle. It begins to look as if the days of the gingham gal waving at the engineer as he sped down the country railroad is at an end and that the city dads in and about them airplane yards are tiring of aerial Lochinvars doing air courtin', especially during the early morning hours.

First Lieut. V. M. Guymon is now operations officer, relieving Major Bourne. Lieutenant Guymon commanded

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the aviation detachment on the East coast in Nicaragua and at one time was C. O. of this field for a short time. Mr. Guymon is a very popular officer and pilot and is well along on the list for promotion to Captain.

A motor school held in the recreation hall every afternoon has been started, with Gunnery Sergeant Schoenfeld in charge as chief instructor. Schoenfeld is one of the ablest motor mechanics in the service and much good is to be had from his theory classes, the men showing proficiency getting the opportunity of going directly into the motor shop. Corporal Bourne, in charge of the armory, is making up some instruction charts for a class in gunnery.

While no dope is to be had on the building of the new field, there is a Herculean task under way under the expert direction of Gunnery Sergeants Sam Williams and Nero "Shot-gun" Winchester. The job is the building of a new dock. Sam has charge of going into the forests on the point and felling the trees, and "Shot-gun" has charge of the pile-driver operations. A more philanthropic calling was that of Albert W. "Iron-bender" Hendershot's. The ingenious Gunnery Sergeant, strange as it may seem, laid 1400 feet of pipe line to a nearby spring and is supplying the field with plenty of water during the Quantico water famine. The "Iron-bender" at one table and Staff Sergeant Cooper at another at the N. C. O. mess keep things in circulation. The "Iron-bender's" team in baseball always wins the pennant, for he is always for the winning team. Someone has said (out of turn) that if certain people hereabouts could suck as hard as they can blow that there would be no need for a pump in the "Iron-bender's" pipe-line to raise the water to the field.

With the arrival of Lieutenant Frank Dailey recently from completing the flight training course at Pensacola, we have a real speed merchant in a track man. Mr. Dailey will aid Lieutenant Frank June in rounding out an entry from this field to compete in the Veterans' of Foreign Wars Field Day, to be held at Baltimore, 2 September. Lieutenant Dailey is a fast quarter miler and was a member of the Nebraska University relay team that in 1927 took everything in the Missouri Valley and set some world's records. Pfc. Coddington of Headquarters Company, who originally hailed from a Michigan college, is another fast relay man and half miler. The other candidates are Weir and Zonne. The entries from this field will join the team to be formed at Quantico and will work out at some track in Washington twice a week until the day of the event. It is almost assured that there will not be much competition for Lieutenant Dailey, and that the other local boys will give a good showing.

This month has been a busy one, as all the fighting planes underwent a thorough overhaul by the erection shop prior to the national air races that were held at Chicago from the 18th to the 23rd. As always, the stunting of the two fighting squadrons from this field thrilled the large crowds attending the largest air event of the year and continued to uphold the exceptionally high standards of flying that the Marine Corps is noted for. Much credit is to be given Lieutenants

Sanderson and Brice for their hard work in rounding out newly graduated pilots into the work of exhibition stunting. With only two or three old veterans, each squadron commander flew many hours daily in preparation for the formation work.

Master Sergeant Sheppard flew Gunnery Sergeants Fitzpeters and Godbee from VO Squadron 6M, Master Sergeant Oscar George and Pfc. Coddington from the erection shop, and Corporal Francis to Buffalo on the 11th to study the new two-place Curtiss F-8s that are to be delivered to the Marine Corps. The observation squadron is still limping along with a Boeing NG 1 mosquito duster, one O2U-1 Vought Cosair, the mail plane and a Boeing XN2B-1. The last three digits in the last designation, "2b-1," are not



Saturday, August 23, 1930, Caserne Des-salines, Port au Prince, Haiti. Ceremony of decorating Lieut. John D. Blanchard with Navy Cross. The recipient recently distinguished himself for gallantry in suppressing the activities of a mob of 1500 natives at Les Cayes. Maj. John Q. Adams, in foreground, presented the decoration.

true, says Sergeant James McMahan, crew chief of the crate. Mac says the plane never has been a plane and is not to be one.

The news of the untimely death of Marine Gunner Walter Pounders and Sergeant Martin in Nicaragua in an airplane crash was received at this field with grief by every man on the station. Mr. Pounders was recognized as one of the best motor men in aviation and leaves many friends who served many years with him as an enlisted man. Martin was at one time an instructor in the aerological school at Anacostia and was an expert aerologist.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS WILL OPEN ON SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Quantico, Va.—Under the command of Brig.-General R. C. Berkley, U. S. M. C., the Marine Corps Schools will open on September 5th, 1930. It is said that Lieutenant Colonel John R. Henley, U. S. M. C., will be the director of the Company Officers' Course and that Major Harold H. Utley, U. S. M. C., will be director of the Field Officers' Course until the return of Major Charles F. B. Price, U. S. M. C., from Nicaragua.

The following is a list of officers who will attend school:

Field Officers' Course—Major R. H. Davis, A. Q. M.; Major T. E. Thrasher, Major G. S. Clarke (Inf.), U. S. A.; Capt. J. M. Bain, Capt. J. T. Moore, Capt. T. P. Cheatham, Capt. E. Bourke, Capt. R. Winans, Capt. J. H. Platt, Capt. A. B. Hale, Capt. L. R. Jones, Capt. D. E. Campbell, Capt. J. P. McCann, Capt. J. L. Perkins, Capt. R. E. West, Lieut. W. C. Ansel, U. S. N.

Company Officers' Course—Capt. M. Corbett, Capt. W. K. McNulty, Capt. C. E. Rice, Capt. J. P. Adams, Capt. G. T. Hall, Capt. B. Dubel, 1st Lt. F. L. Buchanan, 1st Lt. G. W. Walker, 1st Lt. T. H. Cartwright, 1st Lt. H. H. Hanneken, 1st Lt. W. Ulrich, 1st Lt. H. C. Bluhm, 1st Lt. E. Hakala, 1st Lt. F. P. Snow, 1st Lt. G. D. Hamilton, 1st Lt. C. W. Meigs, 1st Lt. L. A. Haslup, 1st Lt. F. W. Bennett, 1st Lt. P. R. Cowley, 1st Lt. G. H. Towne, 1st Lt. W. A. Wachtler, 1st Lt. C. C. Jerome, 1st Lt. I. W. Miller, 1st Lt. B. L. Vogt.

"NEW YORK" MARINES FIND RIFLE RANGE ENJOYABLE

By Private Robert A. Smith

The rifle range at Fort Lewis, Washington, will not be forgotten by the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "New York" for a long time. They were there to shoot but also found time to do other things. Prominent in the talk of the station is the Hostess House. Enjoyable dances were held there but the hostess was more versed in the etiquette propounded by Emily Post than in southern hospitality. We have heard much about this particular brand of hospitality but would say that as long as good feeling is evident the brand is not very essential. Corporal Quelch appreciates what is implied.

The town of Tacoma was very suitably placed; at least certain individuals such as Lathroun and "Motor Launch" Smitty consider it so.

After all, the detachment was at the range to qualify in gunnery and not for the social whirl. On the range, fine work was done. Fuksa and Quelch seemed to be the betters of the crowd. The little man finally won. From the looks of the qualifications the men were in this firing business with a vengeance. Not only the rifle was fired, but also pistols and automatic rifles.

Rifle, 29 experts, 23 sharpshooters, 22 marksmen.

Automatic, 44 experts, 19 sharpshooters, 5 marksmen.

Pistol, 11 experts, 13 sharpshooters, 35 marksmen.

One would say, off hand, that the Marines were right there. The season is over and with the officers back, Lieutenant Kirk direct from Gunnery School, watch the five-inch records in S. R. B. P.



The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher. First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps.
Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Bentzow, Sergeant Harry E. Hess, Corporal Arthur Rosett, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private Colin E. Stuart, Private William B. Edmondson.

Captain Arthur H. Page

ANOTHER name has been added to the long roll of martyrs who have sacrificed their lives for the advancement of aviation. From the conception of man's desire to fly, to the present day, these names have been legion.

The story of aviation is one of romantic achievement. Its beginning is shrouded by the veil of passing years, but Leonardo da Vinci, the versatile genius of the fifteenth century, developed a flying machine similar in principle to those used today, though impracticable because of the lack of motors to lift it.

Aviation was really born in 1783 when Cavendish discovered that hydrogen gas was lighter than air. In the same year Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, two brothers of Annonay, France, fashioned paper balloons, filled them with heated air, and allowed them to soar through space. On November 21, 1783, Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes sailed over the Sein in a balloon filled with heated air.

In all these experiments the shape of the bag had been globular. Altitude could be controlled, but all attempts to sail in a given direction were frustrated by the wind. Blanchard, an Englishman, endeavored to control the flight by equipping a balloon with oars and a sort of rudder. He was unsuccessful. To Giffard, a Frenchman, belongs the honor of the first deviation from the path established by his predecessors. He constructed a spindle-shaped bag, 143 feet long and 39 feet in diameter, containing 75,000 cubic feet of gas. The car carried a 3-horsepower motor, spinning a tri-bladed propeller 110 revolutions per minute. Thus was the evolution from a paper bag filled with heated air to the present dirigibles that span the oceans with such ease.

The heavier-than-air craft attracted even more attention than did the balloon type. The very idea of an object weighing more than the air it displaced being successfully flown seemed a challenge to man's initiative. The public scoffed at the absurd idea of man donning wings and soaring like a bird. Then the Wright brothers came along and proved that it could be done. Since then there have been fewer innovations and changes in principle in the flying machine than most people suppose. Safety devices, instruments and improvements, yes, but the plane of today is essentially similar to the one of yesterday.

It has been a long struggle, and one as dangerous as difficult, although fatalities have been grossly exaggerated. For the first half of 1921, a period chosen at random, there were only fourteen fatal crashes, or one for every 325,000 miles flown. Since then it has been considerably reduced; but the names of the pioneers of flying are written in golden letters on the scroll of progress. Those who have flown to their death have done so with the knowledge that their sacrifices have not been in vain. Such names as Captain John Alcock, Nungesser, Coli, Hamilton, Mouneyers, Idzikowski, Kaeser, Luescher, Diteman, Major Donaldson and Captain Page will live forever.

Captain Arthur H. Page, U. S. M. C., had a distinguished career in aviation, and did much to further the science of

aeronautics. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., September 17, 1895, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1917 and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

In 1918 he won his wings and turned his attention to balloon work, attending the Army balloon school at Fort Omaha, Neb. Captain Page served with the Marines in San Domingo, Haiti, Guam and China. He participated in many long flights, including a transcontinental flight to test a plane's reliability; a flight from Washington, D. C., to San Diego and return, in 1923; and a flight from Washington, D. C., to Nicaragua and return.

On May 31, 1930, Captain Page won the Curtiss Trophy in the annual races held at Anacostia, D. C. In this event Captain Page set a new Curtiss speed record, averaging 164.08 miles per hour for the 100 miles.

One of Captain Page's last and greatest achievements was the blind flight from Omaha to Washington, D. C. This was the longest radio-controlled flight ever made. In a hooded-over cockpit Captain Page took off from Omaha at 6:00 a. m. on July 21, arriving at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C., at 6:45 the same evening.

Captain Page met an untimely death. Had he lived he would have doubtless contributed much to the development of aerial science. His passing is a severe loss to aviation in general and the Marine Corps in particular.

Marine Shooters to the Fore

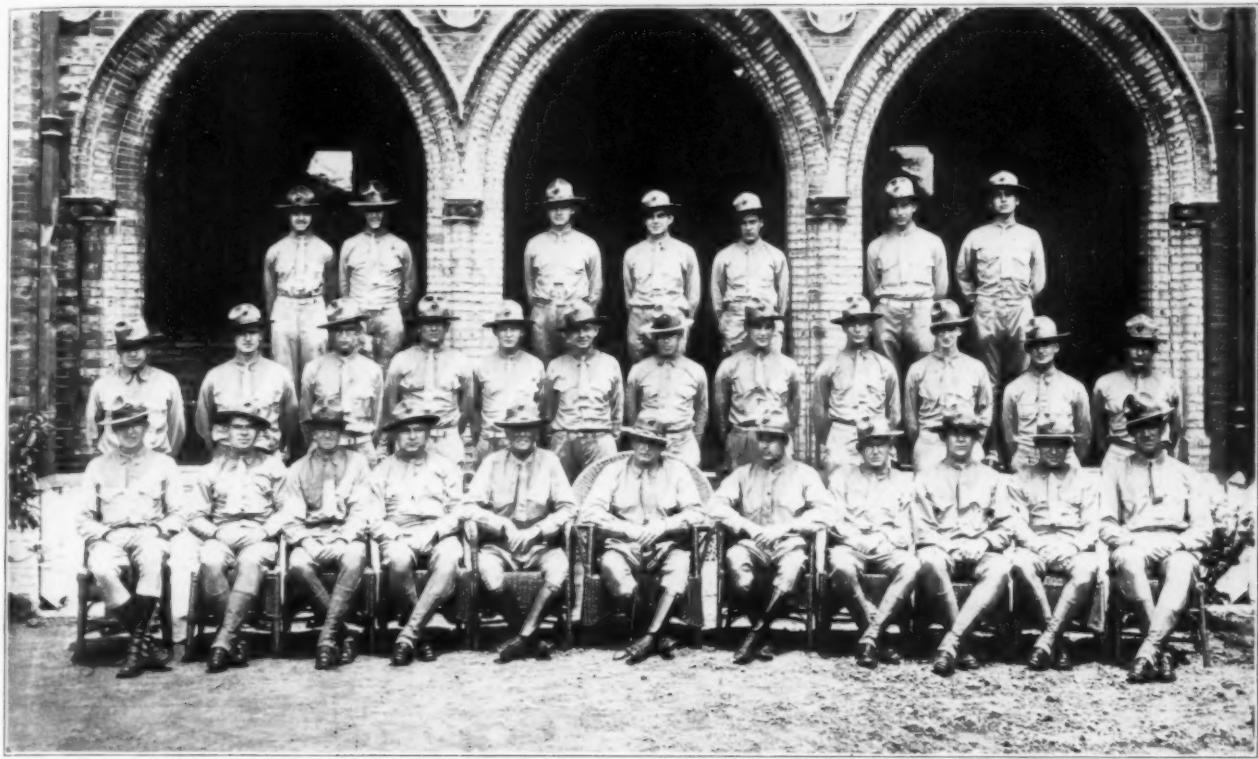
WITH the shooting season drawing to a close, 1930 has proved to be another banner year in the annals of Marine Corps victories in rifle and pistol matches.

Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher and ex-Sergeant Russel F. Seitzinger did their bit in winning the International Free Rifle Team Match at Antwerp, Belgium, August 9. The United States team's score was 5441; Switzerland, 5407; Denmark, 5341.

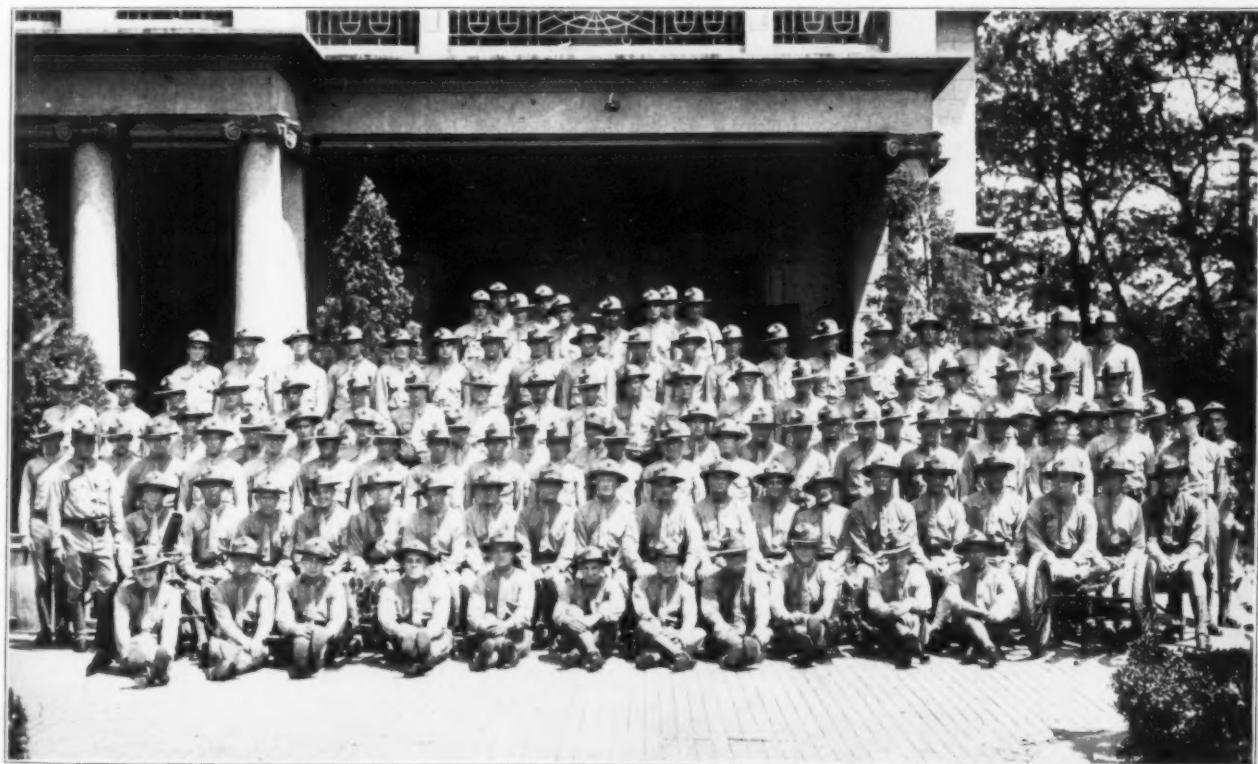
During the United Service tournament at Wakefield, Mass., August 6 to August 14, the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team participated in twenty-four rifle and pistol matches and won twenty-two. The Cutting Match was won by Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom, the 26th Division Match by Pvt. William T. Guy, the Army Ordnance Match by Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete and Corporal Carl I. Laine, the Marine Corps Long Range Trophy Match by Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey and Cpl. Robert A. Markle, the Woodman Match by Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom, the Niedner Match by Cpl. Carl I. Laine, the Phelan Match by Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete, the Army & Navy Club Match by Cpl. Richard P. Wambo, Cpl. Aldwin B. Lawrence, Pvt. William T. Guy, and Sgt. Robert L. Jennings, the Artillery Pistol Match by 1st Lt. William J. Whaling, 1st Lt. Raymond T. Presnell, Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, and 1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke, the Youngman Match by Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, the Edwards Match by 1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke, the Eldridge Match by Gy. Sgt. James R. Tucker, the Hamlin Match by Capt. Joseph Jackson, the Sergeants Match by Gy. Sgt. James R. Tucker, Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete, and Cpls. Burr A. Evans and Carl I. Laine, the Cummings Match by Gy. Sgt. Jack A. Stone, the Lombard Match by Pfc. Everett W. Doherty, the Hayden all-American Match by Marine Corps Team No. 1, the Draper Match by Cpl. Robert A. Markle, the Wismer Match by Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom, the Coast Artillery Match by Cpl. Burr A. Evans, the Voye Match by Cpl. Carl I. Laine, the Estimating Distance Match by Gy. Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga.

At Camp Perry, Ohio, the President's Hundred Match, which is open to every citizen of the United States, included eleven riflemen of the U. S. Marine Corps whose names will be found on page forty-four. The National Individual Pistol Match was won by Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey. The Marine Corps Rifle Team won the National Rifle Team Match with a score of 2,805 out of a possible 3,000. Gy. Sgt. Carl J. Cagle was awarded the Pershing Trophy and Gold Medal for attaining the highest individual score, 287.

Results of other matches at Camp Perry have not as yet reached us; but we are willing to wager that the Marine Team will leave with the lion's share of the purses and trophies.



Headquarters & Headquarters Co., 1st Battalion, 4th Regt., U. S. Marines, Shanghai, China. Major G. H. Osterhout, Jr., commands the 1st Battalion. Capt. P. D. Cornell at right of Major Osterhout, 1st Lieut. L. A. Brown at left of Major Osterhout.

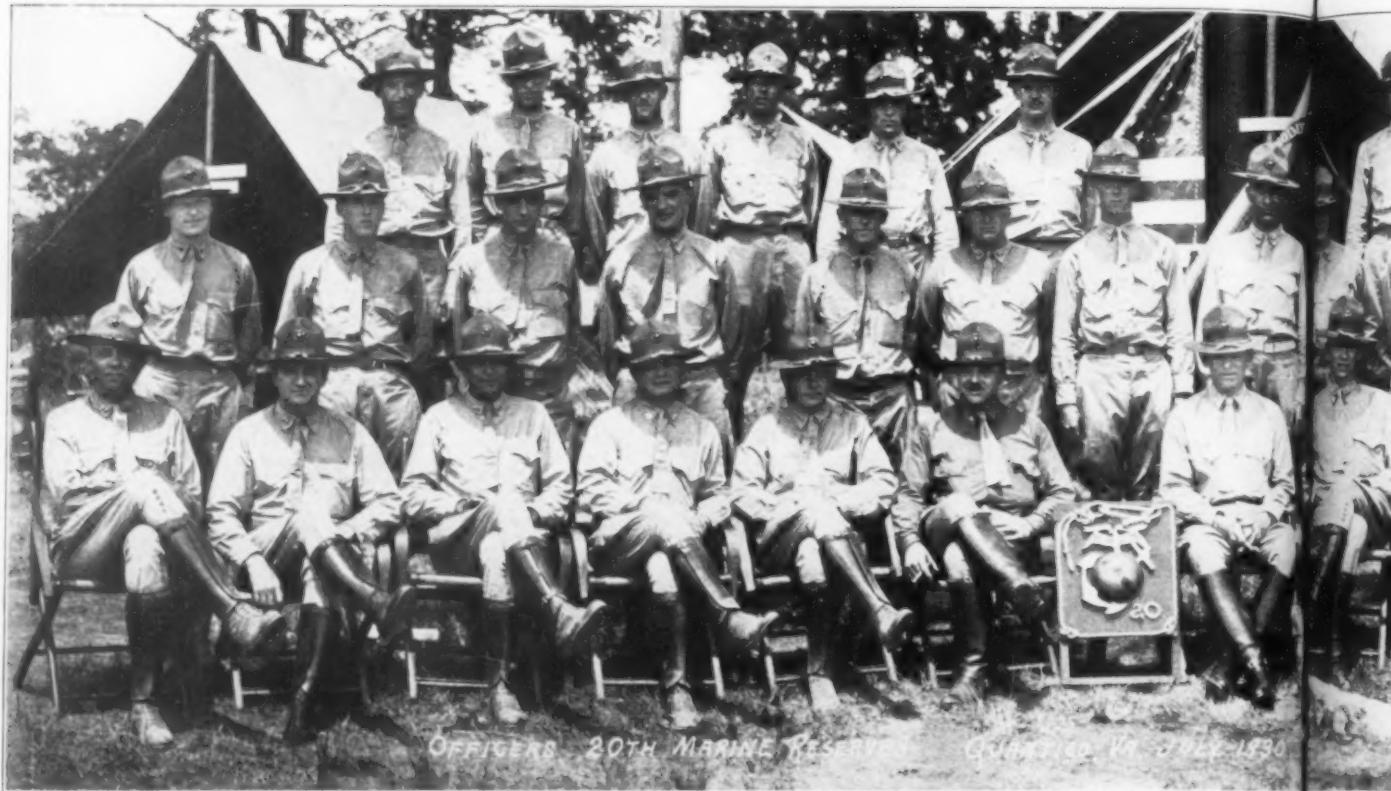


24th Machine Gun Co., Third Battalion, 4th Regt., at Shanghai, commanded by Capt. F. R. Armstead. 1st Lieut. G. Esau at right of Captain Armstead, 2nd Lieut. J. P. Juhan at right of Lieutenant Esau, Marine Gunner J. H. Murphy at left of Captain Armstead.

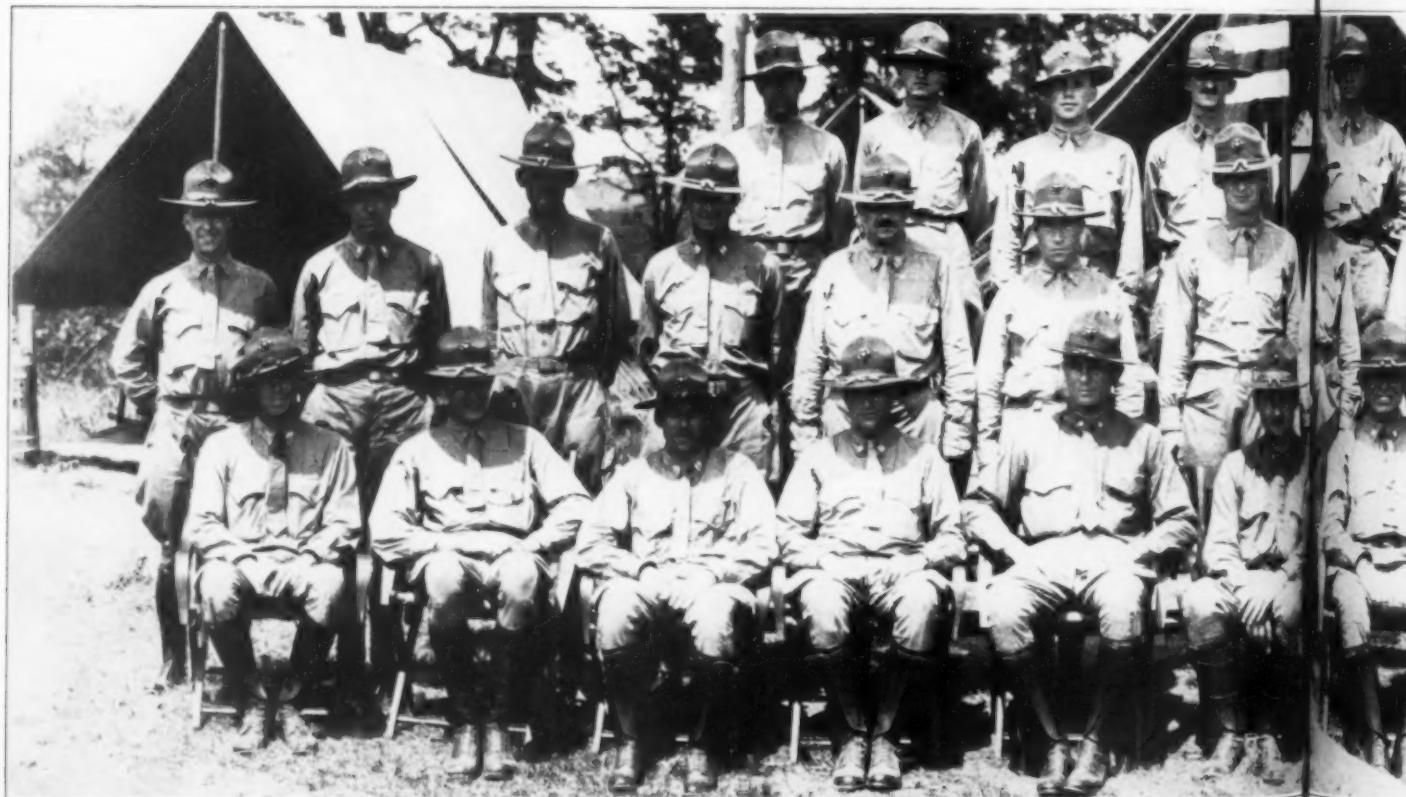
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THE LEATHERNECK

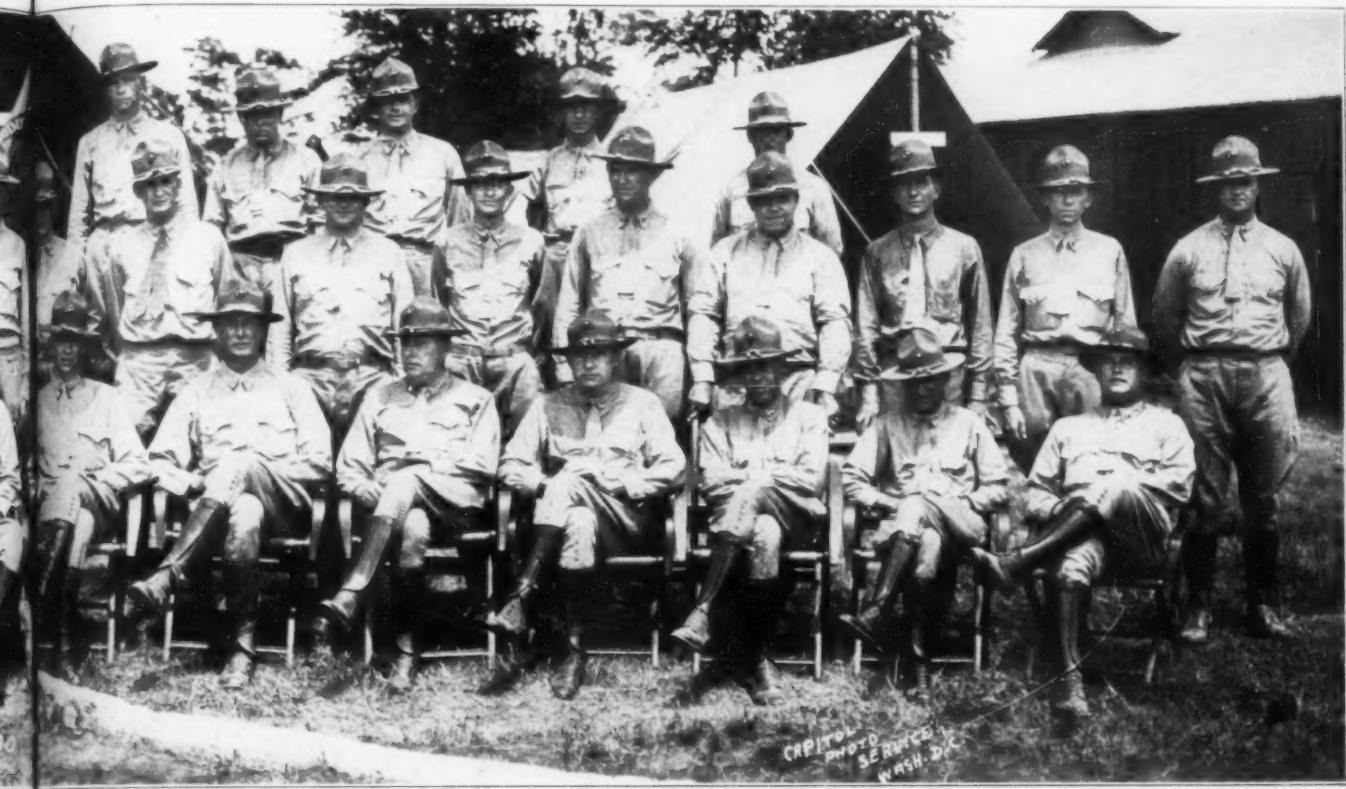
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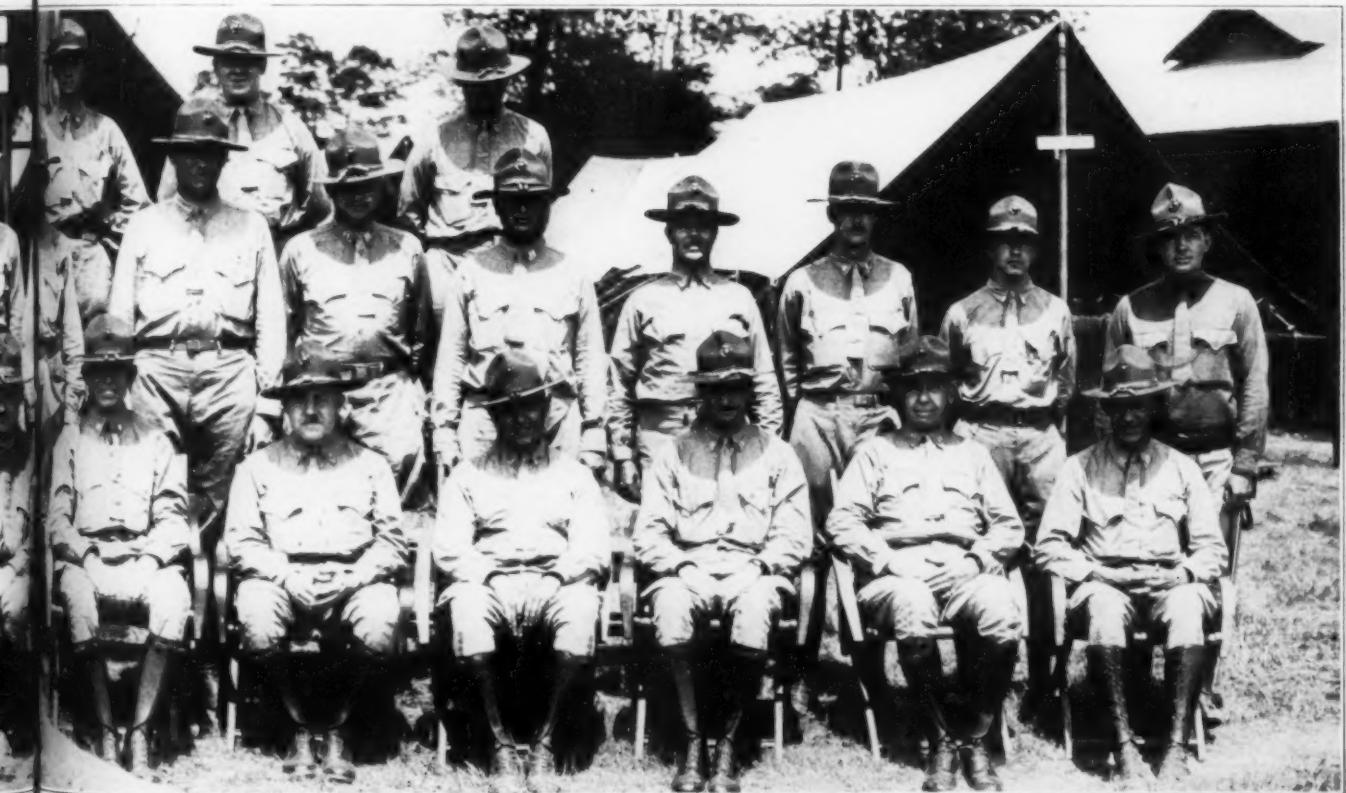
Officers of the Twentieth Marines, taken during the annual Reserve Training Camp at Quantico, Virginia, this Summer comprising



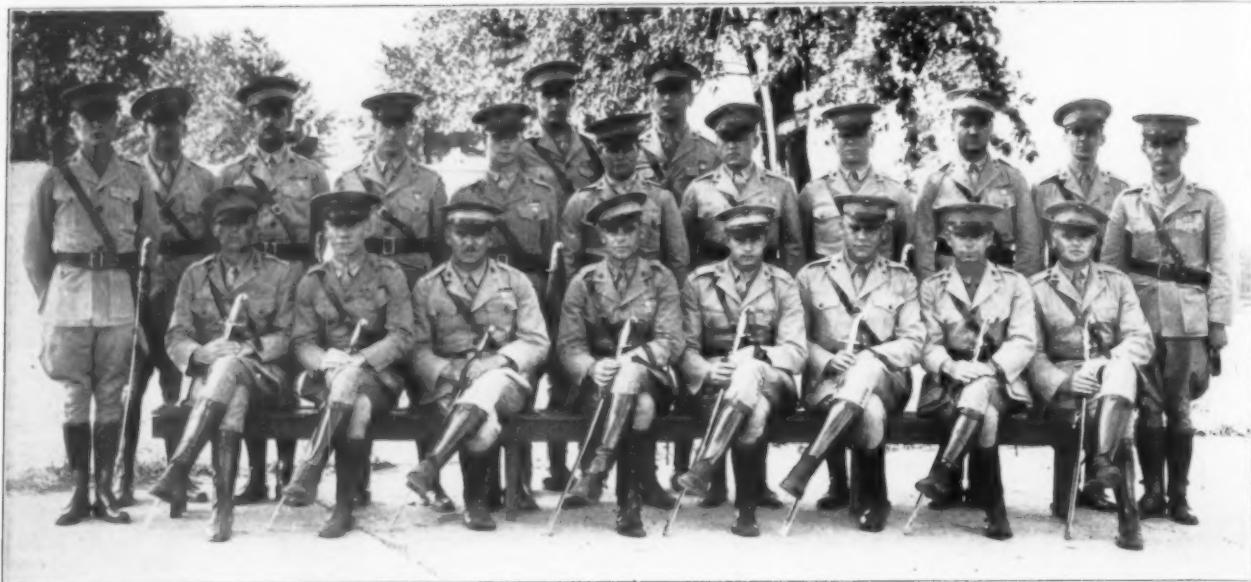
Officers of the Nineteenth Marines, likewise taken during their annual training at Quantico, Virginia. Reserves comprising



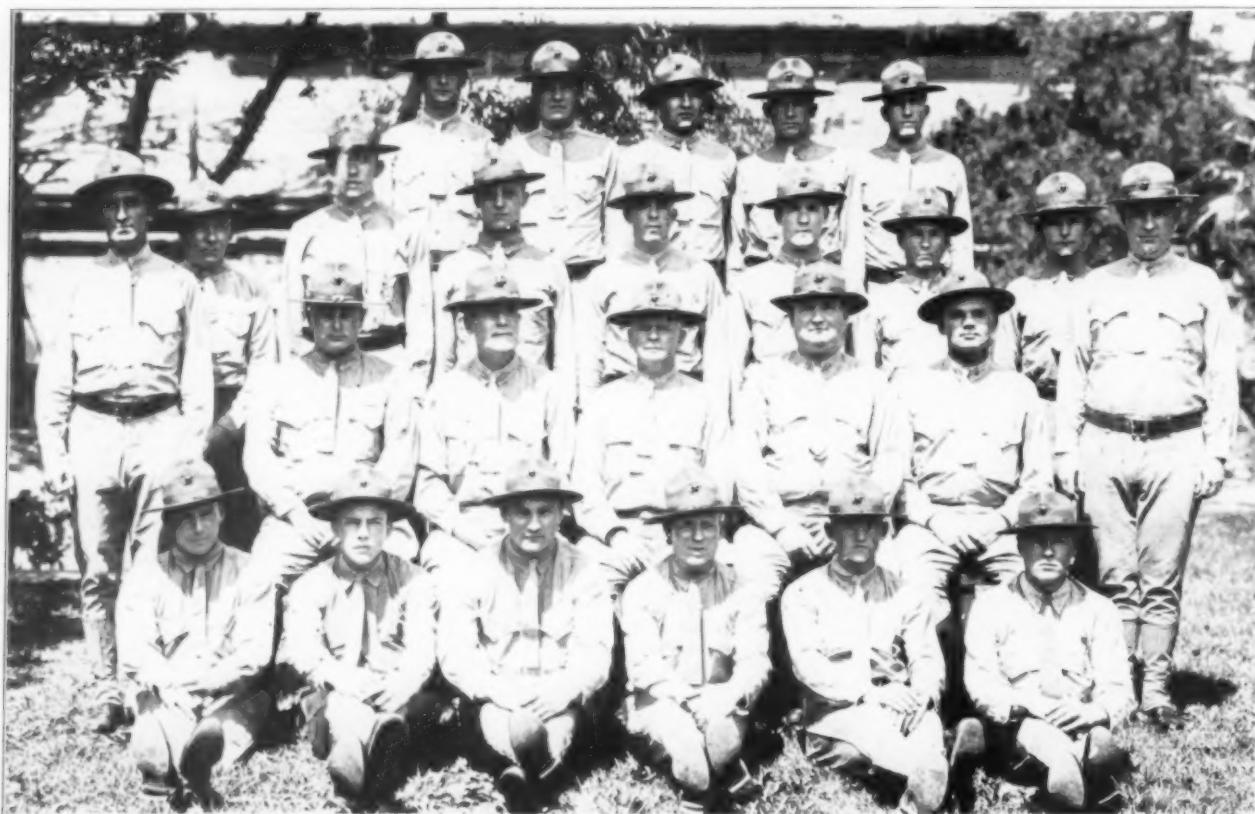
Companies comprising this regiment are recruited from Washington, D. C., and vicinity. © Capitol Photo Service.



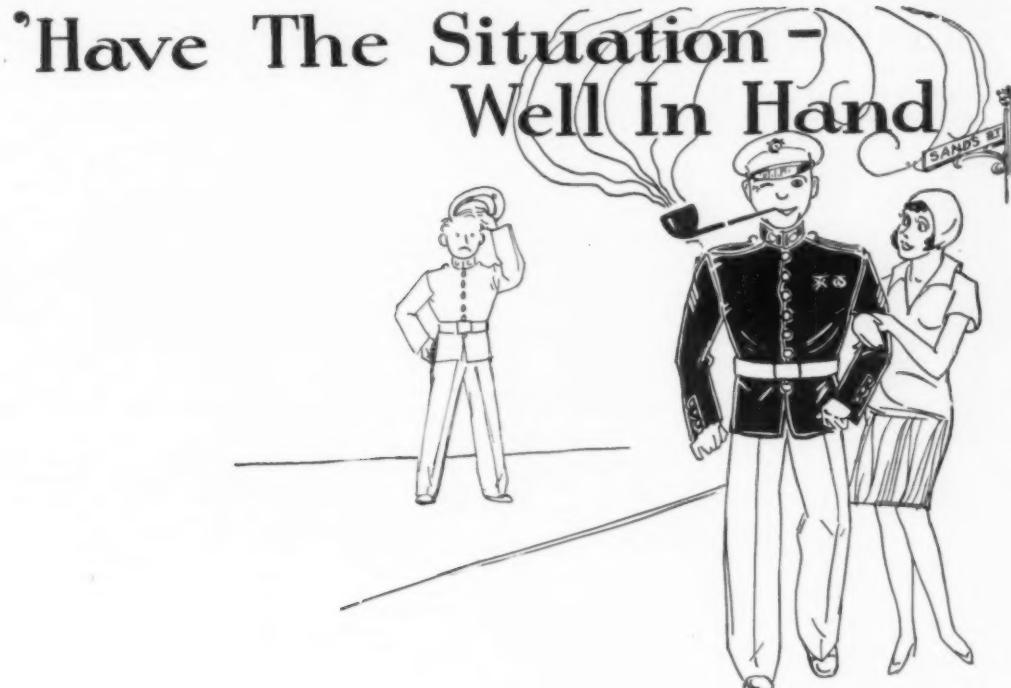
Companies comprising the Nineteenth Regiment are recruited from New York City and vicinity. © Capitol Photo Service.



Reserve Officers of the 1st Provisional Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve Training Camp, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Reading left to right, sitting: Capt. Donald T. Winder, FMCR; Capt. Wm. V. Calhoun, FMCR; Capt. Iven C. Stickney, FMCR; Major Chester L. Fordney, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Oscar H. Wishuff, VMCR; 1st Lt. Alexander M. Arnold, FMCR; Capt. George R. Lewis, FMCR; Capt. LeRoy Hauser, FMCR. Standing: Robert K. Ryland, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Walter E. Henschen, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Carl E. Stahley, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Carl G. Seasword, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Harold M. Keller, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Harold D. Golds, FMCR; 1st Lt. Robert E. Barrett, FMCR; 2nd Lt. James C. Bell, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Ernest S. Kaylor, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Stephen E. Gillis, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Walter A. Maxwell, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Bailey LaPorte, FMCR; Capt. Harry G. Fortune, FMCR.



Headquarters & Headquarters Co., Third Battalion, 4th Regt., U. S. Marines, at Shanghai, China. Major H. W. Stone commands the Third Battalion. Capt. S. F. Drew at right of Major Stone, 1st Lieut. C. S. Finch at right of Captain Drew, Capt. J. E. Snow at left of Major Stone, 2nd Lieut. F. J. McQuillen at left of Captain Snow.



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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

Marines of the days when the Corps did duty in San Domingo will have read with sincere regret of the fearful disaster which has devastated the city in which they spent so many delightful days and months. Associations there were always so pleasant to those who took their tour of service seriously. The people of the city generally made us welcome and there was always plenty of social happenings to make the time pass without the weariness that sometimes tropical residence brings. To any person who has passed through hurricanes in the West Indian Islands I do not think that a finer description could be given than that expressed by one of our Marine aviation officers, who on his arrival said to Rene M. Lepewouche, the A. P. correspondent in San Domingo City, "It is as if a giant hand had smeared the town down like a toy and then had stirred the pieces with a stick." The report further went on to say on September 6th:

"There is no water fit to drink. The water works are demolished, the river is a sea of mud and the dead are still uncounted.

"Floods have washed out the newly buried dead in the cemeteries and coffins float around like corks. The dead are being collected in mounds and heaps and trenches and are being burned above ground. Concrete cisterns are being used as funeral pyres, cremating as many as 50 bodies at a time.

"Even at a distance of ten miles and at an altitude of 4,000 feet in the air it was apparent bodies were being burned. When we landed we could see wagons pass by loaded with dead. The driver would shout and curse and cry, 'more dead, more dead.'

"Nine out of every ten trees are down and the tops of the few left standing have been cut off as if by a great knife. The Ozama River is out of its banks north and east of the city and those sections are completely inundated.

"Men and women appear with little or no clothes on. There is almost no clothing to be had and children and older people make out as best they can. The people appear to be in a daze and almost hysterical."

On the same date the number of dead was estimated at 4,000 while at least 6,000 others were injured.

The "Marine Base Bulletin," published weekly by the San Diego U. S. M. C. Base, and edited by Lieutenant William J. Stamper, gives promise of being one of the best station papers in the service. At present only the tenth issue has

reached us, but with the enterprise and spirit of the West, backed by the splendid leadership of General Dunlap and keen direction and cooperation of his Chief of Staff, Colonel Lay, Stamper will make of this venture the finest weekly a Marine could wish.

Hawthorne, Nevada. It may not be possible for the writer to ever visit this place, it being too far from the beaten track and cost of travel too prohibitive, but if the opportunity does come I hope that Captain R. J. Bartholomew will be there to welcome me. The new Naval Ammunition Depot, which it is stated will be the safest spot in the world for this kind of plant, is now located there, and the Captain, with a First Sergeant, three Sergeants, six Corporals, one Trumpeter and thirty-five Privates, has taken charge as the Marine Guard to patrol and look after the magazines. I am told that the reservation contains one hundred and eighty square miles. What will the patrol use? Horses, Fords or motor bikes? First reports to "The Leatherneck" should teem with interest. I, for one, shall watch closely for news.

Corporal Jack Willis of San Diego could hardly be one of the corporals selected, for at my last hearing of him, he had just reported in at the sick bay at San Diego with a pretty high fever, then a further report stated, "much better, is now doing painting and other light jobs in the hospital." Cheer up, Jack; dispense with the blanket, keep cool, and wear the old smile again. Tell Mr. Eddy "howde" when you see him.

Twenty-six men recently left San Diego for San Pedro to become fill-ups on the "Lexington," "Idaho," "Maryland," "California," and "Tennessee." Not many to go round but a first class Marine always becomes a part of a first class guard and helps to place the whole detachment on a higher level. My advice to everyone is "make yourself known to the Chaplain at the earliest opportunity if you have not already done so. He is your friend. You will find Father Brady, one of the finest in the service, on the "California"; Commander W. L. Thompson on the "Idaho," with every good wish for you; Commander Elder, who really understands you and the duty you have to do, on the "Lexington"; Lieutenant J. E. McNamary, whose cheery greeting some of you knew at the base, on the "Maryland," and Commander Park, a Marine favorite from the days of Belleau Wood, on the "Tennessee."

Lon Chaney, who so finely represented the Marine Top Sergeant in "Tell It To the Marines," has passed on. To all Marines and to thousands of others Lon will be remembered for many of his splendid portrayals, but to Marines especially he is looked upon as "One of us," and will be affectionately remembered in days to come. To Mrs. Chaney the whole Corps extends its sympathy in these days of bereavement.

The poem of the month:

The Other Fellow's Side

When you're forming your opinions
Do it carefully—then go slow;
Hasty judgments oft are followed
By regretting—that I know.

And in argument be careful

Not too quickly to deride—
Try to look upon the subject
From the other fellow's side.

Ah, if we would use but caution,
And a little less of self;
Think a little more of kindness,
And a little less of self;
Try to help the other fellow,
Not to hurt him, don't you see
How much fairer, brighter, better
This old world of ours would be?

Keep the path your mind would travel
Broad and open all the way,
Walk with Wisdom's comrade, Caution,
Heeding all he has to say,
And no matter what arises,
Ere against it you have cried,
Try to look upon the subject
From the other fellow's side.

G. H. Injernan of Iona Island is the star artist of the "Eastern Recruiter" for August. Evidently his first sergeant is superfine so far as the smile is concerned while the sergeant shown in the sketch is in direct line for the Q. M. honors. Major Murray and his staff expect to be well represented at the various state and county fairs and expositions during September. The Brockton Fair and Eastern States Exposition are the biggest held in New England and the hundreds of thousands of visitors will, without doubt, inspect the recruiting space with the greatest of interest.

Captain Wm. K. MacNulty, who hails from Pennsylvania, recently visited the home town, Wellsboro, and while there was entertained at a luncheon given by the Rotary Club of Williamsport, where he delivered a lecture on the "Marines and Nicaragua." The captain is reported to have made a wonderful talk which was highly appreciated.

November will soon be here and with it comes the three days to which Marines are beginning to look forward to with greater interest each year. Linked as these days are, and always will be, so closely to Armistice Day, it makes the Marine Corps League Anniversary doubly of importance to every man who has ever served in the Corps. This year the League meets in St. Louis, and the plans of the National Commandant will, I feel sure, work out for the biggest and most successful yet held. Captain R. H. Alecken and his workers are putting every ounce of strength and energy they possess to make it worthy of St. Louis, and if I can only be one of the crowd who attend I shall be more than pleased.

THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE IS JUST AN OLD NAVAL CUSTOM

There is nothing new or modern about its use. About a thousand years before Christ, nearly 3000 years ago, one Antiphilus writes: "Mine be a mattress on the poop, and the awnings over it sounding with the blows of the spray:—and my table be a ship's plank covered with canvas; and a game of pitch-and-toss; and the sound of the boatswain's whistle all makes the good fortune of being at sea."



"Schoolhouses"

THREE homes, on different streets, in different sections of the same city. Stately Georgian, pleasant Colonial, and a low-roofed bungalow of no particular period. Each is just as much a schoolhouse as the majestic mass of stone on Main Street. Each has its own classroom—paneled library, comfortable living-room or small parlor.

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A dozen blocks away, in a somewhat smaller home, one of his own salesmen is engrossed in an Advertising course. Out on the road he has acquired a real respect for the power of the printed word. Now he aspires to be Advertising Manager.

On the other edge of the city, a young bookkeeper from the manufacturer's office is struggling to master the intricacies of Accounting. Both his bride and his bungalow are new and he wants and needs a better position with increased salary.

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HAIL AND FAREWELL

"Lon Chaney, hail and farewell—and welcome home."

The last good-bye, gently spoken by a chaplain in the uniform of the Marine Corps—and, from behind a screen of flowers, the sudden, racking sobs of a woman, whose bitter grief broke through the quiet she was trying so to hold.

And in the flower-banked room, where the straight little candle flames flickered back from the polished bayonets of the four Marines, standing on guard before the ivory and gray casket, women and men, too, wept, openly and unashamed.

There were men and women from all walks of life: Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, General Smedley D. Butler, Lew Cody, Ruth Roland and Harry Carey; the wardrobe mistress and players from the almost-forgotten Main Street musical comedy company where Chaney was a comedian years ago; men whose roughened hands told of hard work about the studios; in overseas uniforms and medals, the disabled veteran from the hospital at Sawtelle who sells flowers on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and with whom Chaney never failed to speak whenever he passed.

It was very brief, the service that Chaplain H. S. Dyer read; a few sentences from the scriptures, a prayer, and a heartfelt word of good-bye.

"He was simple; he was unpretentious; he was kind; he was true," said Chaplain Dyer.

Turning, he placed a hand on the shoulder of one of the Marine honor guard.

"He was kind—this man knows," he said.

From the next room came music, Sam and Jack Fineberg, who used to play for Chaney on the set before the days of talkies, when scenes were done to music, were playing for him again.

Not a funeral hymn—just a simple, haunting melody that used to sound through the business of a scene:

"We'll find perfect peace,

"Where joys never cease,

"Out there, beyond the kindly sky . . ."

And again that plaintive, wistful goodbye:

"Oh, how I miss you, dear old pal of mine . . ."

The chaplain stepped forward again: "Lon Chaney, hail and farewell—and welcome home."

While the actor was being laid to rest under the trees of Forest Lawn Cemetery, the studios were remembering. For five minutes the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot was silent. Down from the staff came, slowly and reverently, the American Flag, and the guns of a Marine firing squad crashed out. And at other studios, too, there were minutes of silence and remembrance.

It was the last good-bye to the man who was loved.

Chaney was known for his close friendships. He did not like to travel, preferring to spend his leisure time at home.

Among his friends was General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marines, and his closest friend in the Holly-

By Paul D. Hosier

wood film colony was Eddie Gribbon, the comedian.

As a result of his work in "Tell It To the Marines" he qualified for a captain's commission in the Marine Reserve Corps.

Chaney's last appearance in screen work was in the production of the audible version of his "The Unholy Three," one of his most successful pictures.

It was his first and last "talkie," as he had been one of the most persistent "hold-outs" against the talkies in the film colony, declaring that his make-ups frequently made it necessary for him to pad his cheeks, which, he said, would interfere with speech.

Previous to that he had not appeared on the screen for several months and only recently returned to Hollywood from New York, where he had gone for treatment. His constitution had been greatly weakened and he was ordered into the hospital immediately upon his return West.

Chaney was 47 years of age, born at Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883. He was the second of four children, all normal, born to deaf mute parents.

He left school at the age of 9 to aid in the care of his mother, and it was through the pantomime he developed in communication with his deaf parents that he gained his ability at expressing himself by facial expressions and gestures.

As a youth he acted as a Pike's Peak guide. From guiding, Chaney became a property boy in the opera house at Colorado Springs, his first theatre job.

He left that job to work for a time in a Denver interior decorating establishment, and then returned to the stage when he and his brother organized a comic opera company at Colorado Springs, where the brother managed a theatre.

Chaney played his first professional role at the age of 17 in "The Little Tycoon," which he and his brother wrote. This was followed by Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but the company "went broke" after several months on the road.

Then Chaney went to Chicago with a musical comedy company as dancer and second comedian. His stage hand's union card enabled him to help with the scenery, while acting. This led to his studying stage production, and he became stage director of the company.

He first learned make-up as a "prop" boy, by watching the actors. He used to peer through the dressing room doors at Richard Mansfield, Mantell and other great artists, and dreamed of being like them.

On the stage, his make-up knowledge enabled him to play several roles in one show, when necessary.

From Chicago Chaney traveled west with a vaudeville troupe.

In San Francisco he joined the Ferris Hartman opera company, and following that joined Kolb and Dill, as director and second comedian.

While working with the Hartman company he married Hazel Hastings, a member of the troupe, who was his com-

panion through the following 22 years, to the actor's death.

Chaney went to work as a cowboy rider, planning to learn to direct films, as he was a stage director. He was given his first screen credit in "Hell Morgan's Girl," at Universal City, in 1914, although for the preceding two years he had played in slapstick comedies.

Carrying out his ambition to be a director, Chaney directed J. Warren Kerrigan in seven "westerns."

In the beginning of his picture career he worked as extra, property man, wardrobe man, transportation agent, chorus man, stage director, picture director, author and character actor. His first screen work as an actor, in 1912, was in an Allan Curtis slapstick comedy at Universal. Other early roles were in "Riddle Gawne," "False Faces" and "Hell Morgan's Girl."

He was launched to fame when he played "The Frog" in "The Miracle Man," with Betty Compson and Thomas Meighan.

Among his most famous roles were those in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Penalty," "The Phantom of the Opera," "The Road to Mandalay," "Tell It To the Marines," "West of Zanzibar" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Chaney was known as something of a "mystery" in Hollywood. He did not look like an actor, but more like a business man, and he never went to the Hollywood parties. His associates called him "the star who lives like a clerk." After work he went home and spent his leisure hours with his family and their own circle of friends, carrying on a social life distinct from the screen.

Although Chaney appeared in many roles in which he portrayed cripples, he was an athlete. His hobbies were fishing and amateur photography.

In a business way he was very successful, being a stockholder in several business enterprises.

Chaney recently became a grandfather.

Aside from his picture and business career, he was a writer. His success in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" led to his writing an article on screen make-up and disguise for the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Chaney was simple in his habits, driving his own three automobiles and carrying on numerous secret charities among stage hands and less successful actors. He was a fight and football fan, and he refused to talk pictures away from the studios, or politics at any time.

He had no valet, and his most constant companion, outside the members of his family, was a wire-haired terrier.

Chaney was a deep student and quite an authority on penology. His fund of information was enormous, having read almost anything one could bring to mind.

He was writing a screen story for himself, which he had hopes of some day directing.

He was very retiring and hated to talk to interviewers, or anyone else in fact, about himself. He used to always tell the interviewers to "talk to my friends—not me."

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THE LEATHERNECK

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Here we are again scrunching along on autumn leaves, imbibing (here in New York, anyhow) sweet brown cider, and Thanksgiving is just around the corner. Thinking back or even looking back over the past issues of *The Leatherneck* to this time last year, it only seems that a few

weeks at most separate us from this time last year, when we started out the Brig column with the usual fall hokum. But when one begins to cast up the books and note the things that have happened in that period, well . . . that is something else again. Speaking personally, a fault of most column chauffeurs, there have been a couple of upheavals during that period. For one, the Girl Friend, who has shared our tooth paste, apartment, and arguments, to say nothing of an occasional boy friend, for something like three years, has forsaken us and gone into hospital training to become a nurse, and with the idea in mind of getting commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army when she gets out. And that after all the Navy and Marine Corps propaganda she has had handed her during the aforesaid three years. After living two years in one small apartment this columner has also moved, a very simple process in this instance, as the new apartment is on the hall below and it was only necessary to heave everything except the two sketches by the U. S. M. C.'s Capt. Thomason, and an antique liquer set over the balustrade into the hall, where the Girl Friend gathered it up and carted it into the new apt. But the move, inasmuch as we are all more or less creatures of environment, may have a far reaching effect on this column, and work on the other job too, for instead of being able to gaze out our windows at the drug store cowboys, and watch the Henry-Montague St. taxicab crashes, we look instead across a brick wall into the cloistered quietness of church. True, the ivy clad gray stone looks as much like the tower of some heraldic castle as it does a church, but right now we have qualms and they are that this column may suddenly take on the aspects of that conducted by Doc Clifford; and our church editor on the Brooklyn sheet that we honor with our presence eight days a week, 48 hours a day, will find us elbowing him away from his desk some morning, and avidly reaching for the "Sermon for the Week" copy. Meanwhile, the polo gang at Ft. Hamilton is doing what it can to offset the effect of the new environment by clinking into the three cubby holes that make up the new suite of rooms, and with much jingling of spurs, and much fluttering of chiffons by the female escorts, demanding things that are not served on

the reservation, such as New Orleans drip coffee, shrimp a la creole, and our special brand of tea. Only the other night an infantry lieutenant, and the wife of a skipper in the artillery sat upon the Marine Corps chest that does duty as a window seat, and before our very eyes inveigled the Girl Friend into promising to get an Army commission as soon as she completed her course in nursing, while the artillery skipper sat on a cushion at their feet and thumbed back copies of *The Leatherneck* to find notices about his brother, who is an officer in the Corps. And, even further back than that this columner was gullible enough to leave a batch of her short stories with a Broadway playwright with the understanding that anything he should care to use out of them would be credited to her, and that she would be included in the royalties, and his very latest effort, "Tattle Tales," took the count in a premiere at Boston and will undoubtedly never even be seen in this city, since which the playwright has been hard to find.

By and all, it strikes us that the best thing to do is to toddle over to some astrologist, plank down \$20 and have our future mapped out for us so that anything that happens to us from now on, we'd have someone that we could blame for it.

Just in case anybody hasn't noticed it, did you ever hear of a hurricane since the time the little U. S. S. "Grebe" went into commission, when that little boat wasn't the first to stick its sturdy little nose into the harbor of the devastated territory and start rehabilitation work the while it radioed the outside world the extent of the catastrophe? That little ship is all hurricane deck, and our hat is off to her crew. Only a few hurricanes ago this little boat was out doing some rescue work to a stranded freighter which it towed into port, when along came a blow that sunk many a larger and more modern craft, but it rode it out and it nosed into port in time to radio the news of the storm disaster from a place that had lost all means of communication with the outside world. And its name is broke out all over the newspapers again today.

If any of the fellows who are finishing a "hitch" about now think there is anything much in the way of prosperity outside for them, let them think this story over well before passing up their favorite recruiting sergeant.

A little girl living down in the Sands Street section of Brooklyn went over to a neighbor and said, "Please, Mrs. Flaherty, my mamma wants the loan of the soup bone for dinner tonight."

"I'm sorry, but I'm making out off myself tonight, and tomorrow it is promised to Mrs. Costino, but if your mamma is wantin' soup on a Thursday, I can be loaning it to her on that date."

Leo F. Ruttle, Pvt. First Class, recently from Company A, 71, has gone into civilian life, and is anxious for his buddies still in the Corps to know that he can be located at 138 East 27th St., almost any evening, where he is serving as ticket seller and assistant publicity man for the Davenport Free Theatre. The theatre is well worth attending when in New York, as it really is free to

the extent of dropping 25c or 30c in the collection plate when it is passed around. The idea of its founder, stage manager and principal actor, is to create a theatre similar to that of the old Greeks when really worthwhile drama was supported by the state. Many of the plays are well acted, and this columner has seen some very creditable performances of Moliere. It is a good way to spend part of an evening in New York anyhow, more especially if any of the fellows want to look up Ruttle.

Add Similes

As self conscious as a reserve officer in uniform among a bunch of regulars.

As unapproachable as a Marine guard when he sees the O. D. in the offing.

As much out of the picture as an infantryman with a bunch of girls when two Marine sergeants come in sight.

As much on parade as a boot in his first blue-whites.

Over at the telephone booths in the Times Square subway, a few hours after the parade and official welcome of Coste to the city, this columner was waiting for the G. F. who was in a booth talking to her Boy Friend, when a pretty little creature in blue velvet and much addicted to gum, parked herself near us, and in the best New Yorkese began to discourage the sun-brown good looking lad who was trailing her:

"Blow, Big Boy," she told him, "you stick closer than a plaster."

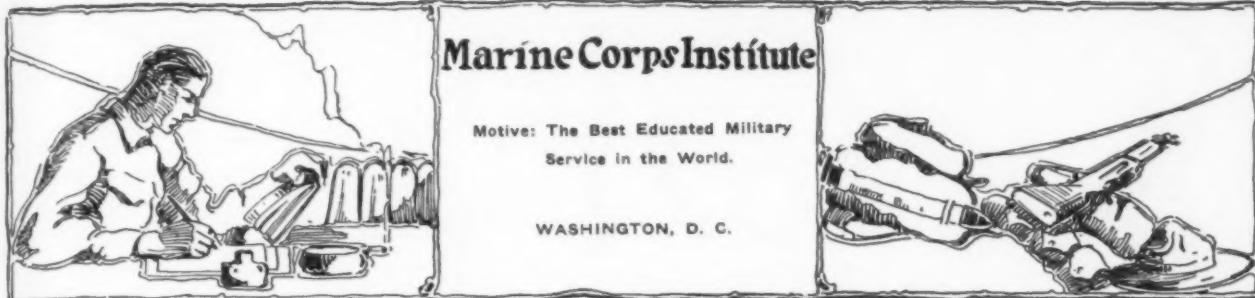
"Yeah, but you had a date with me today! What's the matter all of sudden? Who's the butter and egg guy?"

"You just as well know I ain't got any time for you from now on. I'm all dated up today with 'Dou-dou,' you know, Coste, the guy that flew the South-to-North-Pole-Paris-to-New York plane, and if you're looking for the answer to the Question Mark here it comes," with which she flounced off in the direction of a wan, flat chested man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

If something isn't done about Marine Corps marksmanship the first thing everybody knows the globe and anchor boys will have to go out and do their shooting where they play their football, for it is much easier to quit playing with a victorious adversary than it is to train one's self up to his high standard of excellence.

Col. A. E. Greene, in command of U. S. Marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and who is frequently a guest of Major R. B. Pearson, U. S. A., for the polo games at Fort Hamilton, is at present roughing it in a camp somewhere up in Canada, and who don't envy him?

Captain Wilkerson of the Army polo team, scheduled to sail shortly for the Argentine to compete in the open championship games there, reports his quartette looking a bit blue. He says that most of them are willing to wager that at the last minute, after their horses are on board ship and they are ready to clamber up the gangplank a radiogram will breeze in from headquarters ordering the trip off, and the next newspaper they pick up will mention the landing of Marines down there.



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- Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- Cost Accounting
- Bookkeeping
- Private Secretary
- Spanish
- Second Lieut. Prep.
- French
- Salesmanship
- Business Correspondence
- Stenography & Typing
- Good English
- Civil Service
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Common School Subjects
- Naval Academy Prep.
- High School Subjects
- Electrical Engineering
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Standard High School
- Gas Engine Operating

Technical and Industrial Courses

- Civil Engineer
- Surveying & Mapping
- Plumbing & Heating
- Radio
- Steam Engineering
- Architect
- Architect's Blue Prints
- Contractor & Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Automobile Work
- Aviation Engines
- Navigation
- Agriculture & Poultry
- Mathematics

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

QUANTICO GRIDDERS READY FOR BIG YEAR

Sixty Men Report For Team. Seven-Game Schedule.

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Sixty experienced athletes, many of whom have seen service with the Quantico Post team in the past, reported for tryouts when Captain Elmer T. Hall, post athletic officer, called for candidates. A strenuous seven-game schedule, which includes battles with many of the leading teams in the middle Atlantic section, has been arranged for the Quantico gridmen.

Initial practice sessions have started, it is said, with the usual limbering up exercises preceding the real training grind. Many of the candidates have been going through conditioning paces for several weeks and are even now ready for scrimmage. Captain Hall, however, plans to devote the early days of practice to calisthenics, trots and exercise.

Hard Work Planned

On the following week the squad will get down to earnest work and the number cut to forty men. Frequent scrimmages will mark the training period.

One of the hardest schedules ever to face a post team has been mapped out for the Gyrenes this year. Langley Field, Fort Eustis, Carlisle Barracks, Fort Monroe, and Fort Meade Tank Corps are among the formidable service teams to be given places on the Quantico card. In addition Captain Hall's protégés will journey to Baltimore on November 1st for their annual clash with the Baltimore Firemen. Ten days later they play the American Legion team in Philadelphia in another feature attraction.

Aside from the Baltimore and Philadelphia battles every other game will be played at Quantico. Heading the list of attractions is the contest with the well known Carlisle Barracks, Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

Long Training Period

Captain Hall will have ample time in which to condition his men before the opening game with Langley Field, on October 3rd. With cool weather promised during the remainder of August and throughout September, the men should be in mid-season form quite early.

It is intended to have a strong rooting party to accompany the team in its Baltimore and Philadelphia invasions. The Quantico Marines have journeyed to Baltimore several times in the past for games with the Firemen.

Assisting Captain Hall, in the coaching of the Post team, will be Lieutenant Sol E. Levinsky, U. S. M. C., former Naval

Academy star. Levinsky was prominently mentioned for all-American honors during his stay at Annapolis. Later he played on the all-Marine team during the days of Captain Frank Goettge. Lieutenant Dailey, who played all-Marine football in 1927, Lieut. Noon, who played with Notre-Dame in '27-'28, and Lieutenant Coffman, who played with the Navy, will assist in the coaching.

Reorganized Last Year

Post team football was reorganized at Quantico last year after a lapse of several seasons. The all-Marine eleven formally claimed Quantico as their home port, but in recent years they have played the majority of their contests on foreign fields.

The intense interest at Quantico, however, was not to be denied and last year the Quantico Marines again made their appearance on the chalked fields. And, in spite of a very short training period they fared unusually well. Featuring the comeback of post football at Quantico was the phenomenal comeback of Captain Frank Goettge who, after a long lay-off, returned to his togs and proceeded to lead his team to victory after victory.

Complete Schedule

October 3—Langley Field at Quantico Stadium.

October 10—Fort Eustis at Quantico Stadium.

October 17—Carlisle Barracks at Quantico Stadium. (Band and 200 men expected for this game.)

October 24—Fortress Monroe at Quantico Stadium.

November 1—Baltimore Firemen at Baltimore.

November 11—American Legion at Philadelphia.

November 22—Camp Meade Tank School at Quantico Stadium.

**HEADQUARTERS, 4TH MARINES,
SHANGHAI, CHINA**

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis, U. S. M. C.

The annual Fourth of July baseball game for possession of the Shanghai American Community baseball cup, was won by the Fourth Marines, by the score of 5 to 1, from the Shanghai Amateur Baseball Club.

The Shanghai American Community baseball cup is offered yearly, for competition between the Shanghai Amateurs (Civilians), and a U. S. Service baseball team, generally selected by the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Asiatic Fleet. The cup was first offered for competition in 1916, and its record to date is as follows:

- 1916—Won by U. S. S. "Brooklyn."
- 1917—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
- 1918—Won by U. S. Navy.
- 1919—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.

1920—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
1921—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
1922—Won by U. S. Navy.
1923—Won by U. S. S. "Huron."
1924—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
1925—Won by U. S. Navy.
1926—Won by U. S. Navy.
1927—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
1928—Won by Fourth Marines.
1929—Won by Shanghai Amateurs.
1930—Won by Fourth Marines.

The game started when Mr. Edwin Cunningham, U. S. Consul-General, threw out the first ball.

Brown and Boyle were the batteries for the Marines. Brown pitched a masterly game of ball, allowing but 6 scattered hits, and was never in danger. The hitting of Parsons, third baseman for the Marines, featured the game and drove in 3 runs. The Marines fielded behind Brown in faultless fashion, feature plays being made by Chapin—a lightning throw from deep left to double I. H. Smith of the Amateurs off first base, and one by Parsons, with a double play, unassisted. The box score:

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Parsons, 3b	3	2	2	2	3	0
Chapin, lf	3	0	1	5	1	0
Passmore, 1b	4	1	0	7	0	1
Fogelman, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	1
Pearce, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lindstrom, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Stanton, ss	4	0	1	4	0	0
Boyle, c	2	2	0	6	0	0
Brown, p	2	0	0	0	3	0
	29	5	7	27	9	2

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Shanghai Amateurs	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Deegan, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Tavares, c	4	1	1	3	3	0
Hyde, cf	4	0	1	1	1	0
D. Smith, 1b	4	0	3	13	0	0
Lamneck, ss	4	0	0	0	3	0
O'Harow, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Tenney, lf	4	0	1	3	0	0
I. H. Smith, rf	1	0	0	4	0	0
Daly, p	1	0	0	1	2	0
Jamieson, p	2	0	0	0	3	0
	32	1	6	37	16	1

Score by innings:
Fourth Marines.. 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 2—5
Shanghai Amat's 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Summary: Earned runs—Marines, 4. Two-base hits—Parsons (2), D. Smith. Stolen bases—Lindstrom (2), I. H. Smith (2), Parsons, Passmore, Boyle, Tavares. Sacrifice hits—Chapin (2), Brown, I. H. Smith. Bases on balls—Off Daley (1), off Jamieson (6), off Brown (1). Struck out—By Daley (1), by Jamieson (1), by Brown (6). Hits—Off Daley (2 in 3 innings). Charge defeat to Daley. Double plays—Fogelman to Passmore, Hyde to Lamneck to Deegan, Chapin to Passmore, Lamneck to O'Harow to D. Smith, Par-

THE LEATHERNECK

sons (unassisted). Umpires—Staff Sergeant Cox and Mr. Youngs.

After the game, in the presence of the players of both teams, and the many spectators, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, commanding the Fourth Marines, presented the cup to Lieutenant Charles D. Baylis, baseball coach of the Fourth Marines.

July 5.—The Fourth Marines baseball team defeated the Naigai (Japanese) baseball team 1 to 0 in the most interesting baseball game of the year. Welch, on the mound for the Marines, allowed but three hits, and was never in danger. Lieutenant Saunders, playing centerfield, singled in the fourth inning, and was driven in by Fogelman with a triple, for the only run of the game, and the victory for the Fourth Marines. Chapin and Parsons contributed fielding features for the Marines. The Japanese pitcher, Maruhashi, allowed but three hits, but two of these came together.

July 13.—The newly formed Privates' Club of the Fourth Marines defeated the Shanghai Amateurs 9 to 2 in a hectic baseball game. The Privates' Club was recently organized to make possible the formation of the Shanghai Baseball League, which will start play next week. The following privates compose the team: Privates Lindstrom (manager); Fogelman, 2b; Trotter, 1b; Stanton, ss; Mullins, 3b; Lindstrom, lf; Moore, cf; Haney and Lund, rf; Gainer and Lee, utility; Chimohaski, c.

Long, pitching for the Privates' Club, allowed 6 scattered hits, and was never in danger. He was well supported by the entire club. Stanton, Lund (Home Run), Moore and Mullins, were the leading swatters, with Lindstrom and Stanton pulling off the fielding features.

Private C. E. Swank of the 22nd Company of the Third Battalion won the Shanghai Olympic contest, over a field of about 100 competitors of all nationalities. Swank won three first places, and finished second in four events to win first honors.

The Fourth Marines regret to announce the following deaths:

SHIVELY, Margaret Ann, daughter of First Lieut. Morris L. Shively, on June 21, aged 3 years, 9 months and 11 days.

FROST, Orin W., Private, 21st Company, Third Battalion, on June 30, at the Fourth Marines Hospital, Shanghai.

Major H. W. Stone, commanding the Third Battalion of the Fourth Marines, received the pleasing information that his son, Warren Sanford Stone (named for his uncle, the late Warren Sanford Stone, for over 27 years Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers), graduated from Princeton University with the class of 1930, and was, upon graduation, commissioned a Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery Reserve, U. S. Army. Lieutenant Stone completed four years of military training with the Princeton Unit of the R. O. T. C., on July 17. He has been ordered to take final training at Pine Camp, Madison Barracks, New York.



Pfc. Dan Searey, 4th Recruit, Shanghai. Holder of Asiatic championship in light heavyweight classes, 1930.

July 19.—The Fourth Marines defeated the Union (Japanese) baseball team 6 to 1. Brown pitched a masterly game, and was caught by Pearce in "Big League" style. Cogsdell fielded brilliantly. Stanton, shortstop for the Marines, hit a long home run.

Third Battalion won from First Battalion in Regimental Baseball League 10 to 1. Batteries for Third Battalion: Kimball and Peterson; for First Battalion, Fine, McIntosh and Chimohaski. Mullins of the Third drove out a home run with the bases loaded.

July 20.—First Battalion won from Headquarters, in Regimental Baseball League, 6 to 3. Batteries for Headquarters, Baylis, Longley and D'Arcangelo; for First Battalion, Harris, Long and Chimohaski.

July 24.—Headquarters of the Fourth Marines moved from the old headquarters at 118 Sinza Road, to No. 50 Haiphong Road. The new billet is adjacent to the billets of the Green Howards. Building was formerly a Chinese schoolhouse and is well appointed throughout, making an ideal billet and office building.

July 27.—The Officers' Playground baseball team is now leading the Columbia Country Club League with three victories and no defeats. The line-up of the team is: Lieutenants Cockrell and Schneider, catchers; Lieutenant Saunders, pitcher; Colonel Lyman, first base; Lieutenant Lesser, second base; Lieutenant Peffley, shortstop; Lieutenant Marks, third base; Captain Cates and Lieutenants Brown, Esau and Schaeffer, outfielders; Lieutenant Cresswell, roving shortstop.

July 31.—Captain F. R. Armstead won from Lieutenant P. A. Lesser, 1 up, in the final match in the Officers' Golf Tournament.

July 31.—The standings of the teams in the Regimental Baseball League are as follows:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Third Battalion	3	1	.750
First Battalion	2	2	.500
Headquarters	0	3	.000

The Headquarters team of the Regimental Baseball League is piloted by Sergeant Joseph Inferrera, with the following players: Goodwin, Statham, Wever, Longley, Lee, Weatherbee, Howarth, D'Arcangelo, Robertson, Lozer, Perstein, in the line-up.

First Battalion is under the management of 1st Sergeant "Jackie" Fine, with the following players: Byxbe, Bourassa, Johnson, Lewandowski, Beck, Acoam, Long, Chimohaski, Edwards, Hopkins, Bumgarner, Steiner, Covert, Berniski, in the line-up.

Third Battalion is managed by Corporal H. A. Smith (Rugby Smith), and his roster shows: Quigley, Morissette, Schoenert, Slusser, Stoneking, Peterson,

McGrew, Mencener, Hellwig, McBee, Johnson, Roan, as players.

The ten leading hitters in the Regimental Baseball League:

	G	R	H	SB	SH	Ave.
1. Goodwin (Hd.)	5	1	1	1	1	.800
2. Steiner (1st Bat.)	2	0	1	0	0	.500
3. Slusser (3rd Bat.)	11	6	5	2	2	.455
4. McGrew (3rd Bat.)	11	2	4	3	2	.364
5. Lewandowski (1st Bat.)	17	5	6	7	0	.353
6. Chimohaski (1st Bat.)	9	3	3	0	0	.333
7. Lozer (Hd.)	3	1	1	0	0	.333
8. Hopkins (1st Bat.)	10	1	3	3	0	.300
9. Neider (Hd.)	7	1	2	0	0	.286
10. Johnson (1st Bat.)	22	3	6	1	0	.273

The ten leading batters of the Regimental baseball team are:

	AB	R	H	SB	SH	Ave.
1. Fogelman	46	14	21	3	3	.457
2. Capt. Passmore	33	13	13	5	0	.394
3. Pearce	23	4	9	1	1	.391
4. Parsons	20	6	7	2	2	.350
5. Stanton	40	10	13	5	0	.325
6. Mades	32	10	10	3	0	.313
7. Lund	13	2	4	2	0	.303
8. Chapin	26	3	8	0	3	.286
9. Long	7	0	2	0	0	.286
10. Moore	16	4	4	0	1	.250

Pitchers' Records

	G	W	L	Pct.	H	BB	SO	HB
1. Long	2	2	0	1.000	2	4	9	0
2. Kimball	2	2	0	1.000	6	1	5	0
3. Parsons	1	1	0	1.000	12	3	9	0
4. Brown	4	3	1	.750	24	8	38	2
5. Welch	4	2	2	.500	22	3	18	0

The Fourth Marine baseball team has played 13 games so far this season, winning 10 games and losing 3. Their record to date is as follows:

Fourth Marines 13, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" 0.

Fourth Marines 9, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" 0.

Fourth Marines 12, U. S. S. "Henderson" 0.

Fourth Marines 13, Tung Wen (Japanese) 2.

Fourth Marines 6, Naigai (Japanese) 5 (ten innings).

Fourth Marines 2, Matsuyama (Japanese) 3.

Fourth Marines 7, Matsuyama (Japanese) 9.

Fourth Marines 9, Shanghai Amateurs 0.

Fourth Marines 5, Shanghai Amateurs 1 (4th of July championship).

Fourth Marines 1, Naigai (Japanese) 0.

Fourth Marines 9, Shanghai Amateurs 2.

Fourth Marines 6, Union (Japanese) 1.

Fourth Marines 4, Shanghai Amateurs 12.

The Fourth Marines Church, with Chaplain R. W. Truitt, officiating, continues to hold regular Sunday services in the beautiful Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel. The services are largely attended by the personnel of the regiment, also by many civilian friends of the regiment. The Fourth Marines Band under the direction of First Sergeant Raymond G. Jones, holds a regular weekly concert, immediately following the church services.

Private W. J. Hughes, Twenty-eighth Company, a very capable tenor soloist, is in constant demand at these concerts, and renders many delightful numbers with very pleasing effect.



Pvt. Beckett, promising boxer of Fourth Regiment at Shanghai, and holder of Navy championship belt in light-weight division.

fired together. They won the N. R. A. 200-yard Two Man Team Match at Camp Perry in 1928, with a score of 96.

Congratulations are in order, men, upon their long and consistent records and upon their wonderful showings in their last and greatest triumph. Let's give them a great big hand—atta boy!

MARINE BASEBALL AT SAN DIEGO

By Cpl. Cliff House

The 1930 San Diego Marine baseball team, coached by our reputable John Blewett, made a splendid record against service and civilian teams in San Diego County, winning 26 and losing 8 games, and carrying through a 14-week schedule in the strong Inter-County League to finish in second place after setting the pace up to the last few weeks, when the team, crippled through the loss of several valuable players, dropped the title series to Encinitas.

The team finished the season with a batting average of .318, going to bat 978 times, scoring 224 runs against their opponents 154 and getting 311 hits. The fielding average of .943 in 34 games is a good mark considering the soft diamonds performed on this year.

Don Beeson topped the list of sluggers with .438, playing in 25 games, registering 48 hits for a total of 74 sacks; getting eleven doubles, two triples, and four home runs and batting in 48 runs, and to this remarkable record he has eleven stolen bases and is charged with only six strike-outs. Beeson's slugging mate, Carl Parker, has been a consistent threat for the lead with his timely clouting, frightening enough pitchers to earn a .397, and performing in right field and behind the bat. Dinty Moore, the third man in the outfield, handled 29 put outs and two assists for a perfect season afield. Beeson, Parker and Moore, in the outfield, are judged as the fastest and hardest hitting combination seen in action here this year.

A short review of the games played in the latter part of the season is given below.

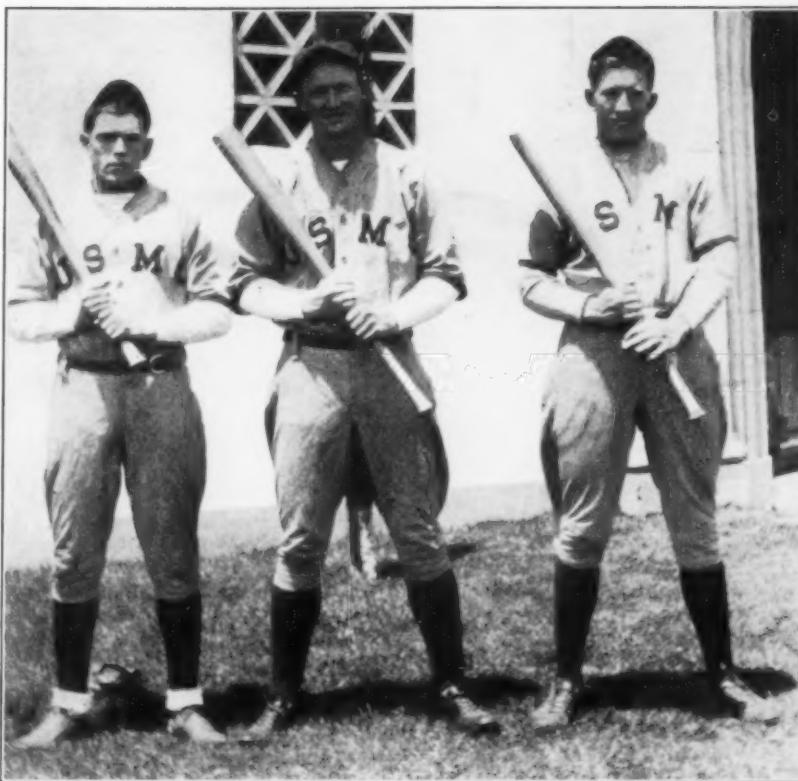
Anapaumo Ranch Stops Marine Nine's Winning Streak

Taking advantage of five costly errors afield in the second, third and fourth cantos, Anapaumo bunched 13 hits off White, Marine pitcher, to go into an eight-run lead and stop the Marines for the first time to the tune of eight to four. The Marines were unable to break the string of goose eggs against Encinitas, Anajaumo's mound ace, until the lucky seventh, when they registered four runs on Sonnenberg's double and singles by Moore, Vitek and Kirsch. Vitek relieved White on the mound for the Marines in the fourth stanza, held the winners scoreless and yielded two hits during the remainder of the game. Kirsch and Moore each collected two singles and Hriszko handled seven assists at shortstop perfectly for the Marines.

The score:

Marines 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0 —4
Anapaumo Ranch 0 2 4 2 0 0 0 0 x—8

Two-base hit—Sonnenberg. Three-base hits—Encinitas, Maldonado. Sacrifice hits—Hriszko, Beeson, Cabrera. Stolen base—Beeson. Base on balls—Off Encinitas, 4; off Vitek, 1. Struck out—By White, 1; by Vitek, 2; by Encinitas,



Fast outfield of Marine Base Team at San Diego. Left to right: Dinty Moore, Don Beeson, and Carl Parker, with a recapitulated batting average of .378. They are now performing with a strong semi-pro team in San Diego.

8. Credit victory to Encinitas. Charge defeat to White. Umpires—Walker and Lee. Time of game, 2:02.

Marines Trim Santa Ana

Scoring their ninth victory in ten starts, the Marines trounced Santa Ana ten to four and tied Encinitas for first position in Inter-County League standings. Parker and Don Beeson were the hitters of the day, each getting a double and two singles. The Marines gave perfect support in the field, collecting 13 bingos, while Joe Vitek and White twirled a creditable game.

The score:

Marines 4 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 4 —10
Santa Ana 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 —4

Two-base hits—Beeson, Parker. Three-base hits—Heard, Pierce. Sacrifice hits—Kirsch, Beeson, Moore. Stolen bases—Wynne, Parker. Base on balls—Off White, 1; off Vitek, 1; off Drysdale, 2. Struck out—By Vitek, 2; by White, 3; by Drysdale, 5. Credit victory to Vitek. Charge defeat to Drysdale. Umpire—Garvelle. Time of game, 2:16.

Marines Lose Hard Contest to Encinitas

Outhitting Encinitas 10 to 8, the Marines made seven errors afield to let in six unearned scores, and dropped the first game of the critical series 7 to 5. Don Beeson, Marine center fielder, starred at bat with a double and triple, accounting for 3 runs. Encinitas tallied one run in the first and two runs in the second stanzas on errors, and again in

the fifth on James' triple. In the sixth Parker singled and scored on Beeson's triple, and Sonnenberg hit safely to score Beeson. In the seventh, eighth and ninth cantos, the Marines threatened to knot the count, twice failing with the sacks crowded. The defeat dropped the Marines to second place.

The score:
Marines 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 —5
Encinitas 1 2 0 0 3 1 0 0 x—7

Two-base hits—Beeson, Pierson. Three-base hits—Beeson, James. Sacrifice hit—Kirsch. Stolen base—Wynne. Left on bases—Marines, 9; Encinitas, 4. Base on balls—Off Vitek, 2; off Pierson, 3. Struck out—By Vitek, 3; by Pierson, 4. Credit victory to Pierson. Charge defeat to Vitek. Umpires—Garvelle and Scott. Time of game, 2:03.

Marines Nose Out Escondido in Eighth 6-5

A three-run rally in the eighth stanza on successive singles by Wynne, Vitek and White knotted the score and the third and winning run scored when Hriszko, Marine shortstop, walked and Kirsch doubled, after Teague hit into a double play. The Leathernecks were unstable in the infield, managing to make four errors. White went the full route, allowing the losers only six safeties and one earned run. Vitek, in right field for the Marines, led the swatters with three singles in three trips, walked once and stole a base. Don Beeson continued his clouting activities with a single and a

double, bringing his batting average to .428 for the season.

The score:
Escondido 0 1 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 —5
Marines 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 3 x—6

Two-base hits—Beeson, Oliver, Hriszko (2). Sacrifice hits—Moore, Bailey, Finney. Stolen bases—Hriszko, Vitek, Coscaract. Left on bases—Marines, 9; Escondido, 5. Base on balls—Off White, 4; off Graves, 4. Struck out—By White, 3; by Graves, 3. Credit victory to White. Charge defeat to Graves. Umpire—Garvelle. Time of game, 2:05.

ENCINITAS CAPTURES TITLE FROM MARINES

With Don Beeson out of the game and Sonnenberg performing crippled on the initial sack, the Marines were far below their usual form and dropped the final league game to Encinitas 7 to 1. Pierson, Encinitas' hurler, allowed only six scattered hits, Parker, the only hitter able to fathom his slants, registering a single and a double. In the eighth Encinitas sent in four runs on five successive singles and a double to put the game on ice.

The score:
Encinitas 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 4 0 —7
Marines 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 —1

Two-base hits—Parker, Wilson, James, Goodwin, Wilkes. Sacrifice hits—Miserer, White. Left on bases—Marines, 12; Encinitas, 9. Base on balls—Off Vitek, 6; off Pierson, 8. Struck out—By Vitek, 2; by Pierson, 5. Credit victory to Pierson. Charge defeat to Vitek. Time of game, 2:13.

FINAL STANDING INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE

	W. L.	Pct.
Encinitas	13 1	.928
Marines	11 3	.786
Anapamu Ranch	9 5	.643
Escondido	9 5	.643
Santa Ana	7 7	.500
Laguna	5 9	.367
Ocean Beach	3 10	.231
San Clemente	0 14	.000

THE PRESIDENT'S HUNDRED

Camp Perry, Ohio.—Eleven riflemen of the U. S. Marine Corps won places in the President's Hundred this year.

This select group of one hundred constitutes the aristocracy of the rifle. What the Round Table meant to Arthur's knights, the President's Hundred means to a marksman. Sergeant R. L. Speers, United States Infantry, of Fort Crook, Nebr., is number one of the group and receives a personal letter from the President of the United States. He scored 146 of a possible 150.

Lieutenant W. J. Whaling, U. S. M. C., was a close second with his score of 145, only one point below the winner. The ten other Marines who placed in this competition were: Cpl. B. A. Evans, Sgt. M. Fisher, Sgt. J. R. Tietz, Captain J. Lienhard, Cpl. A. W. Dumsha, Lieutenant R. T. Presnell, Lieutenant W. W. Davidson, Pvt. E. V. Seeser, Sgt. C. J. Cagle, and Cpl. J. C. Blodgett.

These members of the Hundred are distinguished, wherever they may shoot, by an arm brassard. They are forever "one of the Hundred," and a place on the list is eagerly sought by America's finest rifles. There were 655 contenders for the honor this year.

Service and civilian, high and low, young and old, compete in the President's Match, which is open to any citizen of the United States. A blond youngster named Adams—H. J. Adams, 18, of Fostoria, Ohio—was barely topped by the number one, and finished third. He was the high civilian, winning the Clarke Memorial Trophy.

The national matches are attended by marksmen from every part of the nation, and even from far-away Hawaii and Porto Rico. There are several international events, the championship match of the last two days of the meet being the climax. But there is no match with a more human appeal than the President's, and none that carries such distinction.

SPORTS AT PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

By Corporal L. H. Buss

Labor Day proved to be a smashing success for Parris Islanders. Victory in the baseball game and two out of three wins in the boxing events for Marines over Savannah, Ga., boxers brought the day to a glorious close. Both the ball game and the smoker were attended in force and the Lyceum was packed in the evening with fully fifteen hundred people.

The baseball team swamped Fairfax, Ga., to the tune of 20 to 3. It was a free hitting game with each member of the team getting two or more hits. Jerry Zlamal held Fairfax in check at all times and was given great support in the field. This was victory number 49 for the Island team.

The climax came with the holding of the smoker in the Lyceum. The bouts were high class and crammed with action from bell to bell. Sergeant Jack Silvers put forth every effort to secure the best of outside talent to meet the Island's best and secured three of the best batters obtainable in Savannah.

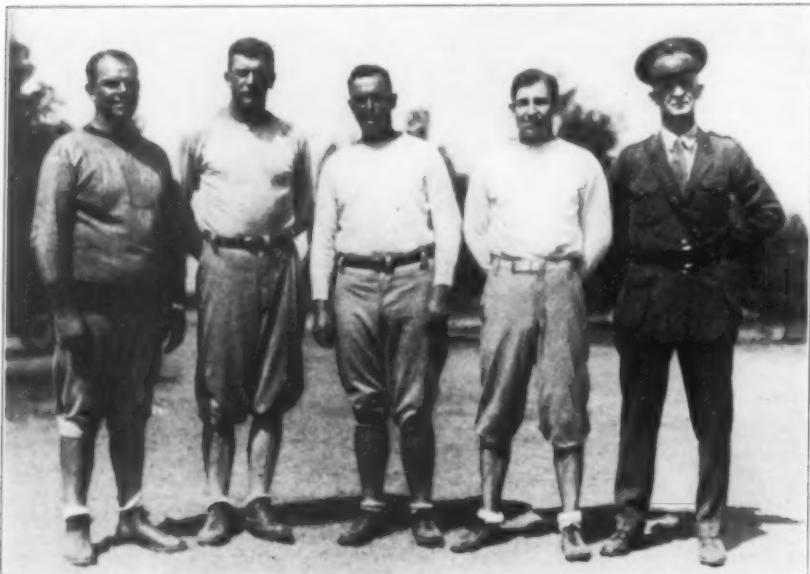
The final bout between Corporal Johnny Jennings of Headquarters Company and "Blondy" Parker of Savannah, was won by Parker after six fast rounds. The margin of victory came only in the last round when Jennings slowed perceptibly from a well directed body attack. Parker outsmarted Johnny on the ropes, a game that Johnny had always found to his advantage until meeting Parker. Both boys gave all they had to make the bout a real one.

The semi-final bout of six rounds between Hancock of "D"-27 and Lee Broushue of Savannah was won by Hancock on a technical knockout in the fourth round. This was a slugging match from the opening gong. Hancock was outweighed by twenty pounds but quickly took advantage of Broushue's clumsy tactics and made him look foolish with his wild swings which found only air and elbows to land on. The sudden end came in the fourth with Broushue attempting a haymaker, missing and catapulting through the ropes only to knock himself out in the fall to the floor.

The best bout of the evening was a six-round between Fairbanks of "D"-27 and Allan Crawford of Savannah. Both boys came in at 125 and proceeded to put the fans on the edge of their chairs with an exhibition of boxing and fighting that hasn't been seen on the Island for some time. Fairbanks scored a knockdown in the fourth but Crawford was up immediately. Each round was close with Fairbanks edging out a close decision. This would be a great headliner on any card and it is predicted that Fairbanks will make a name for himself before his cruise ends.

The two preliminaries were fast and filled with action. In the first Sanders scored a technical knockout over Armstrong in the fourth. Referee Butts stopped the bout to save Armstrong from further punishment. The second preliminary was won by Beatrous over Driscoll. This was a slugging match from start to finish with Beatrous having the best of it. Driscoll led for the first two rounds, but tired rapidly and was an easy mark in the third and fourth.

The Commanding General, Brigadier General Harry Lee, gave a talk to the



THE SAN DIEGO MARINES FOOTBALL COACHING STAFF

Reading left to right: Johnny Blewett, head coach; Captain Harry B. Liversedge, line coach; 1st Lt. George McHenry, assistant coach; 1st Lt. Silard, reserve coach, and Capt. C. McL. Lott, athletic officer.

command just before the bouts commenced on the inception of Labor Day and the progress that organized labor has brought about in the country. At the close of his talk he brought cheers from the crowd with the statement that a new policy would undoubtedly be inaugurated on Parris Island in regard to athletics. Next season will find selected men for all branches of sport being held at Parris Island for at least two seasons. This will enable Parris Island to compete on an equal basis with the leading teams of the South. The lack of a football team on the Island has been felt keenly. Football is probably the major sport in the service at present and Parris Island would bring greater laurels to the Corps with a representative team. Basketball and baseball teams from the Island have always held their own against all comers but football still remains in the dark. It is hoped that the time isn't far off when football will again make an appearance on Lee Field.

The credit for a large measure of the success of the smoker must go to those who handled the various details. Supply Sergeant Charles Butts refereed in great style and showed professional familiarity in the ring. The judging was done by Captain J. A. McDonald, First Lieutenant J. D. Humphrey and Chief Quartermaster Clerk E. C. Smith. Cigarettes were furnished to all who came by the Post Exchange. This was undoubtedly the most successful smoker of the season and the enlisted personnel, as well as the officers, their families and families of civilian employees on the Island, extend their thanks and appreciation to those who made this gala day possible.

GENERAL DUNLAP'S MARINES TO PLAY 11-GAME SCHEDULE

Start Season With Olympic Club in North.

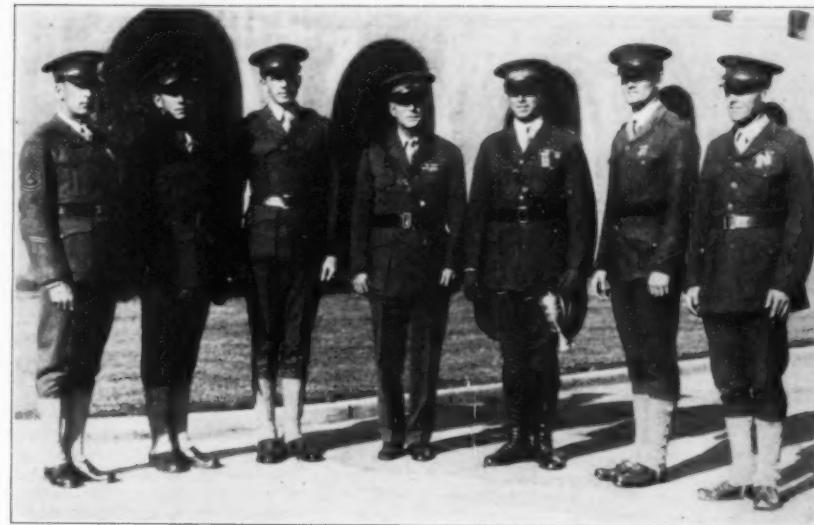
An elaborate and strenuous schedule of 11 games faces the Marine Corps football team during the coming season, according to the season's plans announced by Brig. Gen. Robert H. Dunlap through Captain C. McL. Lott, athletic officer at the San Diego Base.

Starting off their campaign Sept. 21 when they meet the strong Olympic club team, composed of former college stars, at Kezar Stadium, San Francisco, the Devil Dogs will be busy facing foes until Nov. 28, when they tangle with the Submarines at Navy Field, San Diego.

On Sept. 27, Coach Johnnie Blewett's team will engage St. Ignatius College, whose grid squads have been coming into prominence during the last few seasons. This game will also be played on the Kezar Stadium gridiron.

Following their northern journey, the Leathernecks will come back to San Diego to play the U. S. S. "Tennessee," runner-up for the Battle Fleet honors last year, Oct. 4, in a night game at Navy Field. After that booking, Blewett's charges will oppose the Longshoremen Athletic Club at Long Beach, Oct. 12, and then five-successive games will be held on the local field.

Oct. 19 has been set aside for a tilt with an unnamed battleship team. The West Coast Army will come south Oct.



The San Diego Marines 1930 Tennis Team snapped with Brigadier General R. H. Dunlap after the presentation of 11th Naval District perpetual trophy at weekly sunset parade. Reading left to right: 1st Sgt. Brownell, Cpl. Jimmy Dean, Pfc. Callahan, Brig. Gen. R. H. Dunlap, 1st Lt. George W. McHenry (team captain), Cpl. Donald Beeson and Sgt. Ed. Shaft. In 18 matches the team suffered only two defeats and won the first leg on the beautiful trophy.

26 to face the Devil Dogs in one of the games that will decide the Pacific coast service championship; the College of Pacific will be here Nov. 8; the U. S. S. "California," Nov. 11, and Santa Clara, Nov. 16. The following Sunday, the Marines will head for Los Angeles to face the Los Angeles Fire Department team which is coached by Johnnie Blewett's brother, Bill. Following is the complete schedule, which was made out through the cooperation of General Dunlap, Captain Lott and Blewett.

Sept. 21, Olympic Club at San Francisco; Sept. 27, St. Ignatius at San Francisco; Oct. 4, U. S. S. "Tennessee" at San Diego; Oct. 12, Longshoremen Athletic Club at Long Beach; Oct. 19, battleship team (not yet selected) at San Diego; Oct. 26, West Coast Army at San Diego; Nov. 8, College of Pacific at San Diego; Nov. 11, U. S. S. "California" at San Diego; Nov. 16, Santa Clara University at San Diego; Nov. 23, Los Angeles Firemen; Nov. 29, Submarines at San Diego.

—The San Diego Union.

"NEW YORK" MARINES WIN INTER-DIVISIONAL INDOOR BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

By Private Robert A. Smith

As soon as the U. S. S. "New York" had one line over and was ready for her three-month stay at the Bremerton Navy Yard, the physical director of the Navy Y. M. C. A., Mr. Thor E. Eriksen, was in touch with Ensign Gallery and there was organized an indoor baseball league consisting of a team for every division on the ship, or eighteen clubs in all. There were at stake several trophies. All teams started strenuous training and the eliminations. Competition grew keener as the season progressed and a few of the weaker teams eliminated themselves by not playing championship caliber

ball. Finally the Marine Detachment and the Fifth Division were left to play off the finals. Two out of three.

In the first game, the Marines swept the Fifth off the lot with a score of 11-6. Nothing to it. The umpire for the finals was the "Judge Landis" of the league and, as umpires always are, was as unfair to both sides as possible. His rank of ensign saved him from the onslaught. A few close decisions marked his efforts. In the second game a 4-4 tie was broken by the Fifth Division in the last of the ninth on a Marine wild throw and the game score was two all. Next day was the play-off. With the umpire full of bad decisions and both teams ready to win, the game ran to the first of the sixth 2-0 against the sea-soldiers. Silk of the Marines singled, Cobler singled and Coates singled. Mighty Griffith hit a beautiful two-bagger and two men came in, making the score even—2-2. On it went to the last of the twelfth in which inning a mistake in judgment and a wild throw on the part of the Fifth Division netted the winning run to Cobler of the Marine Corps and the umpire called "game."

As a result of this victory, the Marine detachment will be allowed to keep for one year the indoor baseball trophy. Also the names of the members of the winning team will be engraved on the Jorgens Nelson silver shield and the shield kept by the Marines in their part of the ship forever. Corporal R. H. Stafford will be awarded the Y. M. C. A. silver statuette of a baseball pitcher for being adjudged the best pitcher of indoor baseball, while Private First Class F. A. Silk will get the baseball autographed by Babe Ruth and the World's Champion Athletics and Chicago White Sox, for having been the best all-around base runner.

The season was very enjoyable and this indoor baseball gave exercise to more men than any other system.



When this edition of The Leatherneck will have reached you, the Eighth Annual Convention of the Marine Corps League will be approximately five weeks off. And what have you done about it?

It is the duty of every detachment commandant to ascertain at the October meeting just who are available for delegates, vote on them, forward the names to National Headquarters and receive the necessary credentials. This should be done not later than the second week in October and if the regular meeting of the detachment falls later than that time, a special meeting should be called.

The National Commandant is mindful of the fact that present conditions have placed many of our members among the unemployed and that many others are prevented for various reasons from attending the convention, but from those who can, he expects the utmost in loyalty and cooperation by their presence in the convention city. So much for that.

As you already know, St. Louis Detachment will be the host this year in the Mound City, November 6, 7 and 8. The Hotel Statler, Washington Avenue at Ninth and St. Charles Streets, will be the official headquarters for the convention. Delegations which make their reservations in advance will be given special consideration.

The convention committee, headed by Abe Moulton, is arranging everything for your comfort and entertainment including a concert by the United States Marine Band.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT CLAM BAKE AND FIELD DAY SCORES ANOTHER SUCCESS

The Marines of Albany and the surrounding area put over another winner with their fifth annual clam bake and field day on Sunday, Sept. 7, at George's Place, Western Avenue and Schenectady Road. The day was ideal as far as the weather was concerned, the food was tasty and plentiful, the attendance was large, more than 200 Leathernecks and their families being on hand, and there was not a dull moment from arrival to departure.

The merrymakers commenced to assemble in the shady grove about 10 A. M. just as the committee had completed preparations for their comfort and entertainment. Autos continued to arrive singly and in pairs until noon, when a delicious breakfast was served. Following this the crowd repaired to the grotto where Grant Culver, Leon Walker and Dan Conway presided over the wheel of fortune. There were blankets, groceries, smokes, candies and what not piled high on the huge tables and the lucky ones began carrying the "loot" away until some of the autos resembled delivery trucks. This continued intermittently all day.

At intervals, Chris Cunningham summoned the gathering to the open field

By Frank X. Lambert
National Chief of Staff

where various athletic contests were held. There were running races for boys, girls, men and women for which handsome prizes were awarded. The men's race developed considerable comedy when one of the contestants insisted on making a speech just before the gun was fired and was left at the post. The three-legged race also drew a big laugh when some of the partners entertained different ideas as to tempo and direction, resulting in several individual tugs-of-war. The fat men's race was called off because the six entrants were so full of chow they could hardly walk, much less run. The baseball game between the married men and their more fortunate brothers was cancelled for similar reasons.

The races were followed by dancing in the spacious pavilion and chow call for the big bake was sounded at 5 P. M. The next two hours were given over to feasting. There was chowder, baked and raw clams in unlimited quantities, relishes, white and sweet potatoes, golden bantam corn, country sausages, chicken, watermelon and coffee, with bumpers of the amber brew. More dancing completed the day and the revelers departed for home at dusk, a tired but happy lot.

Your correspondent made the 150-mile trip from the metropolis to be in on the festivities and, as usual, enjoyed every minute of it. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Cunningham were hosts at a house party on the evening preceding the bake and upheld the traditional Hudson-Mohawk hospitality in noble style.

Captain Paul F. Howard, also of New York Detachment No. 1, County Adjutant of the American Legion, stopped off at Albany on his way down from the Legion State Convention at Saratoga to attend the bake and admitted he had the time of his life.

National Vice Commandant Maurice Illich, who recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe, as usual was one of the most ardent workers for the success of the bake. Besides transporting Captain Howard and myself to and from the grove in his Willys-Knight, Maurice gave the committee a hand with the various details and was a generous patron of the wheel of fortune.

Ed. Schwind, the good old stand-by, was another busy Marine. Whenever Hudson-Mohawk puts over something big Ed is always in the thick of it.

Commandant Chet Bates and H. C. Edgerton, the "Old Warrior," two of the faithful workers of the detachment, were unable to attend because of business engagements that could not be broken. We missed them plenty.

An imposing sight at the gathering was the array of autos in the parking space facing the main road which flashed

the metal Marine emblem radiator device. That's the time the Marines told it to somebody else.

Two of the luckiest players at the wheel were Mrs. Cunningham, mother of the energetic adjutant, who won enough blankets to keep the entire family warm, not to mention groceries sufficient to keep them fed up all winter, and Don Jacobs, who added to his supply of blankets, groceries and candy a consignment of canned beans equal to the monthly ration of a regiment of Marines.

When bigger and better parties are put over, Albany does it. Now, bring on your stag. We'll be there.

CARL W. BAUDE DETACHMENT REVIVED IN LOUISVILLE

Following a long struggle during which many obstacles were met and overcome, Carl W. Baude Detachment of Louisville, Kentucky, is being converted into a real live detachment, starting with fifty-six active members. Sergt. M. J. Dwire, U. S. M. C., is in temporary charge pending readjustment of the official staff. Sergeant Dwire will head a delegation from Louisville to the St. Louis convention. L. B. Keyer and L. B. Jones were the most recent members to join the detachment.

THE "OLD WARRIOR" REALIZES VALUE OF THE LEATHERNECK AND BOOSTS THE LEAGUE

Since my last writing, I have become a subscriber to The Leatherneck again after an absence of two or three years and during that time have missed a great deal concerning the activities of the League.

The main object of this writing is in the most vital interests of the League by way of the signing up of Marines honorably discharged; I have noticed quite a few that I have come in contact with who are not in the League and it is of them I write and hope this article will, in some manner, reach them.

My first question to those has always been "Are you in the League?" and some answers were given such as "I am a member of the U. S. W. V." or "I am with the V. F. W." or "I am a member of so many organizations I have no time to get to all." To these I have given my views and to the point. Here is what I have said, in substance: The U. S. W. V., the V. F. W., organizations are O. K. and are good bodies to affiliate with, but having served in the Marine Corps, how can you refrain from signing up with the League? That particular body is yours in preference to all others. When you were in active service, did you not form an attachment with some "buddy" and cement a strong friendship that come what may, you would risk your very life to shield and if, perhaps, you have not met that buddy in years or left his body on "Flanders Field" in

France, the Philippines, in Cuba, China, Haiti, Nicaragua or anywhere the Corps has served? The memories of such an attachment is seldom found in any other branch of the service and just what it consists of is hard and almost unexplainable. Such has been my personal experience for two others with myself, all from the same city and former members of the State military force, enlisted together in the Corps way back in the '70's. One died at Washington and the other served his thirty years, was discharged or retired as a gunnery-sergeant but lived only two years after to enjoy civil life. At the first issue of the League's grave markers, of which I was the designer, I placed one on his grave although he was not in the League for it had not been formally organized. I was determined his last resting place should be recognized for all time as having been A MARINE.

This is one instance only, but I do not doubt there are many similar cases and that is the main reason why Marines should give preference to membership in a Marine veteran organization. Tell me, why should a Marine stay out of the League? There are many who are not affiliated with the League and a Provost Marshal should be appointed to round up every one not a member. I hold membership in another veteran body but my affections are with the League and if given choice, would say "The Marine Corps League is my preference above all others." So "Strike up the Band" with "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and sign up at the first listening-post you find with a detachment of the League.

To have been with the Marines in the places already mentioned, not forgetting Mont Blanc, Belleau Wood, Argonne Forest and the like, you cannot afford to remain out of the ranks. The record made by the Corps since its inception has never been equalled by any other branch either in this country or any other and it is a mighty proud boast to say "I served with the Marines"; whether you served during troublous times or when there was nothing doing, your place is in the ranks of the League. Snap up to it; shake a leg and send in your application without delay. Were I conditioned, it would be a pleasure to visit all cities with the determination to round up every Marine for the League. LET'S GO.

Who remembers the following that was handed me in the late '70's when the U. S. S. "Franklyn" returned from the European station:

Come all ye tender-hearted ones
And lend a pitying ear;
The story of me troubles
Will cause ye many a tear;
For me heart is broke entirely
And I'm weeping all the day,
Since me love Teddy sailed away,
On the big ship "Tennessee."

The last time I saw me love,
Was in the month of June;
He was waving an empty duff-bag,
From the mizzen sky sail boom;
Crying "Fare ye well, dear Molly,
I am bound far away,
To munch salt horse and hard tack,
On the big ship 'Tennessee'."

I received a letter from Teddy,
T'was dated at Singapore;
Saying "Molly, if I get home again,
I never will roam no more;

Bad luck to the day I left ye
To cross the raging sea,
For now I'm a for-c'sle sweeper
On the big ship "Tennessee."

Last night as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed that Teddy, the beast,
Was making love to a heathen girl,
In a country way in the East;
But divil a care I'd care at all,
If he'd only left me half pay.
He might fly to the divil wid all the rest
On the big ship "Tennessee."

H. C. EDGERTON,
The "Old Warrior."

OUTSTANDING FACTS IN HISTORY OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS

No. 1.

The Marine Corps traces its origin back to 1775, when the Corps was first organized by an act of the Continental Congress.

Marines fought their first important action in the Bahamas in 1776, when they helped storm the British forts at New Providence.

Marines fought in many sea engagements of the Revolution and lost forty-nine killed and wounded in the battle between John Paul Jones' frigate "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis," in 1779. They fought under Washington at Trenton and Princeton.

Marines fought Mediterranean pirates in 1805 and raised Old Glory over the pirate stronghold at Derne in Tripoli, the first time the Stars and Stripes were flown over a fortress of the Old World.

Marines took part in the battles on Lake Champlain and Lake Erie in the War of 1812; were with Winder at Bladensburg and General Jackson at New Orleans.

Marines began a campaign against pirates in the West Indies in 1821 that freed the Caribbean of the free-booters who preyed on commerce.

C. O. POT-SHOOTING BARRED—RIDE 'EM COWBOY FOR LIQUOR

The following GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 2 was issued at Fort Riley, Kansas, October 25, 1842:

1. Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in the direction of the Commanding Officer's quarters.

2. The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of Rye Whiskey.

3. Student officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.

4. Attention of all officers is called to par. 107, A. R., in which it provides under uniform regulations that all officers will wear beards.

NATIONAL ADJUTANT REVIEWS THE LEAGUE CONVENTIONS OF OTHER YEARS

By A. Ernest Beeg

Following the custom each year to review the national conventions of the Marine Corps League that have occurred in the past, not only for memory sake, but to note the progress the organization has made in the seven years of its existence, we will hark back to the first national all-Marine caucus, by which name it was designated on June 5-6, 1923, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, in New

York City, with an excellent representation of Marines located in Buffalo, Pelham, Pittsburgh and many other cities in addition to the large number attending from New York.

The outcome was the election of Major General John Archer Lejeune as National Commandant, Ray C. Sawyer of New York as National Adjutant and Raymond Will of New York, paymaster. These composed the working staff to represent National Headquarters.

The second national convention was held in Washington, D. C., on November 10th and 11th, 1924, at which time Major General John A. Lejeune was again re-elected to office as National Commandant, Ray C. Sawyer as National Adjutant and Raymond Will as Paymaster. Colonel James C. Breckinridge, U. S. M. C., presided over this convention which was held in the band hall at the Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Streets, S. E. Colonel Breckinridge served as National Chief of Staff of the Marine Corps League, being appointed during the early part of the administration, with the advice and consent of the National Staff, then composed of the National Commandant, four National Vice Commandants, National Chaplain, Adjutant and Paymaster. It was during this year that the writer learned about the League and served as secretary to the National Chief of Staff, the lone clerk of the organization.

At the Second National Convention The Leatherneck was adopted as the official organ of the League. It was further adopted that the League have a lapel button and that National Headquarters issue charters to its detachments. These two items were of big importance to the organization at that time, and many looked forward to larger memberships and detachments. The Paymaster reported approximately 400 memberships paid in full and fifteen active detachments. Even though very small, it was an excellent beginning.

It may be well to recall at this time that the oldest detachment in the organization, considered the foundation of the League, is New York, No. 1.

The attendance at the second national convention included members from New York, Baltimore, Houston, Louisville, Wilkes-barre, Pittsburgh, and Buffalo. There may have been a few others that I have missed. The approximate representation was one hundred.

Our third national convention was held at Philadelphia, Penna., on November 10th and 11th, 1925. This convention yielded one of the most important factors of the organization, not only the re-election of General Lejeune and Major Joseph C. Fegan as National Adjutant, but the passing of the resolution that the Marine Corps League raise the sum of six thousand dollars toward the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. The reports of the paymaster and adjutant for the year showed a marked increase in membership and detachments. The final adoption was made to receive the Leatherneck with the years national dues and drawing in of the memberships from the active service. With these excellent resolutions the organization continued towards its goal of success.

Major Fegan was appointed National Adjutant during the administrative year, upon the resignation of Ray C. Sawyer, and Acors Thompson, National Paymas-

ter for that year was successor to Raymond Will.

It was during the following year after the convention that the writer was appointed National Paymaster, with additional duties of secretary to the National Adjutant.

Cleveland seemed to be a lively convention, and it was held in the early part of November of 1926. Here is where the business of the organization began to perk up. The by-laws were changed from four national vice commandants to seven, which stand at present. The vice commandants were designated as division vice commandants and each allotted a certain territory to compose his working area. The reports of the National Adjutant and Paymaster showed a continued increase in membership and detachments.

The Belleau Wood Memorial Fund had been completed including the League's share of \$6,000 toward the welfare of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association. General Lejeune again assumed office as National Commandant. Major Joseph C. Fegan and the National Paymaster were also re-elected to office for the coming year. We departed in excellent spirits and with more ideas to put to the test and the newly elected division officers. The close brought the fifth national convention to Erie, Penna.

Erie convention brought forth many more benefits for the organization and was opened with General Lejeune presiding during the early part of the session, who later turned over the gavel to W. Karl Lations, our present National Commandant.

At Erie the League adopted the official grave marker, which was designed by Mr. R. C. Edgerton, now known to us as the "Old Warrior" in his many transcripts of his early days in the Corps. Albany did most of the talking and the subject was broached, though dropped at this convention, to have a civilian commandant, with the sole idea in mind that the organization in the hands of a civilian group could continue the rapid progress. Erie brought in several new ideas, one of which was the adoption of a permanent ritual and by-laws for the organization, and committees were appointed to bring this matter to the attention of the next national convention.

The hardest battle fought on the floor of the Erie Convention was the place of the next convention. This matter finally rested between Dallas and Cincinnati. The final vote revealed that our convention would be held in Dallas on November 2nd and 3rd, 1928.

At Dallas, down in the southern territory, the northern boys gathered, and it was a gathering. Here the ritual and by-laws were finally adopted. Paul Sheely, now Assistant National Adjutant, read them over several times for the convention and two solid days were spent in getting together the information. The hardest fight was over the point as to whether or not the reserves were eligible for membership. Lieutenant Harvey B. Alban held the floor for several hours.

The adoption of the call name "Gyrene" was vigorously contested by a member who, however, was overridden by a majority vote of the organization. The national dues were raised to \$2.25 per member and the work continued to make The Lejeune the official magazine.

The election placed General Lejeune

at the head again with Major Joseph C. Fegan, National Adjutant, and A. Ernest Beeg again reappointed Paymaster. This year revealed losses in membership and detachments. However, determination to continue lead us on. The vote went to Cincinnati for the seventh convention on October 25 and 26th, 1929. Major General Wendell C. Neville, now deceased, resigned from office and Mr. W. Karl Lations was installed as Commandant. A. Ernest Beeg resumed as Adjutant and Paymaster and Frank X. Lambert appointed National Chief of Staff, and Paul A. Sheely, Assistant National Adjutant. This composed the working staff for 1930.

The delegation decided to start the Marine Memorial fund under way, and voted to reduce national dues to \$1.50 per year, with the lapel button issued free. The by-laws were not changed, and much time was devoted to the election of officers, also the adoption of the Marine Memorial fund and purchasing property in France for our objective.

The membership maintained the same stay as in the year past and the Lejeune was disbanded. However, with progressive information at hand we proceeded on another cruise.

St. Louis, and then what, and where?

NEW LEAGUE MEMBERS

The following new members recently joined the League:

George W. Budde Detachment, Cincinnati, Ohio, William Deiss.

Fargo-Moorhead Detachment, Fargo, North Dakota, Elmer Norby.

Portis Detachment, Birmingham, Ala., W. H. Smith.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Albany, N. Y., Gerald H. Austin.

Carl W. Baude Detachment, Louisville, Ky., L. B. Keyer and L. B. Jones.

DETACHMENT ACTIVITIES

Commandant Christian J. Bannick of Cleveland, Ohio, Detachment, has notified National Commandant Lations that his detachment will renew their activities at the first fall meeting this month and plan to be represented at the St. Louis convention.

"Doc" Clifford has changed his address to Star Route, DeLand, Florida.

Owing to the serious condition prevailing in the matter of unemployment, New York Detachment No. 1 has cancelled the bi-monthly ladies night buffet supper dance for September. The dances will be resumed when conditions improve.

Commandant E. C. Nurss of Oil City, Pa., Detachment, also reports suppressed activities due to unemployment among members and prospective members.

SEND THAT LEAGUE NEWS TO—
Mr. Frank X. Lambert
3671 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Harry A. Holley of Syracuse, N. Y., Detachment, has informed Commandant Lations that he is making preparations to attend the St. Louis convention.

Robert Mead of Crucible, Pa., who recently completed two enlistments in the Marine Corps and was discharged with the rank of Corporal, has requested information relative to the League with the prospect of becoming a member. The information was forwarded by National Headquarters.

How about a few lines from Buffalo? Not a line from them in two months.

And the same may be said of Newark, Syracuse and several other detachments. If you want publicity you will have to let us know what you are doing.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment will hold their annual ball at the Hotel Ten Eyck in Albany on Thanksgiving Eve. Delegations are expected to attend from Syracuse, Worcester, New York City and Newark, N. J.

COLUMNIST TAKES LIBERTIES WITH THE MARINES' HYMN

Credit the following to "The Sun Dial," New York Evening Sun.

"(The Tom Thumb golf course which the President has at his Rapidan camp was constructed by the United States Marines.)—News item.)

Marines' Hymn Revised

I.

From the halls of Montezuma

To the shores of Tripoli

We fought our country's battles

On the land and on the sea;

But when battles they are lacking

And the world to peace pacts leans

Who builds golf links for Herb Hoover?—

The United States Marines!

II.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze

From dawn to setting sun,

We have fought in every clime and place

Where we could take a gun;

When work is done 'neath shot and shell

(Or on the putting greens)

You will always find us on the job—

The United States Marines!

III.

From the pest hole of Cavite

To the "ninth" at Rapidan

You will hear 'em shouting for us

When they need a handy man;

We're the watchdogs of a coalpile

Or we dig a magazine

And we build a Tom Thumb golf course

During moments in between.

IV.

From the School of Application

To the Shores of Subig Bay

We've avoided golf and golfers

In a most ingenious way,

But this half-pint course for Hoover

Is the hottest stunt we've seen.

It's an answer to the question—

Why the hell is a Marine?

V.

Here's a health to the Marine Corps

And a health to Hoover, too!

Helping him perfect his putting

Is a thing we're proud to do.

But the job it ain't exciting

And we hope it never means

Any permanent assignment

For United States Marines!

THE GAZETTE

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Thos. C. Turner.
Lt. Col. Ralph S. Keyser.
Maj. Raphael Griffin.
Capt. Wm. J. Wallace.
1st Lt. David K. Claude.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Thos. C. Turner.
Lt. Col. Ralph S. Keyser.
Maj. Raphael Griffin.
Capt. Harvey B. Alban.
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

AUGUST 14, 1930.

Colonel James T. Buttrick, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to report on September 1st.

1st Lt. Vernon M. Guymon, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, California.

1st Lt. Carl W. Meigs, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than September 2nd.

2nd Lt. Benjamin P. Kaiser, Jr., detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," sailing from Shanghai on or about September 6th.

2nd Lt. Paul Moret, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to report not later than August 20th.

2nd Lt. Nels H. Nelson, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk Navy Yard, for treatment.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty at the stations indicated:

Major George H. Osterhout, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 1st Lt. Daniel R. Fox, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 1st Lt. William H. Hollingsworth, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; Ch. Qm. Cik. David C. Buscall, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; Ch. Pay Cik. Allan A. Zarracina, MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.; Ch. Pay Cik. John W. Lytle, MD, AL, Peiping, China.

AUGUST 15th, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 16th, 1930.

1st Lt. Francis L. Fenton, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

2nd Lt. James R. Hester, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

2nd Lt. Nels H. Nelson, on discharge from treatment Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

AUGUST 18th, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 19th, 1930.

Major Joseph D. Murray, detached Recruiting District, Boston, Mass., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via S. S. "Ecuador," sailing from New York, N. Y., on September 13, 1930.

Captain Lester A. Dessez, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Raymond J. Bartholomew, on August 31, 1930, detached Recruiting District, Dallas, Texas, to MD, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada.

Captain Henry S. Hausmann, on or about September 1, 1930, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Parrish Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Emery E. Larson, on September 1, 1930, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

AUGUST 20th, 1930.

Colonel Robert V. Rhea, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Lt.-Col. Walter E. Noa, AQM, on reporting of relief about October 15, 1930, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific.

Lt.-Col. Edward W. Banker, AQM, on October 1, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Major Bennet Buryear, Jr., AQM, on October 1, 1930, detached Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Edwin P. McCaulley, AQM, on August 21, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

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via S. S. "President McKinley," sailing Seattle, Wash., on September 6, 1930.

1st Lt. George J. O'Shea, on August 31, 1930, detached Garde d'Haiti, Haiti, to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to report September 8, 1930.

AUGUST 21, 1930.

Major John Q. Adams, detached 1st Brigade, Haitian, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. Captain Harry W. Gamble, on completion temporary duty Camp Perry, about September 16, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, California.

1st Lt. Frederick W. Diehl, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Recruiting District, Dallas, Texas.

The following named officers of the Marine Corps were promoted on August 19th, to the ranks indicated:

Colonel Walter E. Noa to rank from August 1, 1930; Lt.-Col. John R. Henley, to rank from August 1, 1930; Major Lloyd L. Leech, to rank from August 1, 1930; Captain William C. Hall, to rank from July 1, 1930; Captain James W. Flett, to rank from June 29, 1930; Captain Marvin Scott, to rank from June 1, 1930; Captain Joseph F. Burke, to rank from May 12, 1930; Captain George A. Plambeck, to rank from November 6, 1929; 1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade, to rank from January 16, 1930; 1st Lt. Wilbert S. Brown, to rank from June 1, 1930; 1st Lt. Theodore B. Millard, to rank from June 29, 1930; Chief Mar. Gnr. Fred O. Brown, to rank from October 18, 1929.

AUGUST 22, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 23, 1930.

Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, appointed Brigadier General to rank from July 9, 1930. About August 25, 1930, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

Captain Albert W. Paul, on September 22, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

AUGUST 26, 1930.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 27, 1930.

Colonel Dickinson P. Hall, on September 2, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Washington.

Captain Joseph Jackson, about September 15, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

2nd Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Sapelo," sailing Hampton Roads, Va., on September 10, 1930.

2nd Lt. James R. Hester, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Sapelo," sailing Hampton Roads, Va., on September 10, 1930.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Frank E. Davis, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

AUGUST 28, 1930.

Colonel Richard S. Hooker, detached MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, via S. S. "President Cleveland," scheduled to sail Seattle, October 4, 1930.

Captain Jonas H. Platt, on September 2, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. William E. Quaster, on reporting relief detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Henry R. Paige, present orders modified on expiration of delay ordered to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Albert L. Gardner, detached MD, NAS, Seattle, Washington, to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Nitro," sailing Puget Sound September 20, 1930.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. John S. McNulty, on September 2, 1930, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST 30, 1930.

1st Lt. William D. Bassett, on or about September 4, 1930, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti, via U. S. S. "Kittery," sailing Hampton Roads October 4, 1930.

1st Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, promoted to first lieutenant.

1st Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine, promoted to first lieutenant.

2nd Lt. Frederick G. Lippert, detached MB, SB, New London, Conn., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Venezuela," sailing New York September 27, 1930.

2nd Lt. William F. Parks, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Sapelo," sailing Hampton Roads, September 10, 1930.

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, about September 15, 1930, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to 2nd

Brigade, Nicaragua, via S. S. "Venezuela," sailing New York September 27, 1930.

2nd Lt. Robert C. Ballance, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via S. S. "Venezuela," sailing New York September 27, 1930.

2nd Lt. Milo R. Carroll, about September 15, 1930, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via S. S. "Venezuela," sailing New York September 27, 1930.

2nd Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, orders to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Sapelo," sailing Hampton Roads, September 10, 1930, revoked.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Harry S. Young, on reporting Chf. Qm. Clk. A. P. Hastings, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Chf. Qm. Clk. John D. Brady, about October 15, 1930, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Alton P. Hastings, on or about September 15, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

Qm. Clk. Landreville Ledoux, about September 15, 1930, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1930.

Captain Arthur H. Page, died September 1, 1930, of injuries received in airplane crash.

Captain William K. Snyder, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain George Bower, APM, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. James Snedeker, detached NAS, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

The following officers detached stations indicated to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua:

Captain Oliver A. Dow from MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Luce from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Irving E. Odgers from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Lyman G. Miller from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Jesse E. Stamper from MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. John F. Evans from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following officers detached stations indicated to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, Nicaragua:

1st Lt. Albert R. Bourne from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. James O. Brauer from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. John H. Coffman from MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1930.

Captain George P. Doane, APM, on September 8th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr, the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Galveston," transferred to the U. S. S. "Fulton," under command of 1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr.

1st Lt. Lawrence T. Burke, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Ernest E. Pollock, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Milo R. Carroll, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, revoked.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1930.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1930.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1930.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1930.

Captain Louis E. Woods, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on September 15th.

2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

DEATHS

FAROBENT. Joseph Daniel, Private, died August 12, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia. Next of kin: Private Florian F. Farobent, Company "D," 33rd Infantry, Fort Clayton, Canal Zone.

FREEMAN. Norman Gregg, Sergeant, died August 2, 1930, at Jinotega, Nicaragua, of wounds received in action July 28, 1930, near Las Cruces, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. Henry L. Freeman, father, 958 South Market Street, Galion, Ohio.

KROTHA. Ralph William, Private, died August 8, 1930, of injuries received in an automobile accident, at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Martha Krothe, mother, 397 Lafayette Avenue, Sharon, Pennsylvania.

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LARKIN, William Francis, Corporal, died August 8, 1930, at Port au Prince, Haiti. Next of kin: John Larkin, father, 32 Highland Street, Peabody, Massachusetts.

DECKER, Wess Haywood, Private First Class, F. M. C. R., inactive, died August 13, 1930. Next of kin: Claude Decker, father, Tiptonville, Tennessee.

EVANS, Cordia Virgil, Private, V. M. C. R., inactive, died June 13, 1930, at Seattle, Washington, of injuries received in a railroad accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Fern Evans, wife, Monroe, Washington.

LEE, Myron Long, Private, V. M. C. R., inactive, died August 3, 1930, of injuries received in a railroad accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Irene L. Lee, wife, 1629 Central Avenue, N. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

COSTELLO, John, Sergeant Major, retired, died August 23, 1930, of cerebral hemorrhage, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Agnes Freymuth, sister, 1092 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Captain John Daniel Lockburner—Automobile Mech.

Captain Jesse Lee Perkins—French.

Captain Walter Sweet—French.

1st Lt. Frederick Wagner Biehl—French.

1st Lt. Ernest Edward Linsert—Spanish.

2nd Lt. Archibald D. Abel—Spanish.

2nd Lt. Frank Peter Pyzick—Aeroplane Engines.

Sgt. Daniel Joseph Donahoe—Accountancy and CPA Coaching.

Sgt. Paul Raymond Kasko—C. S. Bookkeeping.

Cpl. Joseph Anthony Baresch—Complete Architectural.

Cpl. Bennet Matthew Bolton—High School Math.

Cpl. Clarence Ervin Brown—Diversified Farming for the South.

Cpl. Albert John Gove—Good English.

Cpl. Robert Tracy Hartel—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Clarence Willard Henry—Radio.

Cpl. Dale DeVerne Kier—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Cpl. Basil Louis James Pitzen—Reading Architect's Blueprints.

Cpl. Basil Louis James Pitzen—Carpentry and Millwork.

Cpl. Leslie Randolph Ralphs—Good English.

Cpl. Nathan Norman Sadoff—C. S. Clerk Carrier.

Cpl. Michael Theodore Sharak—Aviation Engin-

gines.

Cpl. Richard Harry Smith—Aviation Engines.

Cpl. John Wasick—Farm Crops.

Pfc. David M. Burke—Traffic Management.

Pfc. Oliver R. Borders—Poultry Farming.

Pfc. Leonard L. Hancock—Aeroplane Engines.

Pfc. Herald V. Hancock—Diversified Farming.

Pfc. William S. Hunt—Good English.

Pfc. Vincent J. Mancuso—Accountancy and C.

A. Coaching.

Pfc. Clarence E. Thomas—Carpenter's Special.

Pvt. Ralph D. Bent—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Florence V. Burns—Business Correspondence.

Pvt. Doil O. Elliott—Carpenter's Special.

Pvt. Albert W. Hickey—Spanish.

Pvt. Ira V. L. Petenbrink—Automobile Mechanic's.

Pvt. George R. Ruppel, Jr.—Automobile Electric Equipment.

Pvt. John A. Reding—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. George H. Weitz—Aviation Engines.

THE RIGHT PEOPLE
(Continued from page 3)

me, but I'll do my best to keep my secret. Because you might be unhappy about it."

Which was all Helen got out of Charlie that morning.

"It's all right about that dinner invitation," said Charlie, when he came home at night. "We are to dine with my friend and his wife tomorrow evening at 7:30."

"Then you'll tell me now, I hope, who he is."

"Why, yes, I guess so. His name is Vandergelt." Helen's eyes opened wide—her mouth, too.

"Vandergelt! Not Hobart Vandergelt—the banker!"

"Yeah, that's the man. Fine fellow—just a regular guy when you know him."

"And he wants us to come to dinner tomorrow?"

"That's what he said this morning when I telephoned him."

Mrs. McDougall gazed at her husband in admiring amazement. "Why didn't you tell me you knew him?"

"I dunno. Fellow gets to know so many people here and there at ball games and lunch and around—and ninety times out of a hundred that's all it amounts to. You talk to 'em and get a sort of idea of their slant on things and maybe learn a new story or two and otherwise they're nothing in your life. Still, it's handy once in a while, if you know a lot of folks. Take that burglar, now—"

"What'll I wear tomorrow night," fretted Helen. "Dining with the Vandergelts?" She rolled the phrase deliciously under her tongue. "I haven't a thing—"

"Wear your other evening gown," said Charlie. "It's new and just as smart as anybody's and if you think I can dig up a hundred or so for a new frock you're all wrong, honey, all wrong. The Vandergelts won't expect you to be dogged up like a dress model—they know I'm not a Wall Street millionaire. Besides, that little dress is a peach and you look like a million dollars in it, anyhow."

With which Helen had to be satisfied.

"But I do wish," she sighed, "that I had my necklace and my ring. It's too bad that hold-up man wasn't a friend of yours, too."

"Yes," said Charlie, maliciously, "that is unfortunate. As you say, I don't know enough of the right people."

Helen made a face at him.

The Vandergelt home on North Washington Square proved to be an abode of spacious comfort and quiet affluence.

There were no liveried servants. A smiling, white-haired negro opened the door and ushered the McDougalls into a library filled with books to the ceiling.

Helen glanced about.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "this is lovely. So—so homelike. I was afraid of a palace."

"You wouldn't need to be afraid of a flock of palaces," said Charlie, his eyes dwelling proudly on his pretty spouse.

"You are a dear," responded his wife, and impulsively she kissed him—just as Mr. and Mrs. Vandergelt entered.

The blush that mantled Helen's cheeks did her beauty no harm in the eyes of host and hostess, and their greeting was as friendly and democratic as the greetings of good people meeting good people should always be.

It was a successful dinner. Only the dignified butler to serve in the intimate dining room which the Vandergelts used for small functions—and a meal of simple excellence, such as these two people who could afford to outdo Lucullus preferred.

Helen found herself chatting with Mrs. Vandergelt as unaffectedly as she would with the wife of Billy Underwood, her particular friend in Yardmore, and Charlie—Charlie told his stories to the deep laughter of Vandergelt and the frank appreciation of Mrs. Vandergelt. And when the coffee and cigarettes were served in the wonderful library, Charlie—spurred by a chance query of Mr. Vandergelt—told the tale of their adventures on the night of the encounter in the theatre traffic.

He told it well, with much humorous observation and deftness, so that his

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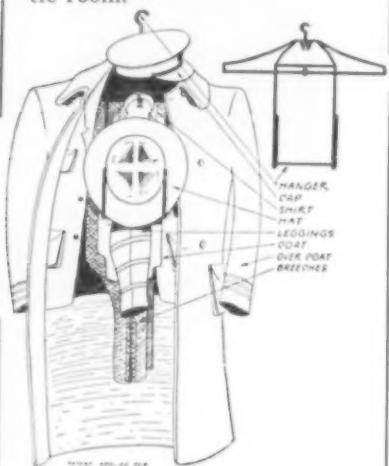
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auditors chuckled and smiled and laughed through the recital, and Helen found herself glowing with pride in her husband.

Yet she realized that Charlie was really talking no better than he had on countless occasions before—occasions when she felt a desire to repress his exuberance, and curb the ebullience of his social manner.

Why, she thought, Charlie was just natural—that was all. And his whole charm lay in the fact of his naturalness. He got along with people because he couldn't help getting along with people—all kinds of people. All at once it came to her that you might as well ask the sun to discriminate between shining on weeds and flowers, as to expect Charlie to discriminate between "right people" and "wrong people." He was Charlie, her husband—and if he wasn't a social asset, well—

But he was a social asset. My goodness, how Mr. Vandergelt's eyes were sparkling as he listened, and how Mrs. Vandergelt was leaning forward, intent on Charlie's story, forgetting her coffee, and letting her cigarette burn untouched on the tray.

"Well," observed Mr. Vandergelt, finally, "you had a full evening, didn't you?"

"Full is right," said Charlie. "Still, it all goes to prove that you never can tell what knowing people will get you."

"You seem to know plenty of them," commented Mrs. Vandergelt. "And it does make life interesting, doesn't it. I sometimes think that people like us miss a lot because circumstances make it more or less impossible to have a broader acquaintance. I know I'm often accused of snobbishness—but the truth is that I'm simply forced to discriminate rather narrowly because custom and tradition play such a part in the life of a banker's wife."

"It's a great thing, in some ways, to be nobody," said Charlie. "I'd be a total failure as a bank president because I couldn't keep my dignity. After about three days of it the janitor would come blowing into my office, sit on the corner of my desk and say, 'Charlie, how about us knocking off and taking in a ball game this afternoon?'

"And I'd walk out on some millionaire who happened to bore me and go to the game—and lose a million-dollar loan."

Vandergelt slapped his knee and roared.

Charlie reached in his pocket for a match—force of habit, for there were plenty at his elbow—and a grin flickered over his face.

"My gosh," he chuckled, "I clean forgot the finish of my story."

He put his hand back in his pocket and took out two rings and a necklace, which he tossed into Helen's lap.

"Wh-where did you get these?" asked Helen, staring at her jewels thus restored.

"Well, as I failed to say in my story, my friend the burglar happened to recognize my description of the stick-up man. And inasmuch as he felt he had something coming from that particular crook—he got 'em back for me. I got 'em from him at lunch today. And I promised to go fifty-fifty with him on the money he got back for me—and here it is."

He displayed three hundred-dollar bills.

"But I thought you said the hold-up man only took two hundred?" said Mrs. Vandergelt.

"That's all he did take," Charlie admitted, "but it seems that in the course of the negotiations my burglar's dip friend lifted \$1200 off the stick-up. He kept \$600 himself, gave my burglar friend \$600 and Tony, the burglar, seemed to think he had to split that fifty-fifty just the same. I protested, but he shoved it into my pocket just as I was going out—and ducked. What could I do?"

Vandergelt laughed again.

"Cops, taxi drivers, burglars, pashanders, millionaires, bankers, bootleggers, chauffeurs—are there any kind of people you don't know?"

Charlie considered a moment.

"Then, I don't think I know any millionaires," he said, seriously.

Vandergelt's full-throated bellow almost shook some of the books off the shelves.

"Look here, McDougall," he said, as he wiped his eyes, "In our bank we have a lot of experts. Experts on exchange, experts on bonds, experts on loans, experts on foreign and domestic tradesmen who know railroads, industries, agriculture. But we're short in one department—in fact, we haven't any such department. And we need it. We need it because banking is growing more and more a public matter—and it's necessary for a bank as big as ours to understand the public we're dealing with."

"We need men who know people—all kinds of people. We need to know what they're thinking, and why they're thinking that way, and what they want and—well, we want to know them. We've got to know them."

"Would you be interested in coming with us as—as humanity expert? I believe we wouldn't quarrel about the money end of it."

Charlie blinked. He swallowed. His usually ready tongue failed him.

"B-b-but I don't know anything about banking," he stammered.

"I don't give a whoop what you know or don't know about banking," said Vandergelt. "We've plenty of men who know that. What we want is a man who knows people—who's interested in people."

"Well, of course, I know a lot of people," said Charlie. "And I'm interested in them—why, you see, Mr. Vandergelt, I can't help it—they're so—so interesting. But, at that, what'd I do in the bank?"

"It's what you'd do outside the bank that we'd be interested in."

"You'd do just about what you do in the hosiery business or rather as a side issue of the hosiery business. You'd lunch with truck drivers, and clerks and cloak operators and play pool with painters and carpenters, and go right on getting acquainted with ball players and ball fans—and when we wanted to know how people felt about things, we'd ask you. We wouldn't want you to spy, you understand—just go on being yourself and making friends and knowing people and giving us the benefit of that knowledge. I figure that ought to be worth about twenty-five thousand a year to us—"

"Twenty-five thousand a year!" repeated Charlie, his eyes fairly popping.

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THE LEATHERNECK

"Just for being friendly with folks!" He swallowed a couple of times. Then his old grin came back.

"Pretty soft, I calls it," he said; "you've hired me."

"It all goes to show," said Charlie, as he hugged his wife brazenly in the taxi-cab, "that you've got the correct dope, sweetheart. There's nothing like knowing the right people."

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER

(Continued from page 5)

He's telling me something about what's ahead! He says it's very strong! But listen! I think he's trying to tell us that's where the Americans were that we're trying to rescue! Listen!"

He turned to the German behind him. "American?" he asked, pointing up the valley.

"Jawohl," answered the German earnestly, and went off into a string of clicking and coughing in his own tongue.

The colonel, turning about, addressed the prisoner in German, to the intense surprise of all. It was not halting, either, but clear and fluent. The two conversed, the colonel becoming more excited at each sentence.

"By George!" he cried, "we've got 'em! The Yanks are still in there! Get me one of those tanks over there. Get me a tank and we'll send it on reconnaissance ahead. I've been thinking we should find traces of those troops before now! Well, we've found them! We've rescued them!"

"He may be lying!" said the lieutenant. "Suppose he gets us to go up the valley right into the middle of the German army?"

"We'll send the tank to see!"

"They're out of gas," said the lieutenant. "They beat it into the woods to be away from air observation."

"Well, we'll go on as we did before," said the colonel. "Now that this dam' barrage has stopped, it won't be so bad. Come, now, we'll form up a column of these prisoners and start them back! We'll reorganize our men as best we can, and on we go! You two machine gunners, stand by with your pistols, because I want to talk to some of these prisoners."

He walked farther down into the field and called to some of the Germans lying there to stand up. He conversed with them, one after the other. Then he went on to another group. Gordon and O'Nail noticed that he stood straighter and straighter and looked less often up the valley.

"There," said the colonel finally, "that's over. The Americans are in there, all right. They came in last night. Probably—at least, as far as I can find out—the outfit that cut them off didn't know they had them surrounded. They thought they had come out of the woods across there."

"We won't have much more trouble from the Jerries from now on, I guess. They haven't had anything to eat for a couple of days. They did their damnedest to break up our attack and then went all to hell when they found they couldn't do it."



He walked on and talked to some more, a group of four, noncommissioned officers, all of them.

"See this!" said the colonel as though to himself. "This bird with the G. A. on his shoulder strap! That's a new one on me. It means 'Gebirgs-Artillerie,' mountain artillery, by gum! No business with an infantry outfit! He was in a rest camp after being wounded, he says, and they rushed him here with a replacement draught. Imagine that! The egg with the blue and white piping on his collar is a Bavarian. They're sick of pulling Prussian chestnuts out of the fire. It's his outfit that caved in."

The colonel went on still further, and the other two noted that he took different Germans apart and talked with them confidentially, long and earnestly. They all shook their heads vigorously or shrugged their shoulders.

While the infantry waited in the field more Americans came up, first a row of heads along the edge of the grass, then figures of men, here and there, then more solid masses. The newcomers turned out to be stretcher bearers, telephone men, and some one-pounder companies that had been left behind to follow the advance but that had been cut off by the barrage. Two more officers were with them, both lieutenants. One of them the colonel sent back to report the situation and send up reinforcements; the other he directed to take charge of a platoon that had no leader, having lost all their commissioned and noncommissioned officers since the attack had begun.

"Where are ye? Ye skulkin' son of an excise man, poke up your head!"

"Oh, drunken Droghan," cried O'Nail. "He's found a canteen!"

It was indeed Droghan, for as the others turned around they could see him appearing, shovel on shoulder, leading a squad of muddy, bearded, ragged men.

"Sir!" said Droghan, recognizing the colonel. "Being on duty at the corner of Eight and Madison at a half-past four I seen these men actin' in a suspicious manner an' brung 'em in." He grinned. "Sure them huts is full of Americans an' not Germans, all ragin' for hunger an' lack of drink!"

"Are you an officer?" asked one of the bearded men.

"Dam' right!" snapped the colonel, his dignity sadly ruffled by Droghan and the fact that everyone else was grinning.

"So am I. I'd like to find the commanding officer."

"I'm in command!"

"Oh, good! Well, we've been cut off in here since last night. We didn't dare come out to welcome you because we're under fire from the upper end of the valley. Once you get around the corner they can see you, unless they've pulled out. We thought we saw Americans along the track, and I was sent out on patrol to find out. We met this private. Have you got anything to eat?"

"I went clear up to them stone she-beens," said Droghan. "There's plenty of stiffs in it, both ours an' theirs, an' not a man had drop in his canteen."

"Quiet, please!" barked the colonel. "You think we can get in there without too heavy a loss?"

"Oh, yes, but have you got anything to eat?"

"We had some tanks," said the colonel, "and on the tanks there were some



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THE LEATHERNECK

emergency rations, but the tanks were knocked out and the rations—er—destroyed."

"Yeh," exclaimed the ragged men, "yeh, yuh might know!"

The colonel regarded them sternly, and they said no more.

"Lead the way," he continued, "and we'll see your place. I'll have to decide whether to stay or to pull back again to the road. Let's go."

It was half an hour before they reached the huts, for after all they must move very cautiously. The war was not over by any means, as numbers of rash doughboys discovered. By advancing in two columns, however, one in the shelter of the woods and the other alongside the narrow-gauge embankment, they arrived, and with not too many casualties. German artillery opened on the field, but it was harassing fire—that is, it fell only at intervals and was poorly directed.

The huts, Gordon remembered, he had seen the first day from heights where he had his machine gun. They seemed to have been a supply depot, for unopened boxes of rockets marked with Turkish characters, parts of uniforms, very new, and odds and ends of equipment were scattered about. For every five or six huts there was one built on a concrete foundation, of which a huge corner projected into the air, pierced with embrasures of machine guns. They were admirably arranged for defence, with free fields of fire to the flank, and each one with its rear protected by another concrete emplacement.

At the upper end of the street men were popping with rifles at something out of sight, and at the lower end appeared two more as the first wave of the Americans appeared.

These two strangers had come out of a cellar—that is to say a pill box under one of the storehouses—and these asked a question of the first Americans. They were waved farther to the rear, and so, coming back, encountered the colonel and the returning patrol and the three machine gunners.

"Stand by for some fun!" exclaimed Gordon excitedly. "That's the captain that was going to hang us for being enemy machine gunners or something! 'Member? He was in command down in the road?"

This captain and the colonel proceeded to shake hands long and fervently, one with the joy of a man who has been rescued from certain capture or death, the other with the happiness of one who has accomplished a well-nigh impossible task.

"We've got you out of it," said the colonel at last. "Now what shall we do? Can we hold 'em? How strong are the Boche?"

"Are you getting any help?" countered the captain.

"I've sent for some, but whether they'll come or not is another matter. The army knows we're here, though. They shut off our barrage on us. Whether it was because they saw our last rocket or not I don't know, but they shut it off. What shape are you in?"

"Oh, not bad, not bad," said the captain. "We wandered up here in the night. The place is full of blankets and overcoats. We were warm enough. And I'll tell you an incredible thing—the Boche have only sent one patrol in here! They shelled hell out of it this morning

but didn't do any harm. I suppose you're relieving us. Well, I'll just show you around and then go. You'll forgive me if I seem abrupt; I've had a kind of lively night here!"

"I'm sorry, you can't go yet awhile," said the colonel. "I'm only nominally in command of these troops. You'll have to be relieved by proper authority. I'm here on a different mission. Could I have a word with you?"

"I'd like to be going," said the captain, his voice shaking just the slightest bit from disappointment. "I've been in this hole, this living grave, by God, for a night and a day, and I want to get out of it."

"I have no authority to relieve you," replied the colonel. "They'll run you to hell for deserting post and duty if you go. This your hole? Come down, come down."

He turned to the three gunners. "Don't go!"

Then to the patrol that had encountered him: "You men report to whoever sent you out."

The captain mumbled some command to the officer with the patrol about rejoining his platoon or arranging for disposal of the troops that had just come in and followed the colonel into the interior of the pill box.

It was low, solid, a real command post, for there were no gun embrasures in it, and a bundle of telephone wires ran in over the door. The three gunners sat down on the roof as on a bench. It was growing colder with the approach of night, and even as they sat there a light rain began to fall. Far down the valley they could see moving specks, probably reinforcements coming on, and a long, winding, snake-like column of German prisoners going out.

"It'll be a wet night," said Gordon. He crawled up on the flat top of the pill box and lay down, face to the sky.

"He never recognized us, did he?" said O'Nail.

"No. What the hell, anyway! If he'd said anything I'd have told the old colonel about his outfit stealing our ammunition. Dam crooks!"

"Hmmm!" said a voice directly under Gordon's ear. He sat up abruptly.

"What the hell bit you?" demanded the other two.

He put his finger to his lips, then looked hurriedly about. Ah! There was a hole in the top of the pill box, round, uncovered, that had been left for a stove-pipe, or ventilation, or the entrance of a wireless aerial. The colonel and the captain must be standing directly beneath it. The three gunners cautiously crawled over and, heads together, tried to see down. An acetylene lamp burned below. The two officers were invisible, but their voices came clearly.

"Well, Captain, I don't know," the colonel was saying. "Those tanks have got ammunition on them, or did have. We lost some with a flame thrower. Major was in one of the destroyed tanks. The Boche didn't want to let go of this valley if they could help it. Now, never mind that, let me say what I started to.

"The first attack that was to pinch out this valley got along very well until about noon, didn't it? Noon the first day, I mean. Then all of a sudden things began to run in circles. We'd get duplicates of orders that must have been written by a man that had gone insane.

If the general tried to get telephone communication with an outfit the wire wasn't working. I was just going out on another mission, and the general called me back and said to investigate the situation in front of this valley at the same time. Had the whole dam' command system just failed completely, or was there dirty work on? He inclined to the latter.

"Now, wait a minute, this gets interesting. I picked up a pair of telephone wires in a field, and they'd been cut. I sat under a bush the rest of the afternoon, but nobody went near them. It was laid to shell fire. The Boche had been popping them there, too. But these wires had been cut with a pair of pliers. A shell doesn't cut two ways."

"Well, what?" asked the captain.

"Well, that! That's what bogged this attack. Instead of making a real thrust here we've been fumbling for two days or more. The Boche dam' near turned the tide. If they'd had any food or decent replacements they'd have run us out of here! Well, as ranking officer of the Intelligence Section of this Corps it was up to me to find out how this stuff was being done. I was a police chief before I was a colonel, and I know an inside job! Who did it?"

"I don't know," said the captain. "You haven't got a cigarette in your jeans, have you?"

"No, a bullet or something went through my pocket and wrecked my cigarettes. Have a piece of chocolate?"

"Hell, no! Don't offer me chocolate! I've lived on the damned stuff the last week!"

"Who did it?" repeated the colonel. "Have you seen any suspicious characters?"

"No." Pause. "Have you seen any sign of getting relieved to hell out of here?"

"Please pay attention to what I am talking about," barked the colonel. "This is serious. Have you seen, or have you any idea that someone has been behind our lines raising hell with things?"

"Yeh, the generals," answered the captain. There was a long pause, while O'Nail nearly fell off the roof smothering his laughter.

"That may be so," said the colonel after a while, "but I mean, any enemy?"

"Now!" said the captain. "There—hey, but wait!—naw, that wasn't anything, either. I was just goin' to say that we ran onto a machine-gun crew that didn't seem to have any home. Some of the men claimed they were Boche that were going to shoot us up on the flank. They did appear from the direction of the Boche lines, that's a fact. And when we went to talk to them they were gone. But I guess they were just lost."

"How many of them were there? What'd they look like? What time was it?"

"Last night. There were three of them. Two fair-sized and a little one. They looked like a bunch of tramps, same as we all do. It was dark, and I couldn't see much of them anyway."

"I ran into three myself," said the colonel, "that I thought were suspicious, but they knew where this outfit was and seemed harmless enough, so I kept them around. As it happened I didn't need anyone to guide me."

Gordon nudged O'Nail at this remark, and the latter was forced again to cover



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his mouth with his hand to stifle his laughter.

"No, no spy business," sighed the captain. "The dizzy staff botched things all up, and they're trying to hang up an alibi. Look at that dumb egg that brought us the order to attack! To curve right down that valley, as black as a wolf's mouth, y'understand, with tired troops at night. Well, we went just the same, although I knew it was wrong. It was luck we got this far. I wouldn't go where he wanted me to, but through the woods, otherwise we'd have all been scuppered. 'Now, you see, don't you?' I says to him, when we could see the Boche flares closing in back of us. He says nothing. They pounded the everlasting Jesus out of that valley all night long, but we weren't in it."

"Who brought you the order?" demanded the colonel.

"Oh, Patent Leather, there, Mamma's Boy that wears the white trench coat and rides on the front seat of the general's limmo."

"Not Lehman's aide? You don't mean Lehman's aide?"

"Sure."

There was a clank from the roof as three helmets came together. The heads had come nearer and nearer to the hole in the men's excitement and desire to get every word of what went on below. The two officers did not hear the noise, for they were excited themselves.

"General Lehman's aide!" gasped the colonel. "Where did he go from there? Where did he say he was going?"

"He didn't go anywhere. He stayed right with me. Dam' right! I know a little about the army; I used to be in the old milishy and I can keep a clean nose with any man. Well, when Cut Glass comes up to me with a verbal order to take a couple of hundred men into certain death Cut Glass goes right along, too. With my gat under his ear if necessary. I don't give a dam' if he's aid to Wilson and Baker and Colonel House and Black Jack in one! If the outfit gets all chewed up and then the buck is to be passed I have Mamma's Boy right with me to explain. Huh! I had one of those hombres work a sandy on me on the border once by denying he ever gave such an order. Never again."

"You've got this aide? Where is he?"

"He's across the street in a cellar. He stays with me until I'm relieved."

"Listen!" choked the colonel. His voice lowered to a mysterious whisper, but the men on the roof heard every word.

"The original mission on which I came was to find this young lieutenant. His father, you know, is extremely influential at home, as well as his older brother. Heavens, don't get him sore on you! Command of a company of road builders is as far as you'll ever get in this army! You know what happened? Don't breathe a word of this! This poor young lad went clean off his nut! Bughouse! Too much work, too much shell fire! He's only a boy, after all!"

"Only a boy hell!" interrupted the captain. "We're all of us only boys! But if any of my doughboys show signs of brainstorm they get a dam' good kick in the spine, and that straightens 'em out again."

"Yeh, well, you can't do that to everybody. Especially when his old man pulls the strings that make the clock go. So

he goes off his conk, mind you, and disappears. We sent out our best men to see if we couldn't get hold of him on the Q. T. You couldn't send out a general alarm for him! Why, if the word got out that there was a crazy officer running loose the whole army would have blown up. Everybody would think every officer was him. We didn't want him hurt, you see."

"Well, you can have him," said the captain. "He's right side up with care across the street, with a big doughboy supposed to be acting as striker, but with orders to drown him if he tries to get away. And he's tried, too, once or twice."

"Well, I'll take him," said the colonel excitedly. "I'll see that he's safely taken care of!"

"Well, I can't object to that," agreed the captain. "I'm glad he's cuckoo, because then if there's any unpleasant odour about my keeping him with me I can say I saw he wasn't fit to be allowed out alone. That works out very nicely. Come on, we'll go over and see him."

"No, no, I'm a colonel, you know, after all. Have him come over here!"

Feet scraped on the stone floor below. The captain was coming up. The men on the roof got down as carefully and as softly, yet as swiftly as they could, and jumped out into the street between the huts, where they tried to look as much like men asleep on their feet as they possibly could.

"Can you imagine that?" they muttered to each other.

"Sure it's nothin' I had to do with it, anyway," said Droghan, "but I'm glad you fellies got out of it without a hangin'. The lad's father is probably an alderman."

"He must be, all right," exclaimed Gordon, "or he couldn't have run around like that all day and night after being conked!"

"Suppose he recognizes us an' squales?"

"What can you do?" answered Gordon. "Tell 'em we thought he was crazy, and so he was. He may not recognize us."

"But we'll just ease around the corner of this shack," advised O'Nail.

He and Gordon moved as nonchalantly as they could around the end of the pill box. Both felt that they were going to be brought face to face with this lieutenant sooner or later, but there was no good to be had by hastening the evil moment.

They heard the captain's voice as he returned, then two pairs of hobnails clattering down into the dugout. The two machine gunners at once went on the roof again, but the officers were not under the hole this time, and only a confused sound of greeting and explanation came out. They heard laughter, back slapping, and smelled a maddening odour of cigarette smoke. Who had cigarettes? The lieutenant, of course.

"Ah, we should have frisked him, like you or Black or somebody said," muttered Gordon.

"Poor Black," said O'Nail. "He was a good lad. Where do you suppose Milo is by now? And young Mackintosh! On to Berlin for him, all right!"

The voices within ceased, and once more the two retired from the roof. Droghan, who had stayed behind, came slipping around the corner, skidding in the mud with haste.

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"They're comin' out of it," he whispered. "Ye'd better be away to yer choice place. I'll stay, fer I had nothin' to do with it. I'll say Ye've gone huntin' a place to be afther fillin' yer canteens, or emptyin' yer bladders or whatever."

The two went down precipitately and started for the side of the pill box farthest from the entrance. It seemed to them that the colonel's voice came suddenly from that side. They turned and started back, then halted. The captain, the colonel, and the man in the white slicker had turned the corner there and were looking at them. It was he. There was no mistaking that white trench coat with its shoulder straps, its high belt, breast pockets, and its shining newness. It was a little daubed with mud now, and there was grease on one arm, but it was still a snappy garment and one that, once seen, was not forgotten for a long time.

Gordon's heart seemed to turn over in his bosom, for on the lieutenant's helmet, worn cockily on the side of the head as it was, was plainly visible a large dent, the origin of which was known to Gordon. He shrank back against the side of the pill box.

"Ah!" barked the lieutenant suddenly. "By the way, Captain, this man here, I'd like to have him put under arrest immediately."

Gordon looked up. After all, he must meet this thing like a man. The lieutenant's outstretched finger pointed at Droghan.

"Eh?" gasped the captain. "He's not one of my men! He's a machine gunner. He came up with the colonel there."

"Put him under arrest!" said the lieutenant coldly. "Brutality to prisoners will be the charge! He was butchering men out there with a shovel! Don't deny it, I saw you!"

"I couldn't bite them to death, your honour!" cried Droghan. "Sure, didn't they still have their rifles and to be pokin' at me with the bagginets they had on them? The Sassenach sons of sin! They did be afther killin' my little mule! It's not much of a baste he was, what with lyin' down an' the like——"

"That's enough!" snapped the lieutenant.

Abruptly he turned the subject and began to ask the colonel about the dispositions of troops in the valley, what divisions were not engaged, the prospects of relief, when and where reinforcements might arrive, and of the captain he inquired as to the state of his ammunition supply. This he noted down in a little book and, shaking hands, went hurriedly away along the railway embankment.

Gordon's heart beat rapidly. The lieutenant had once looked him full in the face without the slightest sign of recognition. He drew breath and turned to O'Nail. That young man's haggard face regarded him earnestly. Their eyes met, and some spark seemed to leap from one to the other.

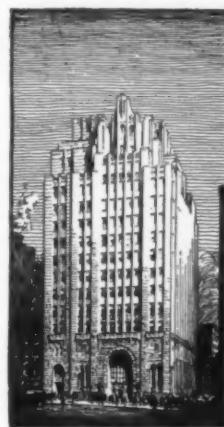
"It ain't him!" they both exclaimed. "How do you know?" demanded Gordon.

"He's a little bigger than the other. The coat doesn't fit him! The sleeves don't come down far enough on his arm. I tell you——"

"It's not him! Didn't I get a good look at his face when he told me to

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shoot up our doughboys? He had a thin kid's face, like a mamma's boy, and this guy has got a hard-boiled mug like a prize fighter. D'yuh think?"

"No, but how about the dent in the helmet?"

"Sir," said Gordon, seizing the colonel's arm, "didn't you tell me you knew that general's aide?"

"What's that to you?" began the colonel. But a look at the faces of the two gunners changed his attitude. "No, I didn't say I knew him; I know who he is. He was at Langres with me, that is, when I was there he was there, too!"

"That's not the guy that we saw yesterday in that same trench coat and things!"

The colonel's face went suddenly white as a sheet. He and the captain looked at each other, then both seized Gordon violently.

"Say that again!" they demanded.

Gordon said it, and O'Nail, called upon, violently agreed.

"By God!" cried the colonel.

"Easy, now!" whispered the captain, "because we don't know these doughboys! They may be drunk! They smell like a barroom!"

"Watch me!" said the colonel through tight lips.

"Oh, Lieutenant!" he roared. "Lieutenant!"

Pause.

"Get away from me, you two, so he won't see that we've been talking. There, he's turned around! He heard me! Oh, Lieutenant, just a minute!"

They could all see the officer turn and, as the colonel waved him arm, come back again at once. Not a man of them but felt a chill. They had the bull by the tail now!

"Pardon me for calling you back," began the colonel, "but I just thought as you were going out it might be well to mark out our line now on the map, you know, so that there'd be no mistake. They'll be wanting to give us some fire or something. Have you a map?"

The lieutenant had. He took it out of his pocket and, spreading it out, explained to the colonel that he already had the position marked on it; not only that, but he had the coordinates marked on the margin.

"I've been wondering where I'd seen you before," smiled the colonel. "It was when we were at Besancon. You were just going away with the November graduates as I was leaving."

"Yes, of course," said the lieutenant. "Sorry I didn't stay longer to meet you."

"Wasn't it too bad!" purred the colonel. "I've never been in Besancon in my life!"

"Eh?" said the lieutenant, as one who suddenly realized what he had been talking about. "Besancon? Who cares a damn? Are you drunk or crazy?"

"Neither."

"Well, then, let's get on with our business!"

"Willingly. May I see your identification card?"

The lieutenant gave a snort of disgust and, unbuttoning his trench coat, reached within and brought out a tiny black book that bore on one half his photograph. This he handed coldly to the colonel.

"Rest assured, Colonel," he said coldly, "that the general shall hear of this!"

The colonel's face was quite blank. The photograph resembled, as all pass-

port and identity photos do, almost anyone. But he was not dismayed for long.

"Would you kindly write for me," he said, "the signature that is written across your photograph?"

The lieutenant again reached into his coat as though for a pen. His expression was calm, a little disgusted perhaps, but Gordon, who stood to one side, could see that the veins in his throat were like cords.

The corporal had had his hand on his pistol butt all this time, and at that instant he drew it. The lieutenant, his hand still under his coat, looked slowly about. He saw the captain, the colonel, O'Nail, and Droghan all regarding him grimly. There was Gordon with the drawn pistol, and beyond, within easy call, doughboy after doughboy, lying down, standing about, walking up and down, and all with rifles with glittering bayonets, down which the rain ran slowly, as blood might run if the blades were wet with it.

The lieutenant's face went gray, and he withdrew his hand from under his coat.

"Who are you?" asked the colonel softly, but with a cold hiss in his voice like a sword being drawn.

"Captain Bessingen of the First Bavarian Liebgrenadier Regiment."

"Umm!" grunted the colonel. "I thought so. Where did you get those clothes?"

The man in the white slicker reached once more into his bosom and brought out a cigarette case, which he opened and offered to the two officers, who both refused.

"Suit yourselves!" he smiled. "An officer was brought into our headquarters in a daze. He had walked right into our lines in broad daylight and no one wanted to kill him in cold blood. He was mad. Higher Authority discovered who he was from papers he had, and volunteers were asked for to carry out a special and dangerous mission. I was fortunate enough to be accepted for this duty."

"To put on his clothes and come back here and raise up hell everywhere on General Lehman's authority. Thank God, he was only a brigade commander!"

"If he'd only been commanding the corps or the army group, I'd have had a lot better time!" smiled the other.

"You know, of course, what this means?" asked the colonel coldly.

"It means that I have done my duty to my king and Fatherland and done it fairly well. With anything other than that I am not concerned."

The five Americans all looked at the one German, and not without admiration. He had guts! Why not let him go? But then they thought of the dead-strewn fields that they had crossed, and the wounded that had cried alone in the woods all night, and of all the desolation and death that this man was responsible for. It was his fault!

The captain whistled sharply, and at his whispered order a man skipped away and returned shortly afterward with four others—huge rough men.

"Watch this bird!" barked the captain. "and if he stirs a foot, bump him off!"

The five doughboys stared, and the German officer laughed.

"Well, that finishes that," muttered the colonel as though to himself. "I found

out what became of the general's aide and also who was raising up all the hell behind our lines. Hmm! Young man, who put that fold in your tin hat?" The colonel pointed to the very obvious dent in the German officer's American helmet.

"I don't know," replied the man in the white slicker, "it was that way when I got it. A wheel ran over it, perhaps."

O'Nail coughed stranglingly, and Gordon hurriedly unhooked and rehooked the collar of his blouse.

"We'd better be on our way home," suggested Droghan. "It'll be night before we know it, and blacker than the shawl the Ould Woman of Tobermory wore to her own wake. We better be on our way home. Sure, the major'll be worryin' about us."

"Yes, I guess you're right!" agreed Gordon. "Well, O'Nail, come on. We'd better be getting back."

This he said in that natural, easy tone of an amateur actor struggling through his first lines at a church benefit. The other two turned, as stiffly as two more amateurs receiving a cue, and started to move off.

"Don't hurry away," said the colonel calmly. "You birds are always in a rush to go somewhere, anywhere but where you are. Well, don't! You're too much assistance to me. Don't go, because ye're just getting to the beginning. This is going to be lots of fun before I get through. And if you boys help me I'll give you a stick of peppermint candy and a week's leave."

"We be getting ourselves in wrong," protested Gordon. "Gee, we can't go roaming around the Argonne as we please! We belong to an outfit. They'll be wanting to know where we've been all these days!"

"Sir," added O'Nail, "I should think we'd done enough now! If it hadn't been for our tip you wouldn't have caught this fellow!"

"You guys lead a hard life!" said the colonel. "Well, never mind. We're going to take Captain What's-his-name down cellar now and have him tell us all about life in the King's Very Own Pigs-Knuckle Grenadier Regiment. Also he's going to tell us, or get his reck wrung, where he left General Lehman's aide. Because, my young friends, I was sent up here to find the latter gentleman.

"I've found this egg, but not the aide. So, after we've talked to our friend here, we set out again!"

He paused and rubbed his hands. "You know it's so much more fun to be a dick in the army than in civil life! You see here when we run a man down no pol can appear and say, 'Lay off him, he works for me!' Well, now, Captain, let's just show this young Jerry here the goldfish, and after that we'll set out on our travels again."

He turned sharply to the guards that stood about.

"You see these three machine gunners?" he barked. "Don't let 'em so much as pick one foot up and put it down again! If any of them start to go you nail them to the parade! If you don't, I'll nail you!"

He glared all around; then, followed by the other officer, the prisoner, and two rough-looking doughboys, he led the way down the stairs into the concrete dugout.

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